The Christian Union

The goal of yesterday is but the starting-place of to-day.

Vol. 37. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1888. No. 5.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE OUTLOOK 129

EDITORIAL:
- Concerning High License 131
- Not with Observation 131
- Day by Day 132
- Homely Talks on Homely Topics.—II. Courage 132

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:
- In and About Boston 133
- A Chapter of Unwritten History. By Professor Horace Bumstead 133
- The Heart of the Mining Regions. By C. B. S. 134
- The Pope's Jubilee 135
- The Moody and Sankey Hymnology.—I. Its Strong Points. By Frank R. Shipman. II. Its Faults. By the Rev. E. P. Parker, D.D. 137
- Lenox: Then and Now. By Elizabeth Bullard 138

THE HOME:
- What Profit? 140
- The Small Bills. By Helen Marshall North 140
- How to Make Boys Useful at Home. By Sara Wyer Farwell 140
- "A Little Leaven Leaveneth the Whole Lump." By Mrs. S. S. Weatherby 141
- How I Would Manage My Children.—IV. Impure Modesty. By a Spinster 141
- Mrs. Widgery Reported.—II. By W. B. S. 141

OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
- Zillah's Victory. By Helen T. Clark 142
- Fruit from Patient Sowing 143
- House-Building and House-Keeping for 'Boys and Girls — II Special Machinery. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. 144
- Sweet Suggestions 144

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:
- Lessons from a Little Child. By Lyman Abbott 145
- Home Talks About the Word 145
- Christian Contentment. By the Rev. Washington Choate 146
- Illustrations of Truth. By Edward Judson 147
- Thoughts by the Way 147

RELIGIOUS NEWS:
- Christian Work in Colleges 148
- The Charity Woodyard 148
- Foreign Items 148
- Canadian Items 149
- Church Gleanings 149
- Ministerial Personals 149

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:
- Reminiscences of Seventy Years 150
- Minor Notices 150
- The Magazines 151
- Books of the Week 151
- Literary Notes 151

MISCELLANEOUS:
- Fugitive Poems 150
- Selections 155

FACT AND RUMOR 152

MUSIC AND ART 154

TEMPERANCE NEWS 156

CORRESPONDENCE 152, 156

FINANCIAL 157

PUBLISHER'S DESK 158

Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, by The Christian Union Company, Lawson Valentine, President.

Copyright, 1888.

Boston Office, 3 Hamilton Place.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class mail matter.

TERMS:

$3.00 yearly, payable in advance.

To Clergymen, $2.50. Single copies, 10 cents.

LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

A SPECIAL correspondent of The Christian Union was sent to the Schuylkill region week before last to interview the parties interested in the present great coal strike and give the result of his investigations to our readers. His report will be found on another page. To those who desire one-sided reports that give them assurance that the other side is altogether in the wrong, this impartial survey will not give satisfaction. To those who believe, as we do, that there are two sides to most questions, and that there is rarely a great quarrel without some wrong in both parties, this report will be read with interest, and to such readers it will by its inherent impartiality carry conviction. We leave it without other note or comment, for in our judgment it requires none, excepting to say that we vouch for the intelligence, disinterestedness, and impartiality of our correspondent, who has the power of a broad sympathy necessary to enable him to see through others' eyes, and of a clear perception of the truth undisturbed and unclouded by his sympathies. Our readers will observe the objection which is made on behalf of the coal company to arbitration. We are distinctly of the opinion that labor organizations should be chartered, and thus made amenable to law. We believe, however, that if the corporations were required to submit to arbitration by legislative enactment, the laborers would find themselves required to submit to its results by a no less compulsory public opinion. It is right to add, in this connection, that the latest semi-official reports from the coal regions agree that the coal miners have separated their cause entirely from that of the ungrounded railroad strike, and have officially informed Mr. Corbin that they are ready to submit all questions at issue between themselves and the company to arbitration, including, as we understand it, the question whether they agreed to return to the old wages after January 1, which they deny. The Wyoming miners have decided not to strike. It was rumored that they thought of doing so in order to sustain their strike in the Lehigh and Schuylkill region.

A correspondent, apropos of the pending strike in the Schuylkill region, has called our attention to a pamphlet issued last year containing a summary statement respecting the Missouri Pacific strike and some suggestions growing out of it. The author's name is not given, but we believe it comes from the Hon. Wager Swayne. These suggestions, which grew out of a review of English experience and legislative enactment, are that it would be legitimate for the law to provide that no employee of a company engaged in inter State commerce—and the law might equally be made applicable to other corporations—on whose continuous work the well-being of the community depends, should sever his connection with the company except upon reasonable notice—say a week or ten days. This would put an end to strikes without notice. On the other hand, the law should require that no such corporation should discharge an employee except for causes subject to subsequent investigation, or upon adequate notice. "If," says the pamphlet, "common carriers engaged in inter-State commerce and their employees were forbidden by law, the one to discharge and the other to quit, except upon notice given by one to the other a reasonable time in advance, no one could be materially prejudiced, while a salutary check would be imposed upon both against those evils which the commerce of the country has recently experienced." We are glad to give these suggestions to our readers as matter for consideration and discussion. We do not see why they are not both practicable and wise.

We call the especial attention of our readers to a letter from Professor Bumstead, of the Atlanta University, in another column, which gives the hitherto unwritten history of the singular crusade against that institution involved in the Glenn bill. That bill, making it a penal offense to teach white and colored children in the same school, was allowed to die a natural death in the Senate; but when the appropriations for education were made, the accompanying resolutions provided that Atlanta University could receive the $8,000 which the State has hitherto given to it only by pledging itself to receive no white children should they knock for admission at its door. In point of fact, the only white children who are being taught within its walls are the children of its own Faculty and of the pastor of the colored church which is affiliated with it. They might, indeed, have been withdrawn and taught otherwise, but it was impossible for the University to declare beforehand that it would lock its doors against white children if they sought admission. To do this would have been treason to the fundamental principle of no recognition of caste or color, on which not only that institution, but, in our judgment, all institutions supported by State or National taxation, must rest. Caste, whether founded on race, creed, color, or hereditary position, is fatal to a republican community. It not merely tends to, it is, an aristocracy. Atlanta University has refused to make the pledge which the State of Georgia has demanded of it. Either it must limit its work, inflicting this measure of injury upon the colored race, or the people of the North must furnish, for charity's sake, to the State of Georgia the $8 000 which that State, in so unchivalric mood, refuses to furnish to those who are generously laboring to help her solve the difficult problem of her destiny by the education of her colored people. We commend heartily Professor Bumstead and the cause which he represents to the Christian philanthropists of the North, who must not suffer themselves to become weary in well-doing because of this rebuff administered to their benevolence. We may add that Atlanta University has done nothing to provoke the issue, but everything it could with honor to avoid it, and that it is not endeavoring to unfit the negro for ordinary and industrial pursuits and to prepare him only for professionalism. One of the marked features of the institution is its provision for manual training—its carpentry, blacksmith, and lathe shops, the pictures of which, as Professor Bumstead shows them, afford ocular and interesting demonstration of the practical nature of the work which the University is doing.

The Indian Office has at length afforded a new version or interpretation of the order hitherto issued prohibiting the use of the Indian language in Indian schools. As now interpreted, this order (1) forbids the use of vernacular text books or oral instruction in schools supported in whole or in part by the Government. With this provision we have no fault to find. In our judgment, the Indian tribes should be taught the language of the country, and the Government has a perfect right to decline to furnish any money for any enterprise which is expending energy in educating them in their own barbaric tongues. It is possible that a more flexible order would be more politic, but it is also possible that a more flexible order would not be effective. The second clause in the regulation reads as follows: "The vernacular may be used in missionary schools only for oral instruction in morals and religion, where it is deemed to be an auxiliary to the English language in conveying such instruction." If, as we understand, by missionary schools is meant schools supported wholly by missionary societies, we protest against this clause as utterly indefensible. It is simply monstrous that there should be a square mile of territory in the United States in which the National Government should be able, by despotic decree, to determine the conditions under which a free religious society, which asks no support and no favors from the Government, may carry on its work. We should be glad to have the religious societies make an appeal to the President to have this order rescinded, not because they wish to use the Indian vernacular, but because they demand liberty to make their own rules and regulations without let or hindrance of any kind from the Indian Bureau. A third regulation, it should be added, apparently modifies somewhat the operation of this second rule, since it permits native Indian teachers to teach in the Indian vernacular in schools not supported in whole or in part by the Government, and at remote points where there are no Government schools. But this modification of the effect of the order does not in the least modify its despotic and wholly indefensible char-

acter. In some respects it intensifies the objections to the order; since it impliedly forbids all use of vernacular except by Indian teachers, and suggests to the missionary societies that if they establish a missionary school in a remote region it may at any time be broken up, if a Government school is put alongside of it.

The President of the Western Union Telegraph Company last week addressed the Senate Post-Office Committee in opposition to the Governmental telegraph bills. He denied that the telegraph company was a monopoly, asserted that the rates would be reduced, not increased, the present year, and maintained that the Government could not do the service more cheaply except at the cost of an annual deficit. He also insisted that the property of the Western Union was fully worth its present stock, water and all; that a large amount of its profits had been expended in the construction of new lines —$30,000,000. It occurs to us that if the company has divided a profit to the stockholders, and out of its profits has also increased the value of its plant by $30,000,000, the United States Government, which has a surplus in its Treasury and does not need to borrow money for the purpose of construction, nor to declare any profits to stockholders, could run the telegraph at considerably lower rates without a deficit. Dr. Green further insisted that if the Government undertook to establish postal telegraphy it was bound in honor to buy the present plant; it had no right to enter into competition with private enterprises. There is something in this argument; enough, at all events, to suggest that it would be legitimate for the Government to offer a fair price, to be determined by impartial appraisers, for the present property. But certainly the owners must not be allowed to fix its value. Dr. Green further argued—and this argument is still more forcefully put by the Louisville "Courier-Journal"—that postal telegraphy involves a scheme for settling an expense on 60,000,000 of people to pay for a service profitable to 1,000,000. This argument assumes that under a system of postal telegraphy no more people will use the telegraph than use it now. English experience demonstrates the reverse. If, under Government administration, dispatches can be sent, as is estimated by experts, to any part of the country at ten cents for ten words, the telegraph will in a very few years become a common method of communication for the farmer, the artisan, and the small shopkeeper, and the intellectual quickening to the life of the Nation will be second only to that which has been produced by cheap postage and a cheap press. In other words, postal telegraphy is only the old question in a new form: Are the great conveniences of modern civilization the luxury of the few or the instrument of the many?

Mr. Outhwaite, the Chairman of the House Committee on Pacific Railroads, has introduced a bill which practically carries into effect the recommendation of the majority report of the Pacific Railroad commission. The debt of these roads matures about ten years hence. The present worth of this debt is found by considering the money worth three per cent., simple interest. The bill provides that it shall be paid within fifty years by a series of bonds falling due semi-annually and paying interest at three per cent. These bonds are to be secured by mortgages covering the present lines and all their branches, and may at any time be sold by the Secretary of the Treasury either to the creditors of the company or in the general market. This provision seems to be a wise one. There are to-day many who would like to see the Government treat the roads just as any other creditor would treat them, and could it readily sell its present claims in the open market there would be need of no more legislation and no more lobbying. In doing so, however, the Government is bound both to punish, if it can, past frauds, and to protect, if it can, innocent purchasers of bonds. The Outhwaite bill further provides that the companies shall declare no dividend until all current obligations have been met.

It is currently reported that ex-Justice William Strong, formerly of the United States Supreme Court, in a recent lecture before the Columbia Law School, and in reply to a question of a student, has expressed the opinion that the Blair Educational bill was unconstitutional. In response to interviewers, Justice Strong admits having expressed this opinion, though he regrets that publicity has been given to it, since it has been his purpose on retiring from the bench not to lend the weight of his authority to any party to a constitutional question. He adds, "I believe in a strict construction of the Constitution, more so than most of my Republican friends." We do not. We believe in a liberal construction. It is only possible to maintain progressive national life under a written Constitution by treating it liberally and regarding it as only containing great fundamental principles, not specific regulations. In our judgment, both the clause authorizing Congress to provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States and the clause guaranteeing to all States a republican form of government, if liberally construed, would make appropriations for public education constitutional.

The Fisheries Commission have as yet reached no decision, and the general opinion is becoming fixed that no definite settlement of the question may be expected at present. Canadian papers intimate semi-officially that the Canadian Government has an unconcealed indisposition to arbitrate. On the other hand, the American members of the Commission are, it is believed, firmly maintaining their original position. This the "Week," of Toronto, explains by saying that we have a tremendous advantage in the fact that the question of settlement is a matter of vastly greater moment to Canada than to the United States, and in the auxiliary fact that we have in the threatened Retaliation bill an argument of tremendous force, against which Canada can bring no counter argument of much avail. The Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, the Hon. J. W. Longley, has recently criticised Mr. Chamberlain severely for declaring so emphatically against commercial union. He believes that such a union is the best solution of the fisheries question. Mr. Longley admits that the present Dominion Government would not entertain the idea of removing the artificial barriers to trade; but he thinks that if such a bill as Mr. Butterworth's, providing for limited reciprocity, were to be passed by our Congress, a party would form in the Dominion strong enough to make it a living question of the day. A report of a Cabinet meeting at Ottawa seems also to confirm the idea that Canada is hoping for a convention broader than one dealing with the fishery question alone. A Cabinet member is reported as saying that a settlement of the fishery question can now be reached only as a factor in the negotiation and completion of an arrangement by which commercial and trade relations between the two countries beyond their present restricted limits would be accomplished.

The French Cabinet has refused to approve the issue of a lottery loan for the benefit of the Canal Company, and M. de Lesseps, it is reported, intends to appeal from this decision to the French Legislature. This decision is, indeed, a very serious blow to a project which from the first has appeared to all capitalists, outside of France, as wholly visionary, and which of late has hardly avoided the aspect of being fraudulent. M. de Lesseps is undoubtedly a political power in France, though apparently a waning power. His candidate for the Presidency was M. Ferry. M. Ferry's election being impossible, the political forces which M de Lesseps handled were transferred in a body to M. Sadi-Carnot, who may be said to have owed his election to this transfer. Indeed, apparently the Panama Canal Company has been exercising a greater power in French politics than the Pacific Railroad Company ever exercised in American politics, and exercising it far more openly. The fact that a Ministry appointed by M. Sadi-Carnot has refused governmental aid to the Canal is a very strong indication of the waning popular confidence in M. de Lesseps, and of his consequent loss of political power. "Glory" is a great motive power in France; it has sustained her in many a costly campaign; but it begins to look as though "glory" would no longer sustain M. de Lesseps in this commercial campaign, which has had from the first little else to sustain it.

It looks very much now as if the question of tithes would have to be taken up and definitely settled in Wales. The Welsh have long felt sorely the injustice of the system which compels them to support a church to which they do not as a class belong. So long as times were good and farming profitable, these industrious and peaceable people paid their tithes and contented themselves with much annual grumbling. Now, however, the increased difficulties of making a living have added greatly to the weight of the burden of this kind of taxation, and large numbers of the Welsh are following the plan of the Irish, and either refusing to pay the tithes or paying such amounts as they think reasonable. The resistance has become so extensive that a large force of police and soldiery has been called out. It will be impossible for the Established Church to hold these revenues when the question really enters the arena of practical politics, as in all probability it will now do.

The Republican Convention held in Washington last week brings home pretty forcibly to the National consciousness the reasonableness of the objections in the South to negro rule. The Convention was largely made up of negroes. Contesting delegations were present from most of the precincts of the city, and the result was a convention which was substantially a continuous and uninterrupted row. Fred Douglass made an impassioned appeal to those present to remember that the reputation of the negro race depended on their behavior, and for a few moments quieted the tumult, which almost immediately broke out again as violently as before. The hall had finally to be cleared by the police, and two contesting delegations will probably present themselves at the National Convention, one pledged to Mr. Blaine, the other to Mr. Sherman. No recent incident has done so much to bring dishonor upon the negro race and strengthen the skepticism of those who doubt the negroes' capacity for self-government. We are not among the skeptics; for we reflect that it is not many years since political conventions under the control of the whites were at times occasions of quite as disgraceful disorder.

Dr. McSweeny, the rector of St. Bridget's, has written an open letter to Mayor Hewitt recommending the issuing of licenses for the sale of beer and wine on Sunday, and in so far agreeing with the Mayor; but he differs from the Mayor in that he would prohibit the sale of any liquor to be drunk on the premises. His idea appears to be that men who are accustomed to drink beer with their meals should be allowed to buy it for their Sunday meals. But he would require all saloons to be closed. This recommendation appears to us less harmful and more rational than that which proposes to allow certain saloons to be open on Sunday after one o'clock. The truth is, the saloon is always, everywhere, and under all circumstances a nuisance. If we could close it altogether it would be a great advantage to the community. Any change in the law which allows more saloons to be open or any saloons to be open more hours than at present is progress backward. If we can find a way to shut the saloon and yet leave the individual at liberty if he chooses to drink his beer or his wine with his dinner, answering only to his own conscience and his God, we shall have solved the legislative temperance problem. If we can do this on Sunday we shall have obtained some light on the problem of doing it all days in the week. It will be observed that Dr. McSweeny's recommendation is curiously accordant with the recent decision of the Supreme Court reported a week or two ago in our columns.

The forces in the New York Legislature are prepared for a battle over the High License bill. The Excise Committee have already given a hearing upon it, in which both advocates and opponents were represented. The opposition comes from the liquor dealers, including the brewers. But we judge that, as before, the bill will be opposed on principle by the Third Party Prohibitionists. Among the advocates last week before the Committee were Assemblyman Crosby, identified with non prohibitory temperance legislation in this State, Dorman B Eaton, and Bishop Doane. The latter contended that the sale of liquor was recognized by law as a legitimate traffic, and the object of legislation should be to confine it in responsible hands. A mass meeting is announced for the 6th of February, in Chickering Hall, for the purpose of securing the favorable consideration of this bill by the Legislature. We suppose that there is no question that, on the one hand, prohibition could not possibly be enforced in New York City, or indeed in any of the large cities of this State, and, on the other hand, that a high license bill would be enforced, and would materially reduce the number of liquor saloons in the State, as it has in other States where it has been tried.

The church of Wolverhampton, England, has taken unusual action in respect to its pastor, the Rev. C. A. Berry, by setting him free to accept invitations to preach and speak wherever his services may be required and are likely to prove helpful to the religious and social life of the people; they provide him assistants so that the local work of the church shall go on uninterruptedly and thus enable him to do a certain work as an evangelist or preacher-at-large, a work which, if we understand aright, will be rather educational than a mere heralding of the Gospel. It seems to us that the example which the church of Wolverhampton has thus set by its self-denial and generous service is one which it will be well for other churches to follow. There are not a few clergymen in this country whose ministry ought not to be confined to their local parishes, and whose occasional absence might be so managed that the local parochial work should not suffer in consequence. It is true that such men as Phillips Brooks, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Taylor, and Dr. John Hall have added a certain amount of extra-parochial work to their distinctive church labors, but this they do in a wholly informal and unsystematic manner, running away, as it were, from their churches for the purpose, and making time in order that they may render the larger service. If the churches which have the good fortune to be ministered to by such men would recognize the fact that they can do a national service, and would make some systematic provision to enable them to do so, that national service could be much more efficiently performed, because more systematically performed. If, for example, Phillips Brooks or Dr. Hall would make a tour of six weeks through the South or through the West, and then would return, bringing back resultant information and inspiration, a double good would be accomplished: their own people would learn, as they cannot now, the larger needs of the country, while many people would receive inspiration and instruction which is now confined to a comparatively limited number and a narrow circle.

Dr. D. H. Wheeler is reported as saying in an article in "Zion's Herald"—we quote from an abstract in one of the daily journals, the original article having escaped our attention—that "there is not a clean popular play in the modern world." It is this sort of wholesale statement which disgusts not only actors who are trying to elevate the stage, but all those play goers who regard fair play as a part of morality and religion. Of course Dr. Wheeler does not mean to say what is not true, but the statement is certainly not in accordance with the facts. We are not sufficiently familiar with the modern theater to assert positively the negative, that most modern popular plays are clean, but it is certain that many of the most popular plays are entirely so. To say nothing of Shakespeare, we may instance many modern plays that have had great runs—such as "Hazel Kirke," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Old Homestead," and, among musical plays, most of the operas which have been put on the stage by the German Opera Company. The argument against the modern theater must be based, not on a wholesale denunciation of plays—which we are inclined to believe have an average morality quite equal to that of the modern novel—but on the ground, either that all acting involves artificiality and tends to falsity; or that it necessitates relations of the sexes which are dangerous to purity, or that it is in fact accompanied with incidental evils which as yet society has found no way to counteract. These are serious and solid arguments against the drama, though in our judgment not conclusive. But the declaration that there are no clean plays in the modern world can have no effect upon those who are acquainted with the modern stage except to render them impatient of all assailants, if not indeed of all moral critics, of the drama.

GENERAL NEWS.—On Monday a consultation and examination was held by Dr. Mackenzie and four German physicians in the Crown Prince's case, and no signs of cancer were found.——By a great fire in the dry goods district in New York on Monday, property to the value of over $1,500 000 was destroyed.——The London papers print a story from St. Petersburg to the effect that a Russian army officer, who had mortally wounded himself, confessed that he had been selected by lot to assassinate the Tsar, and had committed suicide rather than carry out the design.——Professor Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, died in Boston on Monday, at the age of seventy-eight.——It is reported that Prince Bismarck refused to receive Lord Randolph Churchill, declaring that he was too busy to afford the time.——The Senate has passed the bill granting pensions of $2,000 a year to the widows of General Logan and General Blair.——The House has passed the Dingley bill amending the Shipping act.——Distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at many places in New England on Monday.

CONCERNING HIGH LICENSE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us, "Is high license a step toward prohibition, or a step away from it?" He believes in the ultimate suppression of the dram-shop, but believes in accomplishing it step by step. His question is, Does high license move toward the suppression or the intrenchment of the saloon? His question is not one that can be categorically answered. We can only give the facts, and leave him to answer the question in the light of those facts.

There is no question that high license has the effect to decrease the number of saloons, and in some localities to extinguish them altogether. If the license is sufficiently large, no saloon can pay it, unless it does a large business. In Illinois the law has had the effect of abolishing a great many small saloons in little villages or at cross-roads where the business done was not sufficient to justify a heavy expenditure for the privilege of doing it. To this extent the tax became a prohibitory tax. It has also greatly reduced the number of saloons in Chicago *per capita*. That is, while the city has greatly increased in population, the saloons remain about the same in number as before. The same effect has been produced by high license in Arkansas, where it has had the effect to practically extirpate the liquor traffic in eighteen counties, and greatly to diminish the number of the saloons in the counties that remain "wet." In Minnesota high license, though in operation only for six months, has already reduced the number of saloons nearly one-third; in Missouri it has reduced the saloons from 3,601 to 2,880; in Nebraska it has produced an analogous decrease. It is still further to be said for high license that it is more equally and certainly enforced than prohibition. Each saloon which pays $500 or $1,000 for the privilege of selling becomes interested to prevent illicit selling by a rival who has paid nothing. Unlicensed selling, which is common when the license fee is low, is rare when it is high. Still further, it is to be said that drunkenness and disorder are very materially lessened. The low dives are closed. The aristocratic saloons cannot afford to allow drinking to be carried to a point where it becomes disgustingly disorderly, both because such disorder would drive away the patrons on whom it must rely for its main support, and also because all high license laws are accompanied with stringent provisions for the revocation of the license in case of disorder. Whether actual drinking is decreased, except in so far as the tax is prohibitory, is a question on which witnesses differ. It is a question to which it is not possible to give a definite and decisive reply.

In further estimating the effect of high license laws, it must be remembered that they are universally accompanied by restrictions which, though no *necessary* part of a high license system, are in *fact* uniformly attached to it. The high license, which is in form simply an endeavor to put a pecuniary burden on the business, is in reality an endeavor to restrict it under the guise of licensing and taxing it. Thus in Atlanta, which has recently, by a decisive vote, gone back to a high license system, the Common Council has by a unanimous vote restricted the saloons to certain parts of the city; this gives the benefits of prohibition to the remaining districts, and of a prohibition which will be more easily enforced because it is local. Every licensed liquor dealer must furnish a bond for $1,000, signed by two freeholders who have no interest of any kind in the application; this prevents brewers and distillers from opening liquor stores and employing dummy proprietors, and the bond puts the saloon-keeper in a position where he risks a large stake in case he disobeys the laws. The requirements that are made of him are exceedingly stringent. He can use no screens or blinds or painted glass, and cannot conduct his business in a basement. He cannot allow gambling cards, billiards, or pool to be played in his place. If a drunken person is found on his premises his license will be revoked. He cannot keep open on Sunday, nor after eleven o'clock in the evening on other days. If any person is convicted a second time of drunkenness on the streets, his name and address will be furnished to every saloon-keeper in the city, and any one of them convicted of selling liquor to such person will have his license revoked. Such provisions as these do restrict and restrain the evils proceeding from the saloons. It is true that these provisions are no necessary part of a high license law, and may exist independently of such a law. In Toronto, Canada, under the administration of Mayor Howland the number of licenses was greatly restricted and the saloon-keepers were put upon their good behavior without the imposition of any increased tax or license fee. But, speaking generally, it may be said that stringent restriction belongs with, is not merely incidental to, the high license system.

The objections to a high license system are threefold. They are chiefly theoretical; but this is because we have not yet had sufficient practical experience to demonstrate whether they are not also practical and actual. It is contended—First, that the high license system is undemocratic; that it tends to build up a monopoly in the liquor business; that by concentrating the business in a few hands it necessarily and inevitably strengthens it. Second, that it gilds vice; that by making saloons respectable it makes them dangerous; that while prohibition, by making liquor-selling illegal, makes it disgraceful, banishes it to low resorts and to out-of-the-way holes and corners, high license sets it up on high, and makes it not only possible to make the saloon attractive but impossible for it to exist unless it is attractive. Third, that by giving the State a large revenue from the liquor business it makes the State a partner in the business and the people unwilling to abolish it altogether. Thus the present law in Illinois yields the State a revenue of about $5,000,000 a year—almost two-thirds the entire sum spent on public schools. This fact is quoted with equal vigor by the advocates of high license in favor of the system and by the opponents of high license against it.

Our own judgment has been often expressed, and we have no objection to repeating it. The object of temperance legislative reform should be, not the prohibition of all manufacture and sale of liquor, nor the largest possible revenue to the State out of that sale in order to lighten public taxation; but the abolition of the open bar and public saloon. Whatever legislation in any community promises most speedily to bring about that result is the legislation to be desired. Low license is better than free rum; high license is better than low license; local option is a desirable addition to either or both; multiplied restrictions, the more the better, so they can be enforced, are still more desirable; and the final end to be sought is a general law, yet to be wrought out of the present temperance agitation, forbidding all sale of liquor to be drank on the premises, and so putting an end to the bane and curse of American life—the public dram-shop.

NOT WITH OBSERVATION.

IT is sometimes said, by those who regret the "good old times," that we no longer see any old-fashioned revivals in our churches, and that even the type of individual religious experience has entirely changed; that conversions, with their clearly marked experiences of pungent remorse, exhilarating hope, and delicious repose, are almost as rare as revivals. Ministers, stirred by the stories of the labors of Finney and Beecher, or by the older story of the Pentecost, endeavor in vain to reproduce the same effects by similar methods. Protracted meetings produce no other effect than a sense of weariness deepening into disgust; and the discouraged pastor laments his own inefficiency if he be humble minded, or scolds at the worldliness of his church if he is not.

That there is some ground for this lament we do not deny. The gulf of separation between the world and the church has grown, if not shallower, at least narrower; not by degeneracy in the church, but by improvement in the world. Worldly amusements are less pagan, if not more Christian, than they were when men and women looked on murder in the Coliseum with applause; trade is less hideously, if not less really, selfish and inhuman than when the slave traffic was a reputable means of amassing wealth. Worldliness finds its way more easily and readily into the church; though that the

church is really more worldly than it was in the eighteenth century no one will own who reads Lecky's admirable picture of the English Church at the beginning of the Methodist revival; that it is more worldly than it was in Apostolic days he will hardly believe if he reads attentively Paul's picture of its condition, in the Epistles to the Corinthians. That there is more missionary enterprise in the church to-day than ever before is attested by the work of our various Missionary Boards; that it is more unsectarian is attested by the work of our Young Men's Christian Associations; that it has behind it a more universal spirit of devotion is attested by the meetings of our Societies of Christian Endeavor, which allow no proxies in the prayer-meeting. The lack of emotional revivals and of dramatic conversions is due, not alone—not, we think, chiefly—to impiety in the church or paganism in the world, but to changes in human character and human society, which, leaving the essential principles of religion unchanged, involve necessarily great changes in its methods.

In the first century the society of the whole civilized world was built on wrong principles, and the whole current of human life was moving in a wrong direction. The gods were objects of fear, not of love. They were supposed to be pleased by special acts of adoration, not by a moral life. Death was the last and greatest enemy of mankind; Hades, a dark and shadowy underworld; meekness and temperance were marks of effeminacy; to hate one's enemy was as much a virtue as to love one's friend. Labor was a disgrace, the work of slaves; idleness the prerogative of the noble. Fighting was the only honorable avocation; oratory and pugilism the only honorable professions. Punishment was revenge; that sin should be cured, not avenged, was a notion undreamed of in the world's philosophy. At such a time the voice of Christianity to the world was, "Halt! Right about face!" This was its command to the race, and to each individual in the race. No progress could be made in human life and character without first reversing all the principles which governed human life and molded human character. If after eighteen centuries humanity had paid no attention to this command, if the church still had no other message for the race than "Halt! Right about face!" we should certainly have to doubt its efficacy, even if we approved its principles. But this is not the case. The world has heard and heeded. It is hardly too much to say that unchristian society in America to-day is more Christian than Christian society in Corinth in the days of Paul. Certainly the great majority in any Christian congregation are so. The message of the minister to his people is not a command to "Right about face," but to "Forward, march." His work is not to reverse their direction, but to quicken their steps. It is not to change their convictions, but to deepen them. They believe in a God of love; in a future that is not an eternal sleep with troubled dreams, but an eternal life. They believe that labor is always noble and idleness always a disgrace; that hate is always wrong and love always divine; that fighting is generally an open disgrace, or at best a stern and exceptional necessity; that love is the law of life, and the forgiveness of sins its highest exemplification. What the minister has to do is, not to change their creed, but to deepen it into living and life-controlling convictions; not to reverse recognized principles of action, but to make the principles which are recognized in meditation dominant in daily life. In short, what the Christian congregation chiefly needs of its minister is not conversion, but guidance and strengthening. The community, at least that portion of it which gathers on Sunday morning under church roofs, is in its general aim and purpose moving in right directions. If the minister were to call "Right about face," and it were to obey, the only result would be to set its face in the wrong direction.

The belief that every soul must come into direct personal relations with the Father, and must receive divine life as a free gift directly from him, is founded on the explicit and reiterated declarations of Scripture. The notion that no soul can do this unless it is converted is not founded on Scripture. If the soul is going in the wrong direction, the direction of self-service, egoism, sensuality, malice, it must turn about and go in the other direction, or it can never find God; and unless it finds God it can never find life. But if it is going in the direction of useful service, altruism, the dominance of the intellectual and the spiritual—in a word, in the direction of faith and love—it has not to turn about; it has simply to add to its inadequate beginnings, first nobler ideals, then nobler achievements. To such a soul the direction of the Gospel is, Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and so on with the whole catalogue of divine graces and qualities. That there are in every congregation some men and women who are going wholly in the wrong direction and need to be converted is probably true. That every man and woman, including the preacher, is going in some wrong directions, and in so far needs to be converted, is certainly true. But it is not true that the whole congregation, or the major part of it, is going in a wholly wrong direction, and must be turned about and set in an opposite direction. The minister who labors for this labors for something that is unreal. The minister who is disappointed because he does not accomplish this is disappointed because he does not understand the needs of the age in which he ministers. An old-time revival is not to be expected because it is not to be desired in our times in most Christianly educated congregations. Something better is to be both expected and desired: a steady, continuous, and unostentatious growth in Christian character and conduct.

The truth is, the ecclesiastical conception of conversion is not the New Testament conception of conversion. We are writing where we have no access to a concordance or Bible index; but we venture the assertion that the New Testament lays more stress on the duty of growth than on the duty of conversion; and that it presses the duty of conversion quite as much on the saints as on the sinners. It was not to the infidel Sadducees nor to the recalcitrant Pharisees that Christ said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven," but to the twelve Apostles, after they had received their apostolic ordination. It was to no publican and sinner, but to Peter, he said, "When you are converted, strengthen your brethren." He said it in the first instance because the Apostles had shown by their dispute about precedence that they knew not what were the essential principles of their Master's kingdom; in the second instance because Peter's fancied security was the evidence of his weakness and the precursor of his fall. Whenever we are going in the wrong direction we need to be converted—that is, to be turned about. Whenever we are going in the right direction we need to be kept and helped therein. If a pastor sees no sign of spiritual life in his prayer-meetings, no interest in the study of the Bible in his Sunday-school, no care for the aggressive work of the church in missionary and philanthropic movements, no development of ethical ideals in individual and family life, no deepening of spiritual experience, no desire in the young people of his congregation for Christian fruits and Christian fellowship, he has indeed a right to be discouraged. But if he can trace the work of the Spirit in these things, he need not be anxious because he can neither discover spiritual cataclysms in individual experience or produce epochs of emotional excitement in the church life. He is living in a day of better things. He need not try to break up the fallow ground again when the ground is already once plowed and the seeds are sprouting on every hand.

DAY BY DAY.

ONE of the hardest lessons to learn in life is that great works require long periods of time for their completion, and that great truths are only slowly apprehended and applied. The work that can be achieved in a day generally lasts but for a day, but a work which is the result of a training of a lifetime often secures that life beyond life which Milton had in mind in his famous reference to great books. Nothing is more inspiring than to note the gradual disclosure of power and influence which reside in a great new thought. Let such a thought enter the mind of an age and it will slowly but surely penetrate all thinking and all knowledge, and give them both a new order and meaning. The law seems to be that the greater the thought or the work, the longer the period required for its complete development and comprehension. Everybody recognizes this principle as it is illustrated in nature and in art and in more material forms of human achievement, but how few of us get from it all the comfort and inspiration it contains for our own lives! We are impatient of the ignorance in which we are obliged to live; we rebel against the imperfect knowledge with which we are compelled to act. We almost resent the refusal here and now to include us in the full purpose of the divinity that shapes our ends. We forget that because those ends are great and life is immortal that the purpose of our being can be only slowly apprehended by us, and that the very greatness of the training to which we are subjected and of the purpose which is being wrought out in us makes it impossible even for the Infinite Mind to make our lives clear and comprehensible to us. We must be content to take each day's offer of duty and responsibility and opportunity, to accept each day's sorrow or discipline or disappointment, and wait until in the completed career these successive steps and stages are seen in their proper relation to each other and disclose the truth which lies in fragments in each. One who masters a foreign language begins with a few words, learns them painfully by heart, slowly forms them into sentences, gradually discerns the meaning of those who have written in this foreign tongue, but sees everything under a mist. At last there comes a day when the toil ceases, the mist rises, and the thought lies clear and beautiful in the language that was once itself incomprehensible. So must it be with the last great thought of our lives. When we have learned it word by word, and painfully put word with word in the slow framing of the sentence, there will come a time when it shall lie to us as clearly revealed as the most familiar command in our Father's house.

HOMELY TALKS ON HOMELY TOPICS.

II.—COURAGE.

FAINT heart never won fair lady. No! and faint heart never won any prize worth the winning. All successful men have had courage. Success is victory over obstacle, and only courage wins victories. Any man can do what every man can do. The successful man believes in General Armstrong's definition of manhood: "What a man is made for is to do the things that cannot be done." General Grant says somewhere in his autobiography—we quote from memory—that he led his first military expedition, his attack on Belmont, with a quaking heart, but when he had arrived at the enemy's camp he found they had abandoned it. "I learned then," he says, "that the enemy were afraid of me, no less than I of the enemy, and I have acted on that knowledge ever since." Somewhere else he says that the question with a general should be, not what the enemy proposes to do to him, but what he proposes to do to the enemy. These are two illustrations of what I mean by courage, and they are as applicable to the battles of peace as to the battles of war.

All great characters have had courage. This is that which is called virtue in the Bible: virility, manliness, undauntedness in face of obstacles, willingness to meet pain, public disfavor, seeming disaster, present defeat, everything and anything except the dishonor of failure in duty. The Bible is thought especially to commend meekness, gentleness, non-resistance, the soft, yielding, and quiet virtues, but the great men of the Bible were all men of courage. Abraham had courage, or he never would have turned his back upon his native home and gone out into a country new to him, that he might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The first of the Pilgrim Fathers, Moses, had courage, or he never would have abandoned the imperial splendors of the Egyptian court to identify himself with a despised race of ignoble slaves and live a life of privation and wandering in the wilderness. David had courage, not merely a courage that fears not physical pain, or even dying—that counts for little—but the courage that assumes great responsibilities, takes great ventures, risks reputation, runs hazard of disaster and disgraceful defeat, or he never would have accepted the challenge of the giant when all others shrank back. Paul had courage—magnificent courage. When his companions were seized by the mob and carried into the theater, he would have rushed in himself to try and save them if his prudent friends had not with difficulty restrained him. When he was seized by the mob in Jerusalem, flung upon the ground, his garments torn, himself bruised and bleeding, and was with difficulty rescued by the Temple police, he turned upon the tower stairs, beckoned with his hands, and, with his garments all disheveled, and the dust and blood still on him, spoke bravely for the Gospel and his Master. When, after the long week of tempest,

passengers, crew, and soldiers gave up all hope, it was Paul, with undaunted heart, who went about on the deck of the dismasted vessel carrying cheer to the various groups and bidding them eat and prepare for the morrow and live in hope. But the grandest of all illustrations of courage of either sacred or secular history is afforded by the life of Christ. He was no effeminate man, with hair parted in the middle, curling locks, soft blue eyes, irresolute features, half woman, half fanatic, as Munkacsy has painted him. In his first great sermon he took Jewish prejudices by the throat, and so incensed the congregation against him that they arose and cast him out of the synagogue, and would have flung him from a precipice, but that, with the power which comes only with an unconquerable courage, he turned and faced them, and the mob parted like waves of the sea at Aaron's rod, as he passed through them unharmed. With the full knowledge of his passion before him, he set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem, his disciples following behind amazed, perplexed, yet not daring to question nor willing to turn back. He spent the last week of his life in Jerusalem facing a people bent upon his death, threatened by mobs, threatened by plans of secret assassination, finding his safety at night only by sleeping outside of the city walls, and yet undauntedly defying his foes to the end. When finally the place of his retreat was betrayed and the soldiery came out to arrest him, he came forth to meet them, interposing himself between the sleeping disciples and the police, and held the police at bay until the disciples were aroused from their slumber and he gave them the hint on which they escaped; then he went to his torture and his death without fear and without faltering. No one truly follows Christ in spirit and in character who has not a courageous heart within him.

The lack of manliness is fatal to character and disastrous in life. The world is full of men who have ability enough to do far better work and serve a far nobler purpose but for a lack of courage to face and vanquish obstacles. All suicides are cowards; they flee from life's ills, tumble on to others the burdens which they ought to carry themselves, and flee from the battlefield before the battle is over. Most beggars are cowards; instead of courageously grappling with disadvantageous circumstances, taking their share of life's load, and compelling life, however reluctant it may be, to yield them a support, they abandon the conflict and expect to live on what others, braver than themselves, have won. Most criminals lack courage. Mr. Brockaway, of the Elmira Reformatory, says that the lack of manliness, courage, undauntedness, is the commonest cause of a criminal's life. A young man begins life in one department of industry; finds a difficulty, and, instead of summoning up all his resources to conquer it, abandons that industry for some other. In the new one he simply finds a new difficulty, and retreats again. This process is continued until he becomes a tramp and a wanderer. From this the step into crime, in the delusive impression that it is easier to steal a living than to earn one, is short and easily taken. Ring the changes on this generic biography, and you will have the lives of most jail-birds.

Obstacles and difficulties are not providential indications that God calls us to abandon our undertaking; they are providential tests to see whether we have courage enough to win in any undertaking.

LAICUS

We are glad to record the fact that the Congregational church of Washington, D. C., has refused the use of its edifice to Dr. Justin D. Fulton for his lecture against the Roman Catholic Church. Wide and even fundamental as are the differences between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic faiths, their agreement is more important. Protestants have other and more important business on hand than carrying on or encouraging a crusade against a Church which, whatever its errors, maintains the law of God and proclaims the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and does more to give sanction to conscience and morality in large classes of our population than all other churches put together. If the Roman Catholic Church could be overthrown, by any other process than the substitution of a more liberal and intelligent faith, the country would find itself on the verge of revolution, if not of absolute anarchy.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A BILL to submit constitutional prohibition to the popular vote has passed both branches of the Legislature, and probably will be enacted. The Republicans in general supported the measure and the Democrats opposed it. An effort to get a vote on a prohibitory law direct was tabled in a summary way, and the party vote stood nearly solid to submit. As the bill will have to pass the next Legislature, in the House by a two-thirds vote, before it goes to the people, the political Prohibitionists, those who want to hold the conscience Prohibitionists to the party, felt secure, so far as their anti-prohibition sentiments are concerned; for next year, the Presidential election out of their way, the measure may be defeated. This is a way we have in Massachusetts of quieting earnest reformers, as is clearly seen in the move to change to biennial elections, the measure twice passing the first year and then defeated the second. Presumably the action will succeed in preventing much of an increase of the third party prohibitory vote in the Presidential contest. There is already much activity in political circles in getting into line for the contest, both the Home Market Club and the Tariff Reform League sending out literature and speakers, the latter challenging the former for open discussions, which cannot in self-respect be declined. I was in one of the largest shoe firms in the city the other day, and listened to a discussion, a shoe being brought in which it was claimed was bought in England at a low price, much lower than it could manufactured for in this country, and the claim set up that if our manufacturers had to compete with that class of goods at that price their business would be ruined. The head of the firm responded that he has been three times in Europe and made special examinations as to prices, quality of work, and expense of manufacturing; and if he can have material free of duty he will compete with foreign markets on a paying margin. But there is division among the manufacturers—some demanding protection, others anxious for a chance to compete with foreign markets. Senator Sherman was unable to speak at the Home Market Club the past week, being detained by the death of a relative, but has an engagement to be present on the 9th of February to discuss the tariff issues. The gubernatorial waters are beginning to move, Mr. Crapo's friends pushing his name to the front, he, it is stated, not being friendly to the candidacy of Mr. Blaine for President; while Governor Ames, who has not said he shall not try for a third term, is pronounced for Mr. Blaine.

It is remarkable that Dr. Justin D. Fulton, who has been lecturing every Sunday since September in Music Hall against Catholicism, fiercely attacking the priests in their practice of celibacy, should create so little excitement and escape assault and threats of violence. His book, which he has not offered for sale, but gives to those who buy tickets at a dollar apiece to his lectures, seems to have created but little sensation. His two lectures in Mechanics' Hall, which were extensively advertised in the papers, and at which the books were given away, drew audiences of some some four thousand—not more than one-half the seating capacity—the advertisement being made more conspicuous by the refusal of Rand & Avery to publish the book on the ground of indecency, but afterward publishing on recommendation of Anthony Comstock, a few passages at his suggestion being omitted. This movement in Boston seems to me to be a "tempest in a teapot." If Mr. Fulton in his proposed lecturing tour round the world does not carry with him a wider belt of light than he has left here, the globe will not be luminous in the track behind him.

Every day or two I meet some young man, or some one who reports seeing young men, who speak in the most enthusiastic terms of the salutary influence of Professor Drummond during his brief labor at Harvard University. He seems to have laid hold of them by his personalism as the sun lays hold of the morning-glory. What the young men need is personal contact with earnest, powerful spirits. A business man who is deeply interested in young men says he thinks the personal Christian influence of employers upon employees is not so great as formerly; there is a lack of vitalizing, inspiring influence.

Sunday services for the past two months have been thinned by a remarkable succession of storms and the prevalence of catarrhal colds. The death rate has been high. The ground was not covered till this week with snow except a day or two at a time, while the repeated thaws, taking frost from the ground, have acted upon decaying vegetable matter on the surface, a process which, if the weather had been warmer, would have resulted in malaria. The storms of the past week have spent most of their fury before reaching Boston, so that there have been no blocking snows in the immediate vicinity, the mercury dropping to ten below in the city, and ranging from this point to twenty in some surburban places, the coast rough for navigation and the harbor filled with ice.

Sunday evening of this week the Handel and Haydn Society gave the second concert of the season in Music Hall, which was only moderately filled, the renderings being Berlioz's "Te Deum" and Paine's setting of Milton's "Nativity." Carl Zerrahn conducted, having insufficient orchestral force, a mixed chorus of four or five hundred voices, a boy chorus of fifty, the Society having the assistance of soloists who greatly aided the programme. At the Boston Theater, Sunday afternoon and evening, Gilmore's great military band attracted large audiences to the performance of brilliant programmes.——Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, was at the Mount Vernon Church on Sunday, on exchange with Dr. Herrick.——Dr. W. R. Huntington, of New York, preached at Emmanuel Church.——A large congregation gathered at the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church Sunday evening, it being the first service since extensive repairs of the house, many clergymen being present to participate and assist in the services, Dr. Miner delivering an address of welcome.——At the Park Street Church, Sunday evening, the annual meeting of the City Missionary Society was under the direction of the new President, Mr. Arthur W. Tufts. This Society expends some $20,000 a year, and does excellent work under the enthusiastic efforts of the Rev. D. W. Waldron.——Next Monday, February 6, Joseph Cook will begin his Monday lectureship course in Tremont Temple, his topic being "God in the Bible, with Preludes on Leading Reforms"—the subject chosen "in view of current religious perils and other signs of the times."

OBSERVER.

A CHAPTER OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

YOU have asked me to put in writing for the readers of The Christian Union the substance of some remarks I made to you the other day about the loss of the State appropriation by Atlanta University. This I am glad to do.

The Glenn bill episode of last summer was frequently called a blunder. It might also be called an accident. There is no good reason for regarding it as an indication of growing hostility to the University, or even to the University's policy of an open door to all. There is good reason for believing that, if the end could have been foreseen from the beginning, no question would have been raised, and the issue which was forced upon the University by the State authorities would have been avoided.

The fact that the University had an open door for all has been published in all the catalogues from the very beginning, and these catalogues have been placed in the hands of numerous State officials. No one of them ever raised any objection. Not even the State School Commissioner, who for several successive years made vigorous efforts to secure the repeal of the appropriation, and who on *other* grounds impeached the constitutionality of the law, ever made any issue over the fact that its catalogues offered to admit all, "without regard to sect, race, color, or nationality." The Legislature, in making the permanent appropriation, required a change in the course of study, which was complied with, but said nothing in the act or elsewhere about changing the terms of admission. The presence in the school of the white children of the Professors was frequently noticed by the Board of Visitors, who sometimes made informal inquiry about them, but never offered any objection. Last May such inquiry was made of the Acting President by one member of the Board, but no intimation was given him that any issue was to be raised, nor was he summoned before the Board to undergo an official inquiry. On the closing day of the examinations the members of the Board who addressed the school indulged in remarks which, for cordiality of sentiment and liberality of praise, were scarcely equaled by those of any preceding similar occasion.

Nothing had been done by any of the authorities of the University to in any way precipitate the issue. The question of the co-education of the races had never been voted on or even discussed in any meeting of the Trustees or Faculty. No pronunciamento had ever been published or crusade undertaken to force such co-education on the State. No special efforts of any kind had ever been made to induce white students to attend. The doors of the University were simply thrown open and the matter of color left to adjust itself.

Then, whence the Glenn bill of the House, threatening teachers with the chain-gang, and the substitute bill of the Senate, attempting to boycott students, and the Calvin resolutions of both houses, practically withdrawing the appropriation from the University? It may be incapable of demonstration, but it is extremely probable that the whole trouble arose from the very strong language in which the members of the last Board of Visitors had praised the work of the University. Their utterances were published in the local papers of the State, and aroused considerable adverse comment. White Georgians did not like to be told that Atlanta University was unequaled by any "white school or college in the State." The authorities of the State University at Athens, whither the Visitors went from Atlanta, could not have liked it. There was plainly a call for a little "hedging" of some sort. But what could they find fault with? Nothing, apparently, but the presence of the white children in the institution.

And so the official report, which was not transmitted to the Governor till after the visit to Athens, raised that issue. Very likely, having thus delivered their souls, the Visitors expected the issue to die or sleep in the report. But Governor Gordon unexpectedly and unaccountably embodied it in his message to the Legislature, and thus afforded Mr. Glenn the opportunity to gratify his ambition by introducing his notorious bill. Then the North was set on fire and Georgia was put on her mettle, while at the same time alarmed as to the possible consequences. Each branch of the Legislature established its credit with its constituents by passing its own bill, and averted future calamity, as each thought, by kindly killing the bill of the other, while both sought to escape the charge of dodging the whole matter by attaching conditions to the continuance of the appropriation which they thought the University would accept.

But they reckoned without their host. They did not realize that fidelity to the purposes of the founders, and to pledges, expressed and implied, given to donors of large sums of money, and to the preservation of a Christian principle against which money cannot be weighed, would all stand in the way of an honorable acceptance of those new conditions.

The State authorities have had ample reason to tolerate the open-door policy of the institution in view of the great benefits derived from the appropriation. Atlanta University has provided collegiate, normal, grammar, industrial, and agricultural training for the colored youth of Georgia, at an expense to the State of one-fourth its actual cost, and in an institution whose *plant* worth a quarter of a million dollars, has been provided almost entirely with funds from outside the State. The termination of an alliance so advantageous to the State could hardly have been brought about, under present circumstances, except fortuitously.

Very sincerely yours,

HORACE BUMSTEAD.

THE HEART OF THE MINING REGIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

I.—THE CLAIMS OF THE COMPANY.

IN the present mining difficulty any one can prove anything he wishes by any number of reputable witnesses. Unless you are ready to trust the fairness of the correspondent, you might as well not read a report. The writer has been told, by men whose knowledge of the subject and integrity of purpose it would be foolish to question, that the mines are now being operated at a loss, and that the demand of the strikers practically means that the companies shall pay out money for the privilege of furnishing the men with work. On the other hand, he has been told by persons equally sincere that the companies are making money "hand over fist," by a double system of oppression and extortion, which had systematically reduced the wages of labor to the miner and raised the price of coal to the public. Both of these conflicting statements I have found to be true, or at least as nearly the truth as the opposing parties could see it through the smoke of the battle.

There has been something almost ludicrous about the completeness of the conviction of each party that it is entirely in the right. It has even gone so far that each of them naïvely tried to persuade me that there was no use of my going to hear the other side, as it wouldn't do me any good to be lied to, and they could tell me just what would be said before I went. All such labor-saving offers were, of course, received with gratitude, but declined because of the weight of the obligation which would be imposed.

Before coming into the mining district I had a long interview with the President of one coal company and a leading director in another. The former of these, who remarked that his name had been made disagreeably prominent already, and requested I should not make it more so, devoted three hours to explaining the entire situation—the wages of the laborers, the profits of the companies, and the attitude of each in the present struggle. His statement of the railroad strike was almost exactly that which I afterward heard from John L. Lee and four other leaders of the striking railroad hands. It was that the Knights had refused to handle the goods of an elevator which employed non-union men; in other words, they had struck because the railroad had refused to join them in a boycott, though joining in it would have been in violation of its charter as a common carrier. Afterwards the Knights had admitted their mistake and offered to return to work, consenting to the discharge of three of their leaders and the five crews who had refused to handle the "scab" goods. The company had refused to make any terms whatever.

HOW COMBINATION MAY REDUCE PRICES.

The most interesting part of the President's conversation related to the justice of the anthracite coal combinations. He made the startling assertion that the corporations had done a public service in combining. Instead of raising prices the combination had lowered prices. The cost of mining had been reduced twenty-five cents a ton by the operation, and the "conspirators" had given the public fifteen cents of the twenty-five. When I inquired how this was possible, he explained it as follows: Before the combination was made, all the individual firms tried to run all their mines, good and bad. After the combination, the poorest mines were shut down, and the others were worked regularly and systematically. Many of the expenses are nearly the same whether the mines are worked half time or full time, so that after the combination the companies were able to mine the same amount of coal at less cost.

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

Another interesting point related to the distrust of the men toward the company, and the difficulty of helping them. A few years ago he had proposed to establish a beneficial fund. The company had accepted the proposal, and offered to grant one per cent. of the men's wages if the men would pay three-fifths of one per cent. When the offer was made the labor leaders told the men that it was a trick on the part of the company, and the plan fell flat. Finally the company decided to establish the fund by assessments. The men at first complained and threatened to strike. The company again explained the plan, and said that all men who objected to the assessment could draw their wages in full. At first a great many of them did so, but the prejudice soon wore away, and the men paid their assessments regularly and willingly. "Sometimes," concluded the President, "a paternal form of government is a good thing." When talking among the miners afterward, I found that the President was not mistaken about the popularity of the fund which he had established.

NO FEAR OF VIOLENCE.

All the officers with whom I talked expressed themselves as not having the slightest fear of violence, though their property was the most destructible imaginable. Their mines could be flooded without trouble, and their "breakers" were "tinder boxes." Yet the men appreciated that if they destroyed the mines they shut themselves out of work forever.

"It is this destructibility of our property," said a director, "which explains why we are unable to adopt the suggestion of some of the 'able editors' and bring in new workmen in order to prevent a coal famine. If we brought in new workmen we would take away from the old miners the motive that restrains them, and our property might be destroyed in a night."

WHY ARBITRATION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

In answer to the question, "Why don't you consent to arbitration?" the reply of the company's officers was always the same: "There is no one to arbitrate with. We can be held to our part of the contract, but the Knights cannot be held to theirs."

This point was insisted upon so often and so earnestly as to fully impress me with the fact that before employers will make it their rule to consent to arbitration the labor organizations must be given a legal standing, collect certain funds, and, above all, show that they value the honor of their organization as highly as they do its interests. This is a lesson which business communities have always been slow to learn, and we need not wonder that Knights of Labor, with their raw recruits of uneducated laborers, have not yet learned it.

This was the cardinal objection everywhere raised against the principle of arbitration. But there was one other point made which is also worthy of notice. "Arbitrators," said one officer of the company, "are apt always to take it for granted that justice lies about half way between the claims of the contending parties. In this strike the right is entirely on our side, and we can't afford to give in an inch."

WHAT THE RAILROAD STRIKERS SAY.

The first day I spent in the mining region I met J. L. Lee and a number of his fellow-leaders in the railroad strike. Their statement of the origin of this strike did not differ materially from that made by the officers of the company, but they insisted that its continuation was solely the company's fault. The Knights had consented to the discharge of three of their leaders and five crews of men, in return for an agreement on the part of a representative of the company that the rest should be reinstated. The company had repudiated its side of the agreement, the officer in question declaring that he had never made it. "The company," declared Mr. Lee, "willfully keeps up a war, in order, if possible, to destroy our organization. But they will not succeed. Almost every man whom they engage immediately leaves. They have to hire seven men in order to keep one. The men whom they do get are generally ignorant foreigners who make countless mistakes. One evidence of the company's insecurity is the fact that it permits these new workmen to drink liquor when at their work. This it would not permit to us, and rightly."

Mr. Lee said that his order not only condemned all violence, but undertook to prosecute any one of the members who resorted to it. Regarding the common newspaper assertion that the strikes were kept up in the interest of the leaders, he asserted that they received no salaries whatever—simply their expenses when on duty. However, in talking with members of the order who were not officers, I found a common impression that the district leaders received wages as well as expenses when they were attending to the work of the organization.

The general impression that I received of the railroad strike was that the company had the matter in its own hands, and that the confidence expressed by the strikers was assumed.

II.—GLIMPSES OF MINING LIFE.

Shenandoah was the first mining town I had ever seen. As I walked up the streets from the depot I could scarcely believe that it was a mining town. I saw no sign of the "oppression" of which I had heard so much, and only one sign of the "degradation" of which I had heard still more. This latter sign, however, was repeated every third or fourth store. The afternoon was one of the brightest and coldest of the month. The schools were just letting out, and as the groups of school children hurried past me I noticed faces and dresses and manners with agreeable surprise. Most of the children seemed in such capital spirits as they left the schoolhouse as to remind me of a small boy at home, who, one winter day when the schools were closed on account of the cold, joyfully exclaimed to a friend of mine, "Don't you wish you went to school—so you wouldn't have to go!"

MY FIRST MINER ACQUAINTANCE.

As I have said before, I could scarcely believe that this was a miners' town. The men I passed were clean, comfortably dressed, and fairly good-looking. As I reached the main street a couple of sleighing parties drove by singing negro melodies and church songs. Stopping at the corner where a group of men were discussing the strike, I was soon talking with a couple of them, who were somewhat isolated from the rest. One of them was a man of about forty-five or fifty, dressed in a dark suit of coarse goods, and wearing a fur cap. The other was over sixty, not quite so well dressed as his younger companion, but still far from seedy. I thought it very likely that both of them were small farmers, "come to town to buy goods." But we had only been talking a minute or two when the younger man, in speaking of the strikers, said "we." Pretty soon he told me that he had been a miner there for pretty nearly twenty years, but had always been an "outside laborer." His wages, he told me, were eight dollars and ten cents a week. When I asked him if he had a family, he replied, "Yes; a wife and two children; but one of them is fourteen now, and he is able to earn a little something as a coal picker." When I asked him if a good many of the men were not opposed to the strike, he first turned to his companion and said, "How is that, Jerry?" and then, gathering confidence, continued: "Oh, there are some who would rather keep at work, but most of them would rather stop if they think that they can get what they are striking for. We all go together." When I asked how many of the men had money ahead to stand the strike with, he said: "Well, a good many of them own their own houses, and some of them have a little saved up, but most of us will have to live on credit. . . . Only about half the miners are renters; the rest of them own their property, though a good many are still in debt. . . . Most of those who own their houses were miners away back in the good times. . . . I have always been a renter. . . . I pay seven dollars and a half a month."

When I asked if most of the men drank a good deal, he replied, "Yes, yes, a good deal. Even some of the young boys drink hard." Then he went on to tell an incident of the last pay day. I saw that he was a thoroughgoing temperance man, and I asked if he supposed the men spent a quarter of their wages for drink. "Oh, no," he said, "not so much as that. Quite a number of them don't drink at all."

When we talked of how long the storekeepers would give credit, he said that he couldn't tell; but that that was about all he had to depend upon. He had worked all he could, and his wife helped him to make a little go a long ways; but it was impossible to get ahead. "Up to four years ago I used to get discouraged in such times as these and take to drink. But now I live in faith that a way through will be provided. Four years ago I found that grace which supports one in trouble, and when work is slack I make the best of it, and trust Him."

I do not know when I have talked with any one whose religion meant so much to him. He told me very simply about his religious experience. He was a "Primitive Methodist." His wife was "a good woman who tried to do right," but had not "experienced the change of

beat' which brought peace. Some of his fellow-miners were religious men, but not a great many. A half were Catholics, and the religion of most of these did not seem to trouble them. Of the remainder not more than a fourth were members of the churches.

HOW THE STOREKEEPERS LOOK AT IT.

Later in the afternoon I talked with several business men about the strike. They were the only non-committal men I met. One of them was a liquor dealer, and with him I discussed the temperance situation. He said that he sold a good deal of liquor on credit, but that he never lost anything, as his customers were almost all reliable men who owned their own property. In the great strike of '75, which had lasted nine months some of the business men had lost everything; but he had lost scarcely anything He would keep on giving credit for an indefinite while yet. When asked more specifically about the amount of drinking, he said: "Less than there used to be. . . . Instead of its being the young, unmarried men who drink, it is principally the older ones. The young men have their temperance societies and so on, and a good many of them don't drink at all. Once in a while the older men stop drinking. When I see a case where a man is spending money for liquor which he ought to give to his wife, I always help the societies along, and *so does every man in the trade who has any conscience* I have gotten about a dozen men into one of the societies, and they are doing first-rate."

One Polish butcher whom I met was down on the strikers, had lost all he had in the strike of '75, and this strike he wasn't going to give any credit at all. As he went on he waxed more and more bitter. "These miners are a lazy, shiftless lot," he concluded. "If they work hard they can make a hundred dollars a month." When I repeated this statement to the furniture dealer whom I next visited, he demanded who had told me such a thing, and exclaimed, indignantly, "Whoever he was, he was a liar and a scoundrel in his heart. . . . I used to work in the mines, and I have sometimes worked hard for a month, not seen daylight the whole time, and only earned fifteen dollars."

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST.

After supper I called upon the Catholic priest, Father O'Reilly. I have rarely met a man who was personally more impressive—six feet two or three inches in height, a powerful frame, a large head, and features strong and well cut His face was of much the same type as that of Father McGlynn. It was a more severe face, yet it was marked with the same moral earnestness, the same breadth of sympathy, and almost the same magnetism. I had heard that he condemned the strike, and yet had the respect of the strikers. I therefore expected to get from him a nearly impartial statement of the case.

In this expectation I was not disappointed. I soon found out that his reason for condemning the strike was not that the demands of the miners were unjust, but that they were sacrificing their own interests in order to support the "organization" and help out the railroad strikers. Regarding the wages of the men his statements were quite similar to those made in our columns by Professor Rossiter Raymond, except that he thought that comparatively few of the miners averaged $2 72 a day even for the time they worked.

When I spoke of the complaint of the miners that the Reading Company had systematically depressed wages, and were now paying the men more than twenty-five per cent. less wages than in 1876, though they were getting as much or more for their coal, he said that this was strictly true.

"I have been a priest here," he continued, "for twenty years. Along about 1870 when the mining region was in the hands of a great many individual operators, the best men used to receive enormous wages. When coal was high the workmen got the advantage of it. Two and three hundred dollars a month was nothing uncommon, and I have known men to get as high as five hundred. Nowadays it is a very rare thing for a man to make more than eighty dollars. In the old days, however, the work was not so steady, and the wages of the miners' assistants and outside laborers were not much greater than they are now. It seems to be the policy of the Reading Company not to let even the best men make more than seventy or eighty dollars."

When I asked him whether he believed the statement of the company that it was "losing money" on its mines, he replied: "Why, no; that is absurd enough. I have had plenty of talks with mining superintendents, and the total cost of mining a ton of coal and getting it on the cars ready to ship is usually from $1 10 to $1 50 a ton, and the company gets $2 50 for its coal right here in Shenandoah, and indefinitely more down in Philadelphia."

This was the clearest statement of the question I had yet heard.

Soon we got to talking about the social condition of the city. His statements about the drinking were very similar to those of the Methodist miner whom I first met. He said that in his temperance society there were about four hundred men. It was at the same time a temperance society and a mutual benefit society. He feared that the strike would cause a good many resignations. It was among the young men that temperance was strongest. The awful number of saloons (225 in a place of 16 000) was largely due to the new foreign element of Poles and Hungarians.

"In some respects," continued the priest, "this is the most moral town I ever was in. The idea of you people in New York talking about the degradation of the miners is ridiculous. There isn't a house of ill repute in this place, and hasn't been for two years. The last one that was open the miners blew up, and the one before that, some of the women of the town banded together and ran out. You can't show me another place of 16 000 outside of the mining regions that has such a record as that.

"Furthermore, you won't find a place anywhere that Sunday is so well kept as it is here. Every saloon is closed, and there are not a hundred families in the place who do not go to church." When we talked of how the people lived he said that even the poorest of them, except the Poles and Hungarians, lived cleanly and decently. "Every day when the miners come out of the mine they take off their working clothes, wash themselves, and make an entire change of their clothing. And when they wash they don't simply wash their face and neck, but get into a tub and scrub themselves all over."

THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUBS.

Just before supper I had met a young Irish miner who had asked me to come and visit his club that evening. Of course I gladly accepted the invitation, and when I finished the talk with Father O'Reilly I went immediately to the rooms of the Friendship Club. I found them in a good building on the main street, whose upper stories were entirely taken up by different clubs. My new friend greeted me very cordially, and introduced me to his fellow-members. There were about eight or ten of these in the room to which I was taken, and a few more talking with some young ladies in the reception-room. They were going to have a dance that night Most of the young men were between eighteen and twenty-five, and were generally well dressed and good-looking—that is, there was not a trace of "toughness" in the group. The rooms were comfortably furnished, and, with the exception of the pictures, everything showed good judgment. Prominently placarded on one of the walls were the "Rules of the Friendship Club." Of course I examined them with curiosity. They were strict enough to satisfy the straitest sect. Intoxicating liquors, tobacco, profanity, and cards were all prohibited under penalty. The card rule was new; the others had been in force since the establishment of the club.

Talking with the members of the club in a free-and-easy way, I found their views on most of the points which the priest had spoken of, and I found that the priest had made no mistakes, unless perhaps he had exaggerated the church attendance. Regarding social purity, I found the most wholesome sentiment I had ever met anywhere outside of a college town. In regard to drinking there was a little *baddishness* manifested, but one young miner, who rather prided himself on the liberalism of his views, said that any number of the men were willing to blow up a house which they considered "a disgrace to the town."

After a while I was taken to visit another of the clubs—"The Americus." This was an older organization, and the rooms were better furnished. Among other things there was a piano, and I was told that music and discussions formed the staple methods of entertainment. The previous winter they had presented a play, which was, they thought, quite a success. The rules of this club were very similar to those of the "Friendship."

THE APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES

Leaving the club about half-past nine, I took a long walk through the town. It was a clear, moonlit and starlit night, and, in spite of the intense cold, the walk was thoroughly enjoyable. It was not a pretty town. In fact, I did not see a single residence which made the faintest pretense of elegance. But everybody lived as well as his neighbors, in a decent frame house with four or five rooms. I could not help wondering whether the social equality of the place did not partially account for the unanimous condemnation of the vice which is always condoned where only the daughters of the lower classes suffer

A WALK THROUGH A COAL MINE.

The next morning, in company with the superintendent, I took a two or three miles' walk through the gangways and tunnels of the Shenandoah City Mine. As we walked, the superintendent explained to me how the mining was done, how much the men were paid for each kind of work, and how they lived at home. As he had worked his way up from the ranks, his views on all these points were worth listening to. He admitted the truth of what the priest had said about wages now as compared with fifteen years ago, though he thought that a number of them still averaged nearly a hundred dollars a month. He was perfectly frank in showing how difficult much of the work was, especially that in the narrow veins. Here the men have to crawl along on their knees with pick and drill and powder. In the larger veins, especially the "Mammoth," which was thirty or forty feet thick, he explained how much skill and judgment are necessary to do the blasting. Most of the mining is still done by the "contract miners," but there are some men who, no matter how long they mine, are never permitted to take contracts. If an accident happens through the fault of the superintendent, the company can be held responsible; but if it happens through the fault of another miner, no damages can be claimed. The company, therefore, is not responsible for the kind of help it employs, except in so far as it endangers its own property. The superintendent told me that in his mine there had not been a fatal accident in five years, and that the company took much greater precautions for the safety of the men than the individual operators did in former times I asked whether, with the improvements in mining since 1870, the cost had been lessened, and he admitted that it had, though he added that so much had been expended in securing better ventilation, etc., that the difference was scarcely appreciable. This, however, answered a fundamental question, and showed that wages had not been reduced in order that profits might not be. Prices, to say the least, had remained the same; the cost of mining, to say the least, had remained the same; yet wages had been steadily lowered.

In the course of his talk the superintendent made one strong point in behalf of the present *régime*. In the old days, when the individual operators worked on leases, their only aim was to mine the greatest possible amount of coal within the period of the lease. The mines were therefore "scourged." The cream was taken, and thousands of tons would be left buried forever in the depths of the mountain. The present company first tunnels its gangway clear to the other side of the mountain, and then works back systematically, taking every bit of coal with it as it comes.

THE POLISH BOARDING-HOUSE.

After the long walk through the mine, I visited the Polish and Hungarian boarding-houses, managing to obtain a Polish guide who could speak a little English. In this I was exceptionally fortunate, as these ignorant immigrants are intensely suspicious of American visitors. One young fellow who had been a miner told me that on one occasion he had visited a dozen of the houses, looking for different men, but nowhere could he obtain admission, as the people always denied any knowledge of the men he asked for; they thought perhaps he was a constable.

In the first of those boarding-houses to which I was taken, a scantily clad woman of thirty, with a baby in her arms, was sitting upon a soiled bed, and eight or ten young ones were standing in different parts of the hall. My guide spoke to the husband of the woman, and he consented to have me look through the house. The floor was bare and dirty. On the stove some soup bones were cooking Near by there were several batches of dough ready to be put to bake in the little brick oven outside. On the walls were a few cheap cuts of popes and saints. The only other furniture consisted of four or five cheap chairs. In this particular house there was no goat—probably because there was no room for him—there being fifteen boarders, and the house having only three rooms, and one of these only half a room!

The way in which these people live is this: Each of the boarders pays the woman two dollars a month for room rent, cooking, and washing. Her situation, however, is not so hard as it would at first seem. The house rent costs her but $4 50 a month; the washing costs her next to nothing; and she cooks but one meal a day. The month's provisions are ordered all together, and family and boarders divide the bill fairly. Usually it is phenomenally small, being never more than five dollars a month apiece, and often as low as three dollars. What little meat they eat is always the cheapest. Often they go to the butcher's and get for five or ten cents the feet of a cow or the head of a sheep, and then make soup for two or three days. Their one cooked meal is at night. Their next day's breakfast and lunch is portioned out to them before they go to sleep (three in a bed, and a narrow one at that) in their comfortless and dirty loft. It is against the competition of men who will live like this that the American workingmen protest.

None of the other Polish and Hungarian houses which I visited were so crowded as this first one, though some of them were vastly dirtier. Only one of the houses was at all neatly kept up, and this was not a boarding-house. In most of the boarding-houses it was an unsolvable problem how so much freezing cold air could come whistling into them, while a person's nostrils told

him that there was such a sickening lack of ventilation.

THE AMERICAN MINERS—THE COMPANY'S HOUSES.

Shenandoah is not cursed by the truck system. There are no "company stores," and not a great many company houses. In fact, one of the complaints which the Catholic priest made against the Reading Company was that it refused to build more houses. The second afternoon I was in the town I visited a number of the miners' homes. One of my reasons for doing this was to find out how the women regarded the strike. I had put the question to the priest, and he had humorously replied: "*The women are against it to a man.*" I was not surprised to hear this, but thought that I would find out for myself how the matter stood. Going to the section where the company's houses were, I was well received. The men talked very freely, and their wives occasionally joined in the conversation. I heard any number of complaints, but only a few against the company as a landlord. The houses, which uniformly rented for $9 a month, consisted of four rooms, and were kept in decent repair. The men were so far from expecting any oppression from the company that they did not expect the company to try to evict them for not paying their rent in case the strike was prolonged. Only one of the men suggested that the company couldn't do it if it wanted to.

There was another point in which the dealings of the corporation were evidently far from heartless. The men bought their coal at $1.75 and $2 a ton—a dollar less than the market price.

The houses of the men were decently furnished and decently kept. In the front room there was always a carpet, but no fire; in the back room a fire and no carpet. The men whom I met all spoke of drinking when they could afford it. And one of them said that when he came out of the mine he needed a little drink of whisky to take away the dead feeling and make him able to enjoy his evening. The wife of this man spoke rather disapprovingly of this practice, but said that her husband never drank much. This same woman, by the way, began once to condemn the strike, but her husband shut her off by some indistinct word and a look which meant, "You talk too much."

It was quite obvious from the talks I had that most of the wives were mildly opposed to the strike, though I was told that a good many of the Irishwomen said that they would live on potato peelings before they would have their men go to work at the old wages.

The food which the American miners eat is very simple. In the morning they have a little hot coffee and some bread before leaving for their work, and they have very little meat at their midday lunches. The meal of the day is supper. Then they have not only vegetables, but mutton or pork or sometimes beef. Taking all in all, the miners of Shenandoah (always excepting the Poles and Hungarians) are a superior class of laborers, who still live decently, and whose "oppression" consists mainly in the fact that they find matters growing worse instead of better.

III.—CONCLUSION.

As I passed through Pottsville on my return from the mining regions, I called upon Mr. Whiting, the Superintendent of all the Schuylkill collieries. I found from him that the information I had received as to the cost of mining coal was correct, and also my information as to the price at which coal was sold. I found that the price of shipping coal from Schuylkill Haven (the usual shipping point) to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles, was $1 60. I found that he thought that the railroad strike was at the bottom of the whole matter, and that were it not for the railroad men the question of miners' wages might be adjusted. In other words, some members of the company are able to see a certain reasonableness in the miners' demand for better wages. The men I had talked with had often seemed willing to concede that the railroad strike was a mistake. It is not improbable, therefore, that the company may meet them half way, and grant the miners the wages they ask.

Coming home, I bought on the cars a paper which contained the following widely published statement of President Corbin:

"For the twelve years commencing January 1, 1876, and ending January 1, 1888, this company has mined 51,000,000 tons of coal, paid for it to its miners $57,110,060, and has received as the net proceeds for the coal so mined only $44,840,000, making an actual loss in the mining of its coal of $12,270,000 during that period. In other words, we have distributed throughout the country 51,000,000 tons of our coal, the miners have received every dollar of net money we obtained for it, and we lost in the operation $12,270,000 besides."

Of the exactness of this statement I have nothing to say; but statements may be exact without expressing the truth. The same company that owns the mines owns the railroad, and devices of bookkeeping are not impossible. The total cost of mining the coal is generally about $1 30. The average *cost* of shipping freight one hundred miles on all the roads of the New York Central system is fifty-three cents a ton; on the roads of the Pennsylvania system it is forty-nine cents. It would seem, therefore, that the cost of mining the coal and shipping it to Philadelphia is not much more than half of the selling price. When the company charges $1 60 to ship the coal from Schuylkill Haven to Philadelphia, its net profits are apparently almost equal to the total cost of mining the coal.

One thing, however, may be said for the companies. Everywhere among the miners I found that the Reading Company treated its miners better than the individual operators still in the district. There was an entire absence of petty tyranny. If the present sentiment against the monopoly should result in enforcing the constitutional provision that "no incorporated company doing business as a common carrier shall directly or indirectly prosecute or engage in mining," the result would be disastrous to the men. With freight rates where they are now, no one except the railroad company can engage profitably in mining and pay very good wages.

The reason that the men feel as they do against the monopoly is that the absence of competition has certainly cut down their wages. In the old days, if one operator would not give them the wages which the market permitted, they could go to some one else who would. Now there is practically only one operator in the district. The men believe that the company pursues the plan of paying them, not what they earn, but the least it can. As they cannot leave the district without sacrificing everything, their only hope of better wages lies in a united strike. Is the strike, then, justifiable, or is it not?

C. B. S.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

ROME, January 2, 1888.

THE jubilee of Leo XIII., though immensely inferior in proportions and in splendor to that of Queen Victoria, is of sufficient importance to the Pope himself, and must afford a pleasant variety in his monotonous life. Report states the number and value of his presents at a very high figure, and as surpassing all that had been expected, and evident pride is felt at his being the recipient of gifts from the two arch-heretic kingdoms of England and Germany.

The Papal Envoy to Berlin is said to have been asked by Bismarck what present he thought would be acceptable to his master, and to have replied, "I think his Holiness would like *a triple crown.*" "Impossible," replied Bismarck; and so in its stead the Pope had to content himself with a bishop's miter, surely sufficiently complimentary on the part of Germany. The triple crown was sent from France.

Leo XIII. evidently feels much encouraged by all these demonstrations of regard—even though among the presents there is a guillotine, a gift capable of various meanings besides the allusion to the form of capital punishment in use under the Papal dominion.

In an address to a body of pilgrims he dwells exultingly on the testimony of esteem given by the great ruling powers of Europe to himself and the institution which he represents, and interprets it to mean that they wish for him that restoration to full liberty and independence which is indispensable to the complete exercise of his legitimate powers. He contends that the Papacy has always been the source of the glory and the prosperity of Italy, and urges on these his devoted followers the duty of maintaining his claims. The quarrel between the old Papacy and New Italy has only been intensified by the jubilee and its utterances. Italians are still in the same difficult position—they cannot serve two masters.

Feeling was intensified last week by the unexpected action of Duke Torlonia, the Syndic of Rome, who, led away by the excitement of the moment, paid a formal visit to the Cardinal-Vicar, requesting him to lay his homage and that of the city which he represented at the feet of his Holiness. This visit was received as an unexpected favor, and returned with ostentatious pomp, but it was quickly followed by a decree of the Government removing the Syndic. The office being a Government appointment, it follows that the Syndic committed a grave error by acting on private impulse. The welcome given him on the part of the Papal dignitary was all the more offensive to the royal family as it appears that they had sent privately to the Pope, expressing their wish to present him an offering on the occasion of his jubilee, not in their capacity of governors of Italy, but as members of the old house of Savoy, and had been treated with contemptuous silence.

The culminating point in the Papal Jubilee was reached yesterday morning in the long-talked-of Mass at St. Peter's. At 6 A.M. the bells of all the churches were ringing and the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the streets, indicating that people were already on their way to the ceremony. The troops of the Government were marshaled on the spacious Piazza from 4 A.M., and stood stamping their feet in the cold, biting atmosphere until the ceremonial was over and the crowd had dispersed, at about 11:30.

The admission was by ticket, and report said that 60,000 tickets had been prepared. These tickets were given away chiefly within the Vatican, and on the 28th and 29th of December the antechamber of the "Sacred Apostolic Palace" was crowded by hundreds or thousands of applicants, who stood packed in one compact mass four hours at a time, struggling for life and breath and fighting their way to the mysterious and potent door at whose portals the coveted pieces of paper were distributed.

Priests, monks, nuns, men and women of all sorts and conditions, stood angrily and impatiently together, unable to move except as borne on by the general rush, uttering their lamentations in various languages and entertaining each other with the account of their losses through thieves and pickpockets. Among this crowd stood a lady of my acquaintance, a French Catholic, and on the morning of the Jubilee she stood bravely again for two hours in a similar crowd, yet failed to obtain entrance at last. I had no intention myself to sacrifice the first Sunday morning of the new year to a pageantry which would be simply a matter of curiosity. So when a ticket came to me, all unsought, on the previous evening, I gave it at once to a lady who had greatly desired one. This lady started out with some others at 6:30 on Sunday morning, but was at home again in a couple of hours, having been nearly crushed to death and thankful to escape with her life.

The troops did their best to prevent the crush in the Piazza but the entrance of the church was in the hands of the Vatican dignitaries, and they made no attempt at order. Tickets had been circulated beyond limit, and there was a crowd of 80,000 or more striving for admission. Women, yes, and even men, fainted and were borne away; but hitherto the newspapers have not recorded any deaths—or rather only one. A messenger of Prince Colonna, who was the bearer of a present to the Pope on New Year's eve, broke a blood-vessel while waiting in the antechamber, and died on the spot.

The scene within St. Peter's is described as of a most imposing, or perhaps, to speak correctly, of a most exciting, kind. Chairs were provided only for the select few, who were separated from the mass by wooden barricades erected for the occasion. The great motley multitude stood packed in one dense crowd, and only the barricades left a possible passage for the Pope, carried in his chair of state on the shoulders of four men, and for the cardinals and ecclesiastical dignitaries who followed him.

The entrance of the Pope was greeted by the anthem "Tu es Petrus"—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church"—sung by the papal choir and a chorus of boys placed in the dome above the high altar. At the same time the crowd broke out into cheers of "*Viva il Papa! Viva Leone XIII!*" while a few voices cried "*Viva il Papa Re!*"—long live the Pope-King!

Handkerchiefs and hats of all colors and shapes were waved. Men climbed the columns and monuments to get a view of the procession, and St. Peter's was no longer the central sanctuary, the house of prayer for the Catholic world, but a vast hall of political demonstration. They relate that the Pope was much moved and excited by the scene, that his lips trembled, and that he seemed under the temptation to speak; but, gradually regaining self-possession, he lifted his hand and began to bless the people as they fell on their knees right and left of his chair.

He wore the miter adorned with gems sent him by the Emperor of Germany, the ring presented by the Sultan, and he used in the celebration of the mass the golden ewer and basin sent by Queen Victoria. As he was borne to the altar his eye rested with manifest pleasure on his nieces seated in the most distinguished place, richly dressed in black and resplendent with diamonds. Forty minutes was the time occupied by the celebration of the mass, and then slowly and solemnly the pale and feeble old man was borne down the center of the nave among the renewed plaudits of the multitude, and disappeared through the doorway of the Chapel of the Sacrament.

This, then, is the triumph of which the Papal party are so proud in Rome.

January 5.—This morning I succeeded in obtaining admission to the Pope's second mass in St. Peter's. I got in through the favor of a kindly-looking old priest, to whom I signified my wish to enter. He answered in North Italian speech, "Come after me."

When we reached the final door he presented two tickets, and I found myself safe within St. Peter's. A feeling of awe and some measure of nervous fear came over me as I saw the enormous building full nearly down to the doors, and not full in the usual significance of the word, but packed by standing people in such wise that to get another person in between the standers

would have been at the risk of suffocation. I resigned myself, therefore, at once to the inevitable, and, keeping at the outskirts of the crowd, saw nothing but a very small portion of the multitude.

In the far distance twinkled the tall candles on the high altar, but between them and me was a great sea of heads shutting out all else.

A buzz in the crowd told me that the Pope was nearing the curtained door of the Chapel of the Sacrament, by which he was to enter the church, and the next moment the voices of the choristers, chanting as the procession came on, were the herald of his immediate approach; but their voices were quickly drowned by the plaudits of the people—"*Viva—a—a—a—a!*"—and the clapping of hands, repeated again and again as the old man was borne along slowly to the high altar. I once saw Leo XIII. carried in state to the Sistine Chapel, surrounded by his attendants with the peacock feather fans, clothed in his mantle of white silk and gold, with uplifted hand making the sign of the cross over the people as he passed. From the memory of that scene I know how he looked to-day—*but to-day I saw nothing!*

The cessation of the applause told me that he had reached the altar, and that he was robing himself for the act of worship he was about to perform; the complete silence, the bowed heads, and the tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's told me when the elevation of the host was taking place; and the singing of the choir, which was heard with wonderful effect even at the extreme distance where I stood, told me of the progress of the mass and of its termination. Another hush and bowing of heads told that the benediction was given. Then another pause, another buzz, another burst of applause mingled with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and I knew that the Pope was being borne away into the sacristy—*but I saw nothing!*

Were my object purely that of a narrator, I should do well to stop just here; but I must be allowed a word of criticism.

The ceremonial of to-day left me totally unmoved—not that I lack susceptibility to the influence of ceremonial, but because this ceremonial lacked dignity, lacked soul, lacked all that is needed to give power to such scenes. There was no unity of purpose in the gathering; it was a mixed throng of political agitators and of feeble and careless worshipers, overwhelmed by the numbers of curious sight seers. Had the forty thousand people whom I suppose to have been inside St. Peter's this morning been united in support of the Pope's pretensions to temporal power, instead of the gentle volume of applause which was given there would have been a sound as of many waters, almost sufficient to have rent the majestic dome above our heads. Had they been devout worshipers, there would have been witnessed in that noble edifice a scene of unparalleled solemnity, which would have been felt all over the world. But alas for Leo XIII. if he has no better supporters than the motley crowd of ignorant, apathetic faces that thronged his passage this morning!

J. A. S.

THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMNOLOGY.

I.—ITS STRONG POINTS.

By Frank R. Shipman.

THE text for this subject was supplied at a mission meeting, of that especial type which exists in the neighborhood of theological seminaries, and seems designed, not for any spiritual benefit, but to initiate embryo ministers into the routine of their profession. In the present case the usual three or four men, a few mothers in Israel, and a fair sprinkling of boys and girls, besides some fearfully uneasy morsels of humanity, were affording practice to two theologues; and, even to the laboring senses of these young men, the exercises were beginning to drag beyond the common. The organ-grinding theologue had remarked, coming down, on the fortunate lot of those heathen whose wills have already been admitted to probate, in never having heard the Moody and Sankey tunes; but now he leaned over to the leader theologue, and whispered, "Giv' 'em some of the chestnuts!" Thereupon the leader announced "number one in book two," and the audience obtained relief in shrilling out "Salvation, salvation" to the praise of God.

Harshly as the remark just quoted must grate on every Christian ear, it represents, nevertheless, the contemptuous attitude taken by a large section of the Church—and that the most cultured part—toward the Moody and Sankey songs. No one can think of this fact without pain; for while other collections of hymns fill more space in the advertisement columns, and are often placed in our pews, the Gospel Hymns are those that are sung. It is lamentable if the function of praise in our service must turn part of the congregation to sighing and part to sneering. It is very certain that neither sighing nor sneering will blow away the Gospel Hymns. It is easy to revile the poetry and theology of "O, to be Nothing" and "Hallelujah, 'tis Done;" and it is easy to liken "Precious Promise" to a sawmill in convulsions. But the great success of these songs demands another explanation than the vulgar tastes of American church members. Nor will it do to go on the financial tack. It is a fact, and a suggestive one, that, while the Gospel Hymns (I. and II.) cost at retail thirty-five cents, the standard collections of the various sects cost a dollar and upwards; but money-tables are not sufficient for this case. It must be that the Moody and Sankey songs have internal merits which have commended them to the Christian community. Felt rather than seen, these merits have lifted the hymns clear above the failure which their faults might have brought.

In the first place, when we take a square look, the common charge that the hymns present a low, prudential religion turns out to be largely the judgment of ignorance. A full half of them are devoted to God's love and the joy of the Christian life; and while the number of "prudential" hymns is large—perhaps a fifth—it is including those in which the joys of heaven are presented under a purely material imagery. They are in imitation of the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Revelation; and no one has found much fault with the author of Revelation. "But," our rooted prejudice rises to remark, "'Hallelujah, 'tis Done' is the very first." That is true, "Hallelujah, 'tis Done" does stand on the first page of the book; nevertheless, "by the way, it's a capital good creed, too," as Dr. Alden said at Springfield. Our sober objection cannot be to its theology. "But it is doggerel." This is true, also, and brings us to a consideration of the hymns as literature.

Nearly every hymn is furnished with a chorus; that is a striking peculiarity. The object is plain, of course; to give a definite phrase, a catchword, for thought to take hold of. The definiteness, however, given by such phrases as, "Whosoever will may come," "Then we'll trust in the Lord," "I am coming, Lord," "I need thee, oh, I need thee," is not confined to the choruses. A few stanzas will show this:

> "Whosoever cometh need not delay.
> Now the door is open, enter while you may;
> Jesus is the true, the only Living Way;
> Whoever will may come."

> "In some way or other, the Lord will provide.
> It may not be *my* way, it may not be *thy* way,
> And yet in his own way the Lord will provide."

> "I hear Thy welcome voice
> That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
> For cleansing in Thy precious blood
> That flowed on Calvary."

> "I need Thee every hour,
> Stay Thou near by;
> Temptations lose their power
> When Thou art nigh."

Only the last of these ranks among the best Gospel Hymns, and so they more fairly reveal the especial excellences of the collection. They are jingly, tautological, prosaic—that need not be denied; at the same time, how direct, simple, earnest! It is enough to call to mind "I need Thee every hour," "Saviour, more than life to me," "One more day's work for Jesus," "What a friend we have in Jesus," "I am praying for you," "I love to tell the story;" they all proclaim with power, Religion no sham. We may frankly admit that they are commonplace; religion should be commonplace. It is possible that they make religion without wings; and so much the better, if it will drop from the church spires and the tree-tops and walk into our shops and sitting-rooms. Simplicity—yes, and livingness—these are not virtues to be despised or cast lightly away. It is worth while to mark the number of hymns expressing a confident joy in the daily help of God; for corresponding hymns in any other modern collection suggest as their proper motto, "Rejoice, ye *trembling* saints." The Moody and Sankey writers leave out the "trembling." The hymnologists from Watts down tried to sing a philosophical statement of the doctrine of election; but, inasmuch as they were true-hearted disciples, they fell into a mood of self-condemnation in view of their surprising good fortune. It is a large gain that the Gospel Hymn writers are not cumbered by much serving of theology; more than that, notwithstanding the many capital I's on their pages, they take a less introspective view, far healthier, far more Christian.

Since the joy of the Christian believer is made so prominent in the Gospel Hymns, it follows that the music is made cheerful rather than plaintive. As a matter of fact, these tunes are in 4–4 time and more, while standard tunes are in 4–4 time and less. Yet while a spirited, cheerful air is thus more easily secured, of course the danger of a jingly tune is increased. This explains the failures, the many tin-pan-like tunes, that abound in the Moody and Sankey collection. When the tunes of our other hymnals fall and fall, they fall on the other side of the fence—they are simply dull. But, leaving failures aside, it is more important to notice that the Gospel Hymn tunes are attempts at the music of cheer. There are many attempts, frequent successes, in these respects: that their music is enthusiastic; it will not allow drag or drone; it aims at the function of song-praise more than prayer. If the multitude of saints above, who to-day join in the "new song," were reduced to the unhappy dilemma of choosing, I believe they would prefer to sing to the tune "Salvation, salvation" rather than to thetune of "Boylston;" they would prefer heartiness to dignity. These successes are due, not only to the liveliness of the airs, but quite as much to a second factor, that is, the choruses. Generally the choruses double the number of lines to be sung; and almost always they add to the melodiousness and spirit of the music, and—what is more valuable—to its dignity. In two particulars, then, the finished Moody and Sankey tune differs from the traditional tunes: it is a cheerful air, of eight lines' length; they, on the other hand, are neither cheerful nor eight-lined. The four-line tune rules our books with a remorseless brevity. Volumes of a thousand hymns are put into our hands, and the more hymns there are, the shorter the tunes. Good airs of a plaintive cast are not hard to find among them—the four-line limit is comparatively gracious to the minor key;-but good tunes of praise—genuine, whole-souled praise—are almost as rare as dandelions in December. This lamentable fact has its explanation in the line limitation; for the four-line tune hardly gets going before it stops. Needless to add, the organist then comes in and tooral-loorals and tra la-las till we are again permitted a small portion of divine praise, and we lay down our harps of a thousand strings convinced that they are not only heavy, but somehow also a destroyer of the spirit of worship. And it is too apt to be so; the organist gives only the finishing stroke—the fatal thrust was dealt before he had a chance. We endure no more the old "lining out" of hymns—there has been that much improvement; and still there is evil remaining. One feels like the dog under Dives' table—he is getting crumbs. Nevertheless, true as it has been seen to be that the four-line tune is tame by nature, hard as it is to "sound the note of joy and praise" thereon; the Gospel Hymns musicians have done a pioneer service in definitely abandoning it. Possibly they wrought unawares; but their work stands, as certainly as the enduring Stone Hall "whose walls Mr. Sankey has sung up" at Northfield. It cannot be that the future musicians of congregational singing will allow the lesson of this success to pass unmarked and disregarded. The greater part of these tunes are having their say, and will cease to be; the latest productions of the "school" show that inspiration has gone from it; but a broader basis has been laid for the congregational hymn tune. Future composers and adaptors ought not to allow that broader foundation to remain bare of building. Congregational singing will never be cast aside, whatever its defects; but surely it is worth while to aim for ampler powers and fitting arts. So shall we more worthily respond to the angel chorus of Christmas morning.

II.—ITS FAULTS.

By the Rev. E. P. Parker, D.D.

In response to your request that I should write some criticism of the so-called Gospel Hymns," or, as they are often styled, the "Moody and Sankey" hymns, I offer the following remarks, though somewhat reluctantly, knowing what diversities of opinion on this question exist among equally good people.

I became acquainted and excessively wearied with these hymns during a series of great revival meetings held in the Hartford Skating Rink under the auspices of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Mr. Moody's preaching was admirable and powerful. Mr. Sankey's singing fell into dispute, and finally into disrepute. It was *touching*, doubtless, but its touch affected people variously. When all the pathos of his very fine but undisciplined voice was brought to bear in musically relating little Willie's sorrowful inculpation of his depraved father, who did not come to the revival meetings to be saved because "he had to tend the store," there were some moist eyes in the audience; but the utter nonsense and invirility of the song, and all its morally and musically false notes, made others burn within them for shame. This was an extreme case, but there were many "solos" that were only not quite so melodramatic, and many "choruses," too, of which, after the considerable and somewhat melodious noise of them had ceased, one could only ask in astonishment, "What possible meaning can be associated with these limping lines, these false rhymes, these ghastly metaphors, this platitudinous jumble and jingle of Gospel odds and ends?"

Day after day and night after night these songs went on, interspersed with solemn warnings against the wickedness of artistic solo-singing in churches, and the good old hymns began to be turned out of prayer-meetings and even out of the sanctuary—Wesley and Watts and Doddridge, and all the saintly singers like them, being ordered to give way for the new and un-

known verse-makers. It was a cold time of the year, and the year was a pretty cold one. For after Mr. Moody's excellent discoursings came a long and somewhat different dispensation of Brother Pentecost, during which the aforesaid hymns were sung much less enthusiastically but no less assiduously. In some of the churches they were speedily thrown out of all use, and in most of them their use was very partial and of brief duration. The general verdict was, "Unfit for use in the stated services of the church for the worship of God." That is to say, *comparatively* unfit, as being far inferior, in all respects, to the good hymns easily within the reach of all congregations. This verdict was based on several distinct but co-ordinate faults in the hymns. They are, in general, crude and weak in respect of Christian doctrine. A good hymn must contain some Christian doctrine. Without it the hymn is structurally weak. But the doctrine must be in it by way of natural solution, and not by way of artificial setting. The dogmatic hymn, like those of the early evangelical school in England, and like some of Watts's, is irredeemably bad. The doctrinal hymn, like the best of all schools and times, is so far excellent. Watts's "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" and Palmer's "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" are examples of Christian doctrine in poetic solution. So far as the Moody and Sankey hymns contain Christian doctrine, they set it forth either in gross literal or in weak sentimental form. But mostly they are undoctrinal and sentimental.

Again, they are chiefly subjective and experimental. Hymns of this sort must not be entirely ruled out. Some of our most precious hymns are of this nature; but they express, if they are good, the healthy and common Christian experience, in distinction from the morbid and partial and particular experiences of people. Now, the Moody and Sankey hymns are especially faulty in this respect. They turn on a few superficial and emotional phases of experience, and play with words that deal with that which is incidental or particular or morbid in Christian life. One needs only to test them in those seasons and services that call for truth and reality in the inmost parts of liturgic forms. The church cannot possibly live on them. They may serve for use at particular times, and may have served a good purpose in some ways, but they will not do for daily meat and drink, because they have no sufficient truth in solution, and are not grounded in sane and catholic experience. Again, they are intellectually weak. They embody no adequate thought. This, I fancy, few will deny. Their popularity no more contradicts this fact or the argument from it against them than the popularity of dime novels or of poor novels of a grade higher justifies the neglect of better literature. The Gospel of Christ is intellectually respectable. Its literature is a noble one. Its psalms and canticles and hymns are rich and pure and thoughtful. Compare the "Magnificat," the "Benedictus," and the "Nunc Dimittis"—Gospel hymns—with much that arrogates to itself that title, and see whether verses almost destitute of thought, rhymes almost without reason, hymns intellectually impotent, have any claim upon the Christian Church. Their popularity indicates the need of another and different revival.

Again, these hymns are, as a rule, utterly unpoetic. Verses are not poetry. A hymn should be poetic. A good hymn is always so. Watts wrote many unpoetic hymns, and they have passed or are passing into deserved oblivion, however intensely *Gospel* they may be. His poetic hymns survive. Reference is often made to the early Methodist hymns and to the criticism they received. Many of them were crude and have been abandoned; but the men who wrote these Methodist hymns were poets. Their grand hymns are classics. Does any one dream of comparing the verses now in question with those splendid outbursts of poetic genius? No man has any call to write hymns for use in public Christian worship who has not some poetry in his nature. The verse-makers and rhyme jinglers have nothing to offer that is really needed.

Again, these hymns are not only essentially unpoetic and thoroughly prosaic, but they exhibit on the part of their authors an astonishing and melancholy ignorance of the art of versification. They are thoroughly unartistic in their structure. They are good specimens of very bad verses. They abound in faulty measures, accents, and rhymes. No respectable magazine or paper would print verses so faultily, so slovenly constructed.

Of course the *lack of art* will be condoned on the score of piety. But what is this lack of art but ignorance at work at a nice craft? Why was it prohibited to bring offerings with a blemish to the Lord? When there are so many accessible, excellent hymns written by men of poetic genius and skill, that breathe the Spirit of the Gospel, that contain the truths of the Gospel, and that express the deep, wholesome, catholic, Christian experience, why should we be asked to use verses put together in bungling style, or, as Charles Lamb says, "indulge ourselves in mediocrity"?

It may be added here that, as with hymns, so with music for them—we do not need music written by men who do not know how to write it even grammatically. Music is a science. Its principles are fixed. Its language has its laws and a grammar. One must know these before he can write even inoffensive music. What schoolboy mistakes are in the "compositions," the "tunes" poured out upon us by men who know nothing of the grammar of music! All this sort of stuff is as bad in its way as ungrammatical editorials in a religious paper would be. It is not tolerated anywhere but in so-called religious music. The church ought to be above this sort of thing in its musical education of the people. The Moody and Sankey "tunes" are no better, but rather worse, than the hymns.

Having said so much, and enough to call down great wrath upon my poor head, I would sincerely add that what has been said applies to the hymns and tunes in question *in general*. There are notable exceptions to the rule. Here and there one finds a genuine song welling up in the wilderness. It is not necessary to name them. The first series was the best. I will specify one hymn which, set to good music, has commended itself very much when *occasionally* sung in worship. It is that which begins—

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
And the sins of my heart have been more."

This is not a great hymn, nor one that will bear frequent use in worship, nor in the least comparable with Newman's inimitably tender and almost perfect "Lead, Kindly Light," which shines the brighter the more it is used, but it is a simple, genuine, earnest, melodious hymn, full of true feeling, not without good doctrine in solution, and wholesome if not used immoderately. It would be easy to specify others of which laudable mention might be made. But it is not necessary.

Finally, lest any may think that the writer condemns Moody and Sankey hymns and tunes only, he would respectfully but explicitly add that the same criticisms herein made would be quite as applicable to a great number of hymns and tunes in our standard hymnaries. These books are padded with utter trash and rubbish. It should be gratefully acknowledged that great improvement has been made in recent years, and that the tendency is toward a better standard. But there is great need for further improvement. We can now pick out of the heterogeneous mass presented to us in hymnals the few really good things, and for that let us be grateful. To root out all the tares at once might endanger the good grain. They must grow together till the harvest.

HARTFORD, CONN.

LENOX: THEN AND NOW.

BY ELIZABETH BULLARD.

LENOX revisited after a quarter of a century! It is not easy to realize all that this implies. Not only do new faces in the old homes, new stones in the old churchyard, and new names now familiarly spoken in the streets, attest the work of the years, but the very character of the place and the face of the country are changed. Only the everlasting hills, the beautiful lakes, and a few well-preserved landmarks remain to assure the returning wanderer that this is indeed beloved Lenox—Lenox, always beloved, by reason of these wonderful hills, these lovely lakes, and the glorious atmosphere, even did old associations and memories of what has been count for nothing. That these do count for much, and have been important factors in the change and improvement, compensates, in part, for the strangeness that at first oppresses and bewilders. Look where you may, wealth has refined and idealized the landscape until you gaze upon it as through the medium of the Claude Lorraine glass. The small farms are absorbed in large estates. The plain old houses have given place to palaces, or are transformed into charming cottages. Meadows have extended their boundaries and become exquisite lawns, dazzlingly brilliant under the varying light of this mountain region. The forests and highways are pleasure parks. Fine roads lead to the famous views, and even upon the mountains one can drive with safety and with comfort. Where formerly oxen, with the heavy wood wagons, were the only turnouts, one now meets sumptuous carriages, with liveried servants—or, at least, can see upon the roadway the print of narrow wheels and fine, small hoofs of high-bred horses.

Directly and indirectly, wealth has been attracted to Lenox by the influence of those to whom long ago the place was dear and familiar—Miss Catherine Sedgwick, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. Beecher, and a host of admirers, whose pens and voices have been eloquent in its praise. And not these alone. Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's School for Young Ladies, also, and the famous old Academy, with the high standard of social excellence in the early days, when Lenox was the county town, all have had their share in bringing it to its present state. Something of its early history may be briefly read in the churchyard on the hill, where the inscriptions date back for more than a hundred years, with evidence of comfortable prosperity and intense respectability. A few of the epitaphs are quaintly comical, and there are names there, also, that have had their place in the story of the nation. It is a beautiful resting-place for the dead—well cared for, and wonderfully exalted, with a far-off look that would comfort and inspire the afflicted, if aught could do so. Here it was that Mrs. Kemble desired to rest, "if," she said, "I may be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out upon this glorious prospect." "It lies nearer heaven than any place about it," wrote Mr. Beecher. "It is good to have our mortal remains go upward for burial, and catch the earliest sounds of that trumpet which shall raise the dead." And of the church on the hill he wrote, thirty years ago: "If, in summer, one stands in the door and gazes upon the vast panorama, he might, without half the Psalmist's devotion, prefer to stand in the door of the Lord's house to dwelling in tent, tabernacle, or mansion. . . . Some talk has been made of rebuilding the church lower down in the village. Long may the day be distant when this shall be done! The brightest thing in the village is the church on the hill!" His wish has been granted. It still stands there, bright and white as a pearl of price, dominating all the newer gems wherewith fair Lenox has bedecked herself, and you must ride far away ere you lose the gleam of its belfry against the horizon. Alas! the worshipers at the church have been deprived of that inspiration which was once no small part of their Sabbath feast, when, entering and leaving their sanctuary, the handiwork of their Lord and Master was rolled out, like a scroll, before their admiring eyes. Trees and hedges in the near foreground, high, dense, and without especial beauty, have hidden the fair vision of the valley and mountains from those who loved it as a birthright, and no protest has yet availed to soften the hearts of thoughtless individuals who, to screen private grounds, have robbed the church hill of its peculiar charm. Vistas and glimpses, at least, might be granted, and most gratefully would they be appreciated by regular attendants and returning pilgrims.

As one of the merry troop of youngsters, "three families of them,' in whose wild freedom Mr. Beecher rejoiced, several years of my childhood were passed in the country home where he wrote many of his "Star Papers." How he loved the place, and taught us to love it! His delight in all things good and beautiful made deeper impression than we realized, and to revisit Lenox within this sad year of his death was to open the book of remembrance at the first pages of æsthetic consciousness. His influence was always joyous, and he would have it live so after him; but, for us who were born to his teaching, the light seemed to go out with his life.

"Blossom Farm" the place had long been called, not fancifully, but most practically, after a Mr. Blossom who once owned it. It was not very large, not quite a hundred acres, I believe, and it is now included, with one or two other farms, in "Wyndhurst," General Rathbone's fine estate. To the children, however, it seemed boundless territory. I remember thinking that eternity would be very tedious when the good grandmother replied with a decided affirmative to my anxious query, "Would it be as long as our lawn?" What leagues of weary distance for tired little feet stretched over the steep hill between the two groves! The "Brook Grove" was on the one side, where we had no end of fun and frolic with that frisky stream, whose story has been so charmingly told.

Here, on the sunny edge of the wood, side by side, stood the two trees, "King Oak" and "Queen Elm," and from the spring almost at their feet started forth their messenger, the Brook, to bear tidings of their mighty state through their own realm, the forest, through shining border-lands of meadows, to the foreign powers at Laurel Lake, where the Brook went as minister plenipotentiary from their majesties the trees. Quite at the other extreme of the farm was the "White Violet Grove." Do you think we named this beloved spot for the tiny white violets with their inch-long stems and inconspicuous blossoms? No, indeed! These were very different flowers that we honored so. At one stooping we could gather a bouquet of their generous beauty. Professor Gray mentions them in his Botany, but I have only seen them in Lenox. They grow as the arbutus and fringed-gentians do, abundantly where they take a fancy to the soil. In this beech wood, in the Schermerhorn pine woods, and in one place on the road to Pittsfield, we found them; not elsewhere, that I remember. They were luxuriant plants, many branching, with large, deliciously fragrant blossoms, the petals snowy-white above and violet-purple beneath. These, in their velvet and ermine, were the royal brides in my little garden under the grandmother's window, where all the flowers were to me real people, and moved, or rather stood, in the highest ranks of social life. What fine speeches and eloquent glances the purple-coated, yellow-vested pansies addressed to these sweet ladies, and how they were forever nodding and bowing to each other and

exchanging civilities, assisted by the friendly wind, and heralded by the columbines with their trumpets of scarlet and gold! The present gardens of Lenox "in the season" cannot be compared with the pomp and ceremony of that garden under the window. Another wild flower that endured transplanting and lent itself kindly to my silly drama—"Herb. Robert," a small wild geranium, with pungent woodsy odor, pink flowers, dark-red wandering stems, and spreading leaves that took on almost maple colors in the autumn. The seed-pods were long and sharp, spear-heads and javelins, and Herb. Robert was my army with banners marching rapidly over the ground.

Two broken lines of maple trees and a vine-covered rock on the lawn before the "Wyndhurst" mansion mark the course of the old highroad from Lenoxtown to Lee. On one side of this road stood Mr. Beecher's house, its gable end to the street, and the front door and windows looking southward over Laurel Lake to Monument Mountain and the distant "Dome."

Across the way was the old-fashioned garden, yes, and the orchards, and north of these the barns, while the fields and meadows ran down the hill, east and west, to the groves. The old house has been moved to the new Lee road, skirting the place on the west, and it is now used as the Wyndhurst farmhouse.

It was a plain building, with steep roof, huge chimney, and great beams and rafters that for more than a century had resisted the storms and gales of Berkshire on that bleak hill-top. In the dear old garden I presume there were vegetables and other things needful, but I am *sure* there were flowers, from the early crocuses and tulips to the latest glory of the asters and chrysanthemums. And what fruit in the orchards! and what nuts in the groves! The great barn, no doubt, had its practical uses, but chiefly I remember the framing its wide doors, north and south, made for magnificent views—Greylock and the sunsets, Monument Mountain and the Dome, with all the wonder of the circling hills stretching solemnly amd silently into the silvery distance, "fold on fold,"

> "As though God surely made them for themselves,
> And would not interrupt their lives with ours."

Under the line of sugar maples on the Wyndhurst lawn ran the stone wall, where, during the Fremont campaign, our playmate, the good dog "Noble," used to bark at the empty "hole in the wall," to the infinite amusement of his master and of the red squirrel that had frisked through the hole out on the other side and up the tree, where he sat overhead, watching the frenzied performance of his "friend the enemy." Poor old Noble! But he was a wise dog nevertheless, and such a comrade!

In the bright, comfortable daylight, how radiantly patriotic we juveniles were, and how we used to hurrah for Fremont, before some of us could plainly speak his name! But how miserably afraid at night, when we pondered and worried over the terrible things threatened in angry political letters, read and lightly commented upon in our presence. They frightened us, and, like muttering storm-clouds, darkened our young hearts with dread of some evil we could not comprehend. Alas! the cloud was indeed gathering that in after years burst furiously over the land, engulfing many whom we loved. For the most part, the summer life at the Farm was one of rustic pleasure and comparative isolation. Friends and relations made long or short visits, and occasionally some person of distinction. One day Mr. Cyrus Field came up from Stockbridge to dine and talk with my uncle, what to our childish wisdom seemed foolishness, concerning a "Trans-Atlantic Cable." There were rides and drives through the beautiful country, and over the mountains to the Shaker village of Lebanon, where, at delicious dinners, we were served by the neat "Sisters," but politely requested to eat all we took upon our plates, "for it was sinful to waste good food, and to use it over again would not be tidy!" Uncertain what might be the penalty, we ate in fear, choking down every morsel, especially when we noticed that this was a printed rule, framed and hanging upon the dining-room wall. And, oh! the horrid bonnets purchased at Lebanon and imposed upon us by the Mamma, who wished to save our complexions! Futile were our attempts to throw them overboard, into the deep ravines, as we recrossed the mountains. Futile, also, the wicked little scheme to destroy them by leaving them overnight on the quince bushes in the rain. The color from the soaked green ribbons and silk capes stained the woven straw, through which the whistling wind tortured our ears when we ran, but the Mamma hardened her heart, and we were doomed to wear the disfigured bonnets through all the season, as badges of our naughtiness. Generally, however, if truth must be told, they were worn tied by the strings around our necks and hanging down our backs, and neither cheeks nor noses were saved from the sun.

The many-gabled red house where Hawthorne had lived stood then, as now, across the way from "Tanglewood," an object of interest to Lenox and its visitors. We read the "Tanglewood Tales" with intense delight, and more than half expected to meet the children with the fantastic flower names when we wandered in that direction.

There are other Lenox memories—of the village these, after Mr. Beecher sold the farm to General Rathbone, and bought the place in Peekskill, on the Hudson, as nearer the city and his church.

Even at this time Lenox was in some sense fashionable. Many interesting people came for the summer, and a mild but genial gayety pervaded the place from June to glorious October. The court had not then been removed to Pittsfield, nor had the judges and lawyers migrated. The tone of the winter social atmosphere was decidedly dignified and delightful, whatever the actual weather and the thermometer might be doing—and in Berkshire, from November to May, the weather and thermometer can do some remarkable things. There are ice, snow, and cold that it exhausts the vocabulary of frigid adjectives merely to think about. But I must go back to the farm, to tell of the snowdrifts there, one winter when for weeks we drove out of our yard to the highway over the tops of the buried gates. One fearful night the "hired man"—historic John Dorgan, of summer-scythe renown—had struggled to the village for the evening mail. While warming himself at the post-office stove, around which were gathered, as usual, those who delighted to hear and tell new things, our John overheard a stranger relating his experiences on the road to Lenox from Lee. "And when I reached the top of Beecher Hill," said he (more mindful of creating an impression than of adhering to the truth), "I jest slipped down off the top of that snowdrift onter the roof of the house, and thawed my fingers at the chimbly smoke!"

Coasting was one of the winter amusements in which men, women, children, and the "Sedgwick Girls" joined, on pretty nearly equal terms. Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school for young ladies still existed in the pretty house on Kemble Street, near the new "Colonial" mansion of the Frelinghuysens; and in the white house next to the present Club buildings Mr. Oliver Bullard had for a time a private school for boys and a few of the village children. It was said that the young ladies of Mrs. Sedgwick's school provided themselves with sleds as a part of their winter outfit. At all events, they took part in the exciting sport on the long, steep hills. And also in the winter dancing school, and in the tableaux, charades, and entertainments given at the other school. A quaint, old-fashioned ribbon, treasured as a Christmas token from Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the authoress, reminds me of the kindly interest she took in the children and young people.

In those days her friend, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, often remained very late in Lenox, quite into the winter at times, and I distinctly remember that she twice attended evening service in the school-room in my father's house, when the fierce wind-storms and smoking flues made it impossible to have a fire in the church.

The old Episcopal church, a shabby little building, but suggestive of other times in every hard line and faded color, will soon be abandoned for the fine structure that has proceeded with cathedral slowness to its completion. If only some of the old associations could be transferred to the elegant new temple!—memories of summer assemblies of notable people, "the rich and the proud and the so-called great"—of winter congregations so small, sometimes, as to include but one brother, so that the children were moved to laughter when the rector said, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us'—and yet the good Dr. Parker, several years rector of the double parish of Lenox and Stockbridge, thought it worth while to ride all those six cold miles to minister to us.

Our choir was composed of boys and girls, drilled by the assistant clergyman in the simple chants and hymns of Dr. Muhlenberg's collection. We were led by a chorister, an English boy, whom Dr. Muhlenberg had brought from one of the Cathedral towns. He had an enchanting young voice, clear and rich as that of the "wise thrush" that "sings each song twice over,"

> "Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!"

Of this voice, and of the beautiful Fra Angelico face of another boy, Mrs. Kemble used to say that she would cross the Atlantic to hear and see them. We children took Mrs Kemble quite as a matter of course—a part of Lenox—and I fancy this rather pleased her. She was never more gracious than to the children, and the more fearless they were, granted that they were civil, the better she appeared to like them. With my fair-haired, rosy-cheeked little sister she maintained a comical controversy. Knowing the child and her family perfectly well, she would yet greet her with measured, deep-voiced condescension—"And *what* little English girl is *this*?" And the child, with unconscious mimicry of tone and manner—"I am *not* a little English girl, but an *American*!" "Your papa, then, is English?" "No, American." "Your mamma, then, surely is English?" "No, American, American, really and truly. American, all of us!" And Mrs. Kemble, smiling and grimly benignant, would pass on, leaving the child puzzled and indignant at this doubt concerning her national identity.

Once when Mrs. Kemble's pretty cottage, the "Perch," was leased for a term of years, she took the "Haggerty Place," now occupied by Secretary Whitney. Here, on a lovely summer day, the village children were charmingly entertained by the great lady, who could be very fierce, it was said, to those who vexed her. There were stories current among us, droll and dreadful, of her encounters with the country people, of her energetic language on certain occasions when seriously offended, and of her quick appreciation of wit even when she had been defeated in a war of words—stories that were understood to have been circulated by her own amused recital for the entertainment of her friends.

Mrs. Kemble won the admiration of our boys by her courage as a horsewoman, and more especially on one occasion by a display of her muscle and good-fellowship. It chanced that a friend of my father's had rented the "Perch," Mrs. Kemble's cottage, for the summer. Early in the season he wrote requesting that some fire-wood sent to the place should be housed and packed. Failing to find the proper person to do this, my father gave his schoolboys the job, accompanying them to see that they understood. While they were hard at work, suddenly and most unexpectedly Mrs. Kemble appeared, and in a tragic manner inquired what they were doing on her premises.

After abusing them rather unreasonably, for she saw with whom they came, she listened at length to a straightforward reply, and, with that quick transition from offended dignity to extreme graciousness so peculiar to her, joined them in their work, wheeling the heavily laden barrow time and again up the steep incline of the plank from the ground to the wood-house floor. As a reprisal for the scolding, the youth who loaded the barrow put upon it every stick it would hold, and tested her strength to the utmost. When the task was done, she entertained them in the library with books, pictures, and stories, shared with them the luncheon she had brought from the hotel, and with her own hands drew water for them from the well, telling them, among other things that they remembered to tell "us girls," that it was no strange thing she had done for them, as in her land in the olden time it was always the women who were the hewers of wood and drawers of water, while men and boys were trained to nobler work. In that library hung a picture of Mrs. Kemble's father, the great tragedian. Once when we children were wickedly trespassing, going curiously through the house while it was untenanted in the early spring, the eyes of that portrait, awful in their silent majesty, sent us cowering and penitent from the room *via* the piazza window where we had entered. Among our number was a boy now a rather distinguished minister. It may have been his conscience that led *him* back to the path of rectitude and the avenue through the grove to the highway, but for the others of us naughty housebreakers I am ready to affirm that those potent eyes were sufficient. Mrs. Kemble was interested in the earliest undertakings of the "Village Improvement Association." Lenox, now too densely shrouded, and requiring the judicious use of the ax in some places, was then sadly in need of trees. With her friend Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, and Mr. Oliver Bullard, since associated with Mr. Olmsted in the construction of various parks, Mrs. Kemble most kindly co-operated in the first improvement of the village streets. She gave a number of Shakespearean readings at the old Court-House. Mrs. Sedgwick and her young ladies arranged entertainments at the Town Hall and elsewhere that the city people might be interested and a fund raised; while the gentlemen took active measures to prove that the Association was in earnest. Mr. Bullard with his schoolboys brought beautiful native trees from the forests to plant in the little squares and along the roadsides, as a beginning of the work.

Being a woman now, and a little girl-child then, and impressed by the artistic inspiration of it, I feel that I *must* say something of Mrs. Kemble's attire the evening she read "Midsummer Night's Dream," even though I only allude to the moonlight sheen of satin, of palest silver-gray—mist-wreaths of gauze, draped with clusters of purple velvet "heartsease," and ropes o dew-drop pearls, and the great star-like diamonds that shone one at her throat and another in her hair. I thought it very poetic and appropriate then, and I fancy I should think it so now, if time and my imagination have not played me some Puck-like trick.

What was the subsequent history of the "Improvement Association," whether it had a history, or merely lived long enough to incite private enterprise, I do not know. The war came and families were transplanted, ours among the number, and the hurrying years brought torrents of events to absorb our attention, but Lenox revisited after this quarter of a century seems, in its present loveliness, a realization of the midsummer dream of those who desired to make it beautiful.

The Home.

WHAT PROFIT?

A VISIT to any place that is the Mecca for those seeking either rest or cure arouses the question, Has the spirit of the Wandering Jew distributed itself or infected American men and women till rest has become impossible? Watch a group of men gathered together at one of these resorts, and not one will have assumed an attitude of rest unless he is smoking or reading. The attitudes of the unemployed suggest alertness, as though they were waiting for a train that was behind time, and that would probably not stop for them unless they exercised some physical power. When reading the newspapers, it is not the leading articles that receive attention, but the short paragraphs that present a variety of subjects that do not require thought. Only here and there will a man be found who has mastery enough over himself, who has cultivated a habit that will allow his mind opportunity to hold and digest a thought that does not relate to money-getting; few, comparatively, are able to think to a definite conclusion, logical and satisfactory, on any subject. Yet it is this power that enables a man to be classed with that very small body of citizens that we may refer to as "men of affairs." It is the pettiness of the subjects to which men give their minds that robs them of their power to grow to the full measure of the stature of men created in the likeness of divinity. The rush of men in every direction as though life, success, depended, not on the thoroughness, but on the speed, with which business was accomplished, is one of the mistakes of the age. It is acknowledged that the men who know how to spend a vacation, the men who know how to rest, are the men who know how to work. How few their number! Women show this same spirit of restlessness, but in another way. Looking about your circle, how many women do you know who are able to sit still, evincing in their attitude physical and mental repose? And yet this is one of the greatest charms in a woman. It gives her a wondrous command, not only over herself, but others. Such a woman by her presence gives out a spirit of rest. She gives sympathy, not by what she does, but by what she does not do; the very quiet of her attention breathes rest and comfort. The reserve power, of which every one who approaches her is conscious, makes her a tower, a refuge, of strength and refreshing. It is to those who know her what the quiet haven is to the sailor just escaped from the storm-tossed sea. This spirit of repose comes first from a consciousness of the fatherhood of God, the consciousness of the immeasurableness and immutability of God's love; secondly, of the utter uselessness of undue anxiety, of the largeness of life, and in acceptance of the smallness of individual affairs in comparison with our relation to the world by which we are surrounded.

When we realize that there is no such thing as an act or decision that affects ourselves alone, that we cannot live in the small circle to which we have adjusted our individual interest, we learn to stop and think with a degree of leisure that grows as we learn the repose that comes from recognizing our divine and human relation to the world.

Comparatively few women are able to sit with their hands unemployed. Go through hotel parlors, look at any group of women assembled without gloves, and fingers are busily engaged in some work that is kept for leisure (?) time. The great majority of women would no more think of planning for a week's trip without embroidery silks, linens, and worsted, than of going without a bonnet. It is a rare thing to travel now without finding a percentage of the women on boat or train provided with fancy-work, which so absorbs attention and eyesight that the beauties of the country through which they are passing are as lost to them as though they were blind. A group of women delude themselves into the belief that they are improving their minds if one of their number reads aloud while the rest give eyesight and two-thirds of their thought to the work in their hands; it is almost comical to hear the whispered comments and questions that so constantly reveal the slight thread of interest that connects the minds to the intellectual subject that has called them together. It is the same if an interesting subject is under discussion; it is interrupted with—"Just wait until I get my work." To sit still with unemployed hands and give the whole of one's attention to a book or discussion when there is the possibility of "working" is to declare one, if not lazy, at least indolent. But this nervous activity bears about the same relation to true industry that the hemming of a ruffle for the adornment of a child's dress does to the education of that child in ways of integrity.

A student at one of the Oxford woman 'colleges last year became so annoyed because her fellow-students filled their time to the exclusion of social intercourse that she founded a society for the "Cultivation of Graceful Leisure." The members were required not to open an instructive book before nine A M, and should spend a part of each day doing nothing as gracefully as possible. Unfortunately for the future, the society was not a success, but it would be well if such a society existed in every home, for it would give time and opportunity to cultivate not only grace of body, but of soul. It would smooth the wrinkles in faces prematurely old; it would mellow sharp voices, it would give opportunity for the spirit of affection to come forth with shining face from the closet to which the habit of the times has driven her, and men and women would look into each other's faces with expressions of interest, instead of passing by with hurried nods, fearing the loss of minutes that count in the measure of eternity.

THE SMALL BILLS.

By Helen Marshall North.

"I HAVEN'T the change for you to-night," said handsome Mrs. Vaill to the young seamstress. "I suppose you couldn't change a five-dollar bill?" No, Margery Lane's slender purse was not equal to that emergency, and it had been many a day since it had cherished a bill of any size in its faded folds.

"Then you may come around in the morning. No, I shall be out shopping in the morning. You can come Saturday afternoon," and Mrs Vaill swept hurriedly up stairs to dress for the evening, and forgot all about her promise for a week, while Margery Lane went slowly toward the unlighted room which she was not in haste to reach, and crept into bed supperless that night, just because Mrs. Vaill and another lady for whom she had been taking dainty stitches hadn't the change ready, and could not, or would not, take the trouble to get it.

They were by no means altogether selfish, these two women. Mrs. Vaill's name headed many charitable lists; she was kind to her servants and gave handsomely to missions. But the occasional seamstress and washerwoman, and the extra "help," who were not objects of charity, but who did need every dollar they earned for immediate wants, often waited her convenience with aching hearts. How should *she*, whose furnace fire made summer heat in her beautiful rooms, without a thought on her part, and whose brilliant chandeliers turned night into day in the long parlors, remember that one's supply of coal depended on the small proceeds of a day's labor, and that no money in the purse meant no fire in the grate and no light in the darkness? How should *she* be expected to remember that the poor washerwoman, whose home had been comfortable and even pretty before the husband began to stop at the saloon, resented the gift of charity, and only asked that the dollar for which she toiled so hard, with aching limbs and bewildered brain, should be promptly paid at the day's close?

It would have been a small matter for Mrs. Vaill to get change for her bill as she came in from the street. "She *might* have thought half an hour ahead," said Margery Lane to herself.

There is *no* excuse for Mrs. Vaill. That she does not *think*, and allows her handmaidens to suffer for her thoughtlessness, does not lessen their trouble or her fault. I know a young lady who recently made a voyage to Europe, and not until weeks after her return did she pay the dressmaker who made her pretty traveling costumes. The dressmaker was not needy, but she had promptly paid the girls in her employ whose fingers toiled for the fair voyager, and she had an invalid son and an old mother to support. That fifty-dollar check would have been very acceptable when earned, but it would never do to ask for it. She might lose the young lady's patronage. She had heard of such cases. So she waited patiently until the debtor came rushing in, with eager face, to tell of her "splendid time," and said, carelessly, "Oh, I quite forgot your little bill. It is forty dollars, isn't it?"

Let us hope that some day Mrs. Vaill and her younger sister will discover that their carelessness amounts to heartlessness, and that it is the truest charity to meet honest claims promptly and without grudging.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS USEFUL AT HOME.

By Sara Wyer Farwell.

AN impression seems to prevail among well-to-do parents of to-day that there is nothing for a boy to do when he is out of school and at home. No idea which you can entertain is more erroneous or likely to result more disastrously for your boy than this sentiment, which I have often heard from the lips of mothers themselves. I have said the impression that the home furnishes little or no occupation for a boy prevails among well-to-do parents, because I find more industrious habits among the children of the thrifty poor. Possibly this is a significant fact when we consider how many of our most honored men have risen from poor parentage and humble homes.

I do not think the average boy will know of himself what there is that he can do about the home. You must set him to work. And you must begin when he is so young that the habit will be a fixed one before he is old enough to seriously rebel against your authority. A child can very early be taught to pick up his blocks and save his mother or nurse the trouble. I have heard a mother say that a child of three years was too young to learn to hang his own little coat and hat on a certain peg in the closet. Now, when a family cat will for years, upon entering a certain room, walk deliberately to a cushion which she has been taught as a kitten to lie upon, I think a three-year-old child of ordinary intelligence could be taught without any great exertion the association of ideas between his coat and a certain place set apart for its keeping. These are little things, but they are the beginnings of greater ones.

As soon as your boy has reached the age when he is allowed to go beyond the garden limits, or to venture upon the pavement unattended, know for a certainty that, if you do not keep him busy at home, he will find abundant occupation upon the street and will seek his companions among the busy idlers there. The opportunity for influencing your boy is then lessened, and likely to soon cease altogether. There seems to exist some strong magnetic attraction for a street life which once entered upon is with great difficulty relinquished. The home magnetism should be stronger than the magnetism of the street, and if it fails of being so the mother has failed in an important part of her mission as a mother. We will imagine a home where the children are out of school and busy with their several occupations. One girl is taking her music lesson, another reading an interesting book. A third is sitting on the floor making a dress for her doll. The mother is upstairs sewing. The one boy in the family alone has nothing to do. First he stretches himself at full length upon the sofa, until finding this monotonous, he leans over the back of his father's chair and teases his sister who is reading until her patience is thoroughly exhausted. The music lesson over, he sits down and drums upon the piano until his mother, nervous and tired with the sewing, calls to him from upstairs that he must let the piano alone. Nobody hears his remark that there is nothing for a fellow to do as he saunters to the window with his hands in his pockets. He looks idly up and down the street a few moments; then there is a rushing noise, a banging of the outside door, and tranquillity pervades the house till tea time. The mother folds her work away at dark with the satisfaction of having accomplished so much that afternoon. Years after, when the children's work is all folded away because the children have grown into men and women, many a mother who thought she was doing her duty by her boys sits and grieves over the disappointment of her life. She was always a good housekeeper. Her fall and summer sewing was promptly done. Her boys only have been failures. They have disappointed their parents and clouded their home horizon. Perhaps the mother's keenest grief consists in the indifference of her sons to the sorrow they have caused. But who cared for them in the best and truest way when they were boys at home? Mothers, teach and train your boys in useful employments, and when the world calls them for advanced work their industrious habits and memories of the home they helped to make beautiful will cling closely about them and follow them wherever they go.

There are so many ways in which a boy can help about the home that I hardly know where to begin to enumerate them. If the mother wants her work-basket or a book from upstairs, why send the daughter on the errand? Why not rather send the boy, and so teach him his first lessons in gallantry? If you have a boy with any sort of mechanical taste, give him, if possible, some tools and a work-bench and materials to work with, and a suggestion or two now and then as to something to make. If you have no room for a workshop, a corner in an attic is better than nothing. Is there a hinge or a lock out of order, a broken slat of a blind or loosened round of a chair that you have been trying to put in order so long that there seems a fatality about its accomplishment? Let the boy do it. Give him a pot of glue, and let him understand that everything which can be kept in order with glue is his special province.

A bracket saw or a simple printing-press are desirable additions to the workshop. The boy must be taught that success with these implements does not depend upon the quantity of work which he can turn out, but upon the skill of his workmanship. In the emergencies attending housekeeping, you do not know how useful a boy can be until you put him to the test. Is your housemaid away or ill? Let the boy make his bed or set the table. Some mothers seem to think this is unmanly. I think it is the manly boy who makes his own bed rather than to stand by and see his mother make it. I know boys who took the books from large library bookcases once or twice a year, dusted and reset them as carefully as their mother could have done. They were taught to do it carefully; that was an important part of their doing it.

Is there a wood-box to be filled, or coal to be brought for a fire? Let the boy do it, at a regular hour each day. If you are preparing for Christmas, let him crack the nuts for your dessert. He will eat a good share of plum pudding; why should he not help stone the raisins, and thus grow to feel that he has a personal share in the holiday preparations?

If your boy is fond of flowers, teach him to water the plants in your window, and not only to water them, but to do so without spilling a drop of water on carpet or furniture. Boys can very easily learn to make scrap-books. Save the multitude of pictures which find their way into the house in this age of illustrated advertisements and papers of every description. Let them cut out the pictures themselves and put a few at a time into some book given them for the purpose, and by Christmas time they will have a number of pretty and acceptable gifts for children. I knew a boy of nine or ten years who knit several pairs of worsted reins for presents one Christmas. It occupied him happily for many an hour. One resource for a boy to which I attach the utmost importance is music. If he has any taste whatever for any musical instrument, do, by all means, let him take lessons. His interest in his practicing, boy-like, will flag a great many times. You must foster it by your interest. Sit down with him at the piano when he is a little discouraged. Praise him when he does well. Tell his father when he comes home how the boy is improving. Tell the boy what a solace his music will be to him when he is away from home; how much pleasure he will give in time to other people. Your boy will not know then that you are thus winning him to home and its refinements, but he will know and thank you for it later. Boys should also be taught to read aloud to their mother while she is at her work. They can talk over what they read; and the mother must be quick to see if the boy is tired, and can often rouse his interest afresh by taking the book and reading a few pages herself in a bright way, and will make him a better reader by this method. Boys are not such invariable rovers as many would have us believe. They are ready to love their home and stay there if the home is made lovable. Here lies deep seated a reason for our wayward boys. Many mothers are absorbed in housekeeping, not home keeping. I hear them say it is so much easier to do a thing themselves than to teach their boy or girl to do it. What has ease to do with the future of our boys? It is well that sewing and sweeping be done; well that we have finely appointed houses and servants. But if these come through neglect of our children's higher training, let us have fewer decorated houses, fewer dainty garments, fewer afternoon teas, and more time to develop useful and home-loving boys.

"A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENETH THE WHOLE LUMP."

By Mrs. S. S. Weatherby.

I READ with interest the article in a late number of The Christian Union on making bread without yeast. I was "brought up" on "salt-rising" bread myself, and continue its use in my own family; indeed, I cannot understand how any one could like any other kind. My mother was one of that class who thought that the "rising" must be made in "a particularly shaped pitcher," and that one eye must always be on it, to be certain that it was kept at the proper temperature to insure its success, for if by chance it should get too hot or too cold we must wait another day and begin over again. Her bread was the admiration of her neighbors, being, as they always declared, so much sweeter than that made by others; and I have since learned by experience that the sweetness referred to was owing to the small quantity of salt used in the bread.

No sugar ever went into her bread, or ever goes into mine. The sugar is in the wheat itself, but the sweet taste is usually lost by being overcome with the flavor of salt.

Now, I never put a particle of salt in my bread, and it is always sweet and nice; neither do I have to wait all day for the "rising to come up," and perhaps be disappointed at last. This is the way I make my bread, and it never fails:

All good housewives know when the bread-box needs replenishing, at least a day before they want to bake; so, on the morning of the day before I wish to bake bread I scald half a teacup of sweet milk, and pour it on a large spoonful of corn meal which I have previously put in a teacup. I stir it up smoothly, cover the cup, and set it away. In the summer it needs to be kept in a cool place, and in the winter in a warmer one. It needs no further attention, and next morning it will be found ready for use

I then sift as much flour as I shall require for the desired number of loaves of bread. In making the sponge I take a small pint of boiling water for each loaf; when pouring it on the flour am sure to make it scald as much flour as I can, making a very thick dough. I then stir in just enough cold water to cool it so that the tongue can be touched to a portion of it without being burned (that was the test my mother taught me), then put the meal-rising into half a pint of lukewarm water, and stir into it half a teaspoon of soda; after which I stir this mixture thoroughly through the scalded flour, until I am sure it has permeated the entire mass, then sprinkle dry flour over it so that when it rises I can easily know it by the *cracking* of the flour, as we call it. I then cover it up nicely, set it in a warm place, and generally in an hour it is as light as foam, and should be mixed immediately to prevent the bad odor complained of by people who do not know how to make good bread. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that this bread does not require as much "kneading" as yeast bread, for the longer it is mixed the finer grain will the bread have, though I do not mix it the second time, as is the case in yeast bread, but make it at once into loaves the desired size, put them into slightly greased bread-tins, cover them with a cloth or paper, and set them in a warm place to rise.

If allowed to get too light before baking, the texture will be loose and "crumbly," and will dry out sooner. It should not be baked over half an hour with a reasonably hot oven; it should be considered "done" when it can be loosened from the tin easily. Longer baking makes a harder crust, and dries out the sweetness from the bread. When taken from the oven each loaf should be turned on its side in the tin, covered with a clean cloth, and left to steam the crust. By following these directions the bread will be done in the forenoon, but it is much nicer if not cut till next day. Lovely rolls can be made by working a little butter in some of the dough and letting them rise the same as the bread, and they are still nicer if the tops are rubbed over with egg before putting in the oven. These can be eaten either warm or cold.

I have tried to be very explicit in my directions, so that any one could be able to follow them, but may not have succeeded. I wish some lady reader would try my plan, and see if she does not find that salt-rising bread can be made as good now as in the days of our grandmothers.

HOW I WOULD MANAGE MY CHILDREN.

By a Spinster.

NUMBER IV.—IMPURE MODESTY.

THE other day a mother had her baby of two years ready for the bath, but, as she stooped to temper the water, the little one slipped away, and, exhilarated by the play of the air over her skin, together with the sense of having played a prank, came dancing and shouting with laughter into the room where the family sat. The mother came quickly in search, with prudish displeasure shaming the child for her immodesty.

The baby figure and rounded limbs were fair and good to look upon, and certainly did not shock the writer; but under the somber, reproving looks and words of the mother the glee and innocent triumph faded out, and a conscious and culprit look stole over the little face as she was led away in disgrace.

Yet that mother felt that she was only, as a careful, conscientious parent, beginning in time her work of teaching her daughter purity.

This leads me to say that I think I should never teach very little ones modesty, which is another name for the knowledge of evil. It is true that propriety and regard for appearances, even of a conventional sort, must be instilled in time for children to conduct themselves with decorum before they are old enough to be held responsible; but boldness and wantonness are very different things from mere baby unconsciousness of harm or evil thinking. Theirs is a sweet time of ignorance, and let us not break in too soon upon the Eden security and simplicity by our warnings against serpents.

Nor need we at any age teach that what God has made or bestowed can be of itself impure, though the misuse of his gifts may be so indeed, without bounds.

Nor do I think that the maidenly sense of the young girl brought up mostly with her own instincts developed in a pure home air to teach her that even a bold gaze means evil, though she may not know distinctly why, will be behind that of one who has been trained to an affected prudery about things right and pure in themselves, though not subjects for indiscriminate or public conversation, while at the same time she giggles in private over matters which owe their ludicrousness to the fact of their being contraband and surreptitious.

I say "pure in themselves, though not subjects for general conversation," because here comes in one of the evils of this false teaching, that many fail to discriminate between those things which are pure and even sacred and those which are, *per se*, impure; between the delicate fact and the indelicate jest; between the good gifts of the Creator and the evil uses of the creature; between the fair constructions of God and the foul misconstructions of men.

This results in a confusion of ideas touching some of the great and sacred events of life, causing them to be treated with an evil-thinking secrecy when there should be only a reverent secrecy. It also gives to American women among their more robust-minded European sisters the reputation of being silly in the prudery shown about trifling but innocent matters. I do not ignore the fact that there is an appalling amount of impurity in the world, nor even that there is the capacity for its development in the minds of the little ones; but what God has created the child need not be taught to think evil of, and even the impurity which surrounds a young girl from without she has a right to be guarded from while she remains to a certain degree ignorant of it, rather than that she should need to protect herself through a precocious knowledge of evil.

I am glad to see that in many careful Christian families a different method than formerly is being employed toward the little curious questioners with their inquiries into the facts and origin of life. They are taught—or rather left to feel, for this is a child's natural source of information—that father and mother are the ones to go to with their puzzling inquiries. There, no longer put aside with the preposterous "fib," or silenced by the horrified ejaculation that such questions are "not nice," they are introduced in the purely scientific spirit to some knowledge of plant, animal, and human life, associating no more sense of impurity with the one than the other.

At the same time it is easy to inculcate a sense of dignity and reserve which shows the young seeker after knowledge that father and mother, and they only on suitable occasions, are the ones to be sought of for information.

Comparing this method of giving information which is true as far as it goes, and which goes far enough to give the child's mind some rational satisfaction, taken together with the promise that as he grows old enough to understand he shall know more, with the one where the eager mind is turned off to quench its curiosity at the foul stream of surreptitious and distorted information in the secret conclave of the vulgar-minded, the superiority of the first can only be doubted by those whose minds are already so perverted by the latter method as that secrecy stands for modesty and evil-thinking for purity.

MRS. WIDGERY REPORTED.

PART II.

By W. B. S.

"NOW, if you want to know who Aunt Twichell was, and what about her, I can tell you almost in a word as well as if I talked a week. She was a woman who was often heard to say that 'for a full year after she experienced religion she never smiled.' I can believe it, too, for I never see no more than a little twistin' of her lips, or the least bit of a givin' at the corners of her mouth, no matter if you told her the funniest thing that ever happened. How any Christian ever could really laugh in this sinful, fadin', dyin' world she never could understand. Why, it was a kind of test with her of a genuine, sound conversion; and she thought the teacher of the district school didn't give no evidence of a change, and couldn't be a fit subject to jine the church the next Sabbath, as was expected, because she was a-passin' by the schoolhouse and see the teacher standin' at the door a-talkin' to a friend, and they both laughed—'laughed and bent over.' Thomas used to say that if they hadn't 'bent over' perhaps wouldn't have been so bad.

"Is it any wonder, then, that I couldn't keep Aunt Twichell from risin' right up before me while I was list'nin' to Maria? For they two did really seem to be as 'fur apart as the—the—An-tip-o-des-es,' ain't it? (I don't know nothin' who they be, but I suppose they must be as fur away from one another as people can well git and be in the same world at all, judgin' from the way I heard Oliver make use of the expression.) Aunt Twichell did certainly have the very gloomiest views and carry 'em to the very furtherest extreme possible, even in them days. And I wondered—I've been a-wonderin' ever since—whether Maria, and her minister, and all of 'em, hadn't been driftin' into a current that was a carryin' them just as much too fur the other way, or whether the pleasant harbor they had reached was really one where it would be safe to anchor, like.

"This is the problem that I've been kind of a-studyin' and puzzlin' over, off and on, these two years back, tryin' to put this and that together, to sift out the true from the false either in the old ideas or the new, and to git a little bit of a firmer foothold somewhere once more. Though I weren't long in findin' out that it all resolved itself right down into one single question—whether I'd all my life been mistakin' the character of God, thinkin' of him as a hard Master, as Maria said, instid of as the best and kindest Friend, or as a tender, lovin' Father—lovin' me out of his own heart and nature, not because he'd been worked up to it by persuasion from without, or because of the satisfaction of the claims of justice ag'inst me. Such a view of God would take all the

gloom and terror of my childhood out of me, and make it possible to live a free and joyous Christian life, brightenin' up both this world and the next so beautiful! Maria seemed to rest in it so confident and secure, and was always a-wantin' me to have the same happy feelin'. 'Why, mother,' she would say, with such a smile, 'you've been called to liberty, don't you know it? Yit here you are preferrin' to stay in bondage, and you keep a-huggin' of your chains.' I always told her back that I would be very glad to see things her way if I was sure that she was right; but she mustn't expect me to foller after no light that was a-shinin' out of the darkness if it was liable to be a misleadin' one—a sort of—well, I called it 'will-with-the-wisp,' though Oliver had a long Latin name for it; and I wa'n't a-goin' to trust to no seemin' delightsomeness' way ahead of me that might turn out to be no more real than them deceptive appearances—Maria could give you the right word for it—that travelers in the desert tell so much about.

"We had been a-goin' over this very ground, Maria and I, the very last evening I was there—bein' the last is what made it make so much impression, I suppose. We had been settin' together, a-talkin' low, so as not to disturb Oliver, who was busy with his books and papers at his desk in a corner of the room. Maria had been expressin' herself in just this lovin', trustin' way, as if it was so natural and so easy to have such feelin's toward God, if you only see him as he is, and finally I spoke up, rallyin' all my forces, so to speak, and bringin' my last argument to bear upon the case, and says I, 'Even if the Christian learns to feel this way, I don't know how the unregenerate are goin' to do it. They can't be attracted towards God any way as I can see. Ain't God out of Christ a consumin' fire?'

"'Is God ever out of Christ?' said Maria, softly.

"'See here, mother,' said Oliver, turnin' round upon me so sudden that I almost jumped, though he spoke softly enough, too—that man has a dreadful habit of settin' all absorbed apparent with his readin' or his writin', when in reality he hears every word you say, and will speak up when you least expect it—'mother, do you remember that text of Scripture, "The Lord God is a sun"? What is your idea of the sun in the natural world? Ain't that a "consumin' fire," too, under certain circumstances and conditions? But is that its original, legitimate influence and design, do you think? Don't we regard its mission as almost altogether one of benevolence and love? Supposin' you should go out a beautiful June mornin', when the blue heavens are a-smilin' down to the earth, and the green earth is a-smilin' back to the heavens, with everything you see a-burstin' into leaf and bud and blossom'—I may not get all his finical language quite correct—'with such abundant promise of flowers and fruit—all this beauty and glory the work of the sun, you understand—yet you heaved a great sigh, and cry out, "Oh, this dreadful sun! We cannot look it in the face even now without bein' blinded, and July and August are a-comin', and it will scorch and wither and consume everything it touches." Nobody reasons about the sun in that way very often, surely, and why should we about God any more? His presence is much more to us than any sun can be—more truly enlightenin' and enlivenin'—just full of life and hope and cheer.'

"I seemed to feel a kind of flash go through me while he was speakin', and for a minute I see everything quite clear. I don't think the feelin' has ever quite left me either, at least it's kept a-comin' back so often—sometimes, perhaps, in the early mornin' when the sun come a-shinin' into my bedroom with its first faint beams; and ag'in when it was just a-pourin' in through my south winders, makin' the hull room so bright and cheery the very coldest winter afternoon. If I could once git the feelin' fixed and permanent in my mind, so as not to lose hold of it ag'in, I do believe I could settle down quite comfortable and peaceful, and not go a-gropin' round no more after light and standin' room.

"Some few things I'm really beginnin' to see quite plain already. I know for cert'in that the mirthfulness and lightheartedness that we used to feel so guilty for indulgin' in wasn't all depravity by any means; and I know we needn't have thought we'd got to cast a pall over this bright earth, or hide ourselves away under it, if we set out to seek religion. What is more, I see there wa'n't no real necessity for all that long, hard struggle through what they called 'conviction'—that terrible experience which yet was accounted so all-important that them as had the most of the earthquake and the whirlwind and the fire, before they heard the still, small voice, was ruther proud of it than otherwise, as if they was the ones most highly favored. Half of it was a mere flounderin' round in the dark, I do believe; or a wrestlin' with tastes and inclinations innocent enough in themselves if we had only thought so. And when we got a little light at last—were 'brought out,' as they used to say—it don't seem as if we was always required to give the best reason for the hope that was in us. 'Pears to me they wa'n't a-lookin' so much for changed dispositions and sweetened lives as for a suitable gravity of demeanor and a devout walk and conversation. Why, what do you suppose I did when I was castin' about in my mind to determine whether I could venture to hope that the real, true change had passed upon me? What kind of a test did I propose to myself? It sounds 'too silly for anything,' as Kittie might say—I declare I wa'n't much older then than Kittie is now, for all she seems such a child, and I was a full-grown woman! Among a lot of old religious books we had in the house—none of 'em very interestin' to me—there was one that I particullerly disliked, though mother thought it was wonderful and was always lendin' it to people. It was a memoir of a young woman that died when she was only a little past twenty years of age, but not before she'd had time to write down enough to make a hull book full; and you had a long account of her conversion, all her pious thoughts and meditations, her frames and feelin's, with no end of letters all in just the same strain. Not a word from first to last as she ever eat or drinked or slept, or helped her mother about the house, or mended her own clothes, or made her brothers' shirts, or took any care of the younger children—none of them home duties that I was makin' up my mind I must be more faithful in—but goin' to meetin' mostly and writin' in her di'ry, like as if she'd been a minister almost, and had a call to preach. Well, if you will believe it, I got out that book hopin' that I might be able to see it with different eyes now. But I was doomed to disapp'intment. It didn't sound so very much more interestin' than it did before; there wa'n't nothin' I could see any reasonable prospect of my ever attainin' to; and I wondered what was the matter. I never found out, either, until I heard Maria say she didn't let her children read such books, for she didn't want them to be measurin' themselves by other people, or thinkin' they must have an experience just like somebody else's or they couldn't be Christians. She thought the less they looked into themselves or their own feelin's and the more they looked to Christ the better. And the very simplest, easiest way of comin' to him was apt to be the most honest and sincere. Just *come*—that was all.

"I'm gettin' quite to agree with Maria now, as you may suspect. And the worst of it is that I might have found all this out for myself long ago if I had only had my wits about me. How I could live so many years with Thomas Widgery, and not learn more from him, is more than I can tell. It just shows how strong them early impressions must have been—how they was just stamped into me from infancy almost, so that to my dyin' day it ain't likely I shall ever quite git over 'em.

"Thomas wa'n't ever a professor, you know, or until just at the last; but we had kept company from children, our hearts was just bound up in one another, and I married him—not without strong disapproval on the part of Aunt Twichell, of course. I knew he was a good, true man all through—somebody said of him once that he had everything a man could have except 'the one thing needful'—and I counted on his bein' an easy convert through my example and persuasions, to say nothin' of the prayers that was always bein' offered up for him in the meetin's, sometimes almost by name. He wa'n't the least bit of an unbeliever—fur from it. He never objected to nothin' that I said—agreed with me in everything when I talked to him, only he had a light way of turnin' of it off. 'Be just as good as you've a mind to be, Matildy,' he used to say; 'I want to have you. But don't wrinkle up your forehead so, and don't put on such long eyes. It spoils your face, and a handsome woman can be just as good a Christian as a homely one, I know.'

"It's plain enough now that all that kept him back so long was just because he couldn't quite give in to all the beliefs and notions that prevailed in the community. That was the only stumblin'-block, and I worried and distressed myself over his unregenerate state a great deal more than there was any need of. He wa'n't very fur from the kingdom at any time, and in a season of revival he stepped right in without none of them preparatory, intermediate—'processes' Oliver called 'em—that was relied upon to make the case quite genuine. When he come forward and was examined as a candidate for church membership there was ruther of an excitin' time. He hadn't a bit of a story to tell; he hadn't gone through no particuller exercises or experiences; there wa'n't no 'law-work' to speak of. He could only say that it seemed as if the wide-open arms of the Almighty Father had been stretched out to him, and he rushed right into 'em—he couldn't help it.

"'And you didn't have no awful sense of the exceedin' sinfulness of sin? You didn't see that you was justly doomed to eternal torments, and feel willin' to suffer 'em all for the glory of God?' questioned one of the old deacons.

"Thomas put up his hand as if to stop him, with a pained look in his face, and then he smiled—think of smilin' at such a time! but that was so like Thomas—and says he, 'Why, no, I can't say I thought of it that way at all. I felt that I could gorify him more by believin' in his Son, and givin' my soul and life to his service here and hereafter.'

"His voice had a ring in it that struck an answerin' chord in the hearts of some of them old men, for I do suppose they loved the Lord and worshiped him as well as they knew how. The minister must have had a little sense, too, for it was said he whispered round to one and another that this seemed to be ruther of an exceptional case. In his judgment Mr. Widgery was in the right way now, and perhaps it wa'n't so absolutely necessary as they thought to find out exactly how he got there.

"That settled it, I guess, and he was admitted finally—but under protest, as it were; this wa'n't to be considered no kind of a rule for anybody else.

"I needn't say that Aunt Twichell didn't give her countenance to no such irreguller proceedin's. She was very sorry, she said, but she 'really couldn't see no evidence of a savin' change;' and I'm afraid I was fool enough to half share some of her doubts and apprehensions. When that terrible fever broke out in the town so soon afterwards, and Thomas was one of the first victims—carried off so sudden that there wa'n't no time for givin' his dyin' testimony, or an exhibitin' of dyin' grace—Aunt Twichell was a miserable comforter, goin' round in such a cloud of gloom, her face sayin' as plain as face could say anything that she 'very much feared all was not well with him.' I shall never forgit how Maria—she was pretty high-strung when she was young, Maria was, for all she is so mild and gentle now—she come and throwed herself into my arms in a tempest of grief and passion, sobbin' out, 'Mother, don't never let Aunt Twichell come near this house ag'in. I hope father hasn't gone to heaven—Aunt Twichell's heaven. I don't want to go either. Father will make a little heaven of his own all around him, wherever he is. He always did.'

"Maria was half crazy when she spoke so, but it comforted me to hear her say it. And I never had no more doubts of Thomas or of his safety after that.

"Nothin' pleases me so much now as to have Tom say he is goin' to grow up to be just such a man as Grandfather Widgery was. He couldn't be a better.

"Maria might well say that her father had more to do with the formin' of her character than all other influences put together. I could see it in everything while I was there—just my Thomas over ag'in—or as he would have been in her situation and with her advantages. And what I didn't learn from him it seems I've been a-learnin' from her now at this late day.

"Now, don't understand me to say that I'm a-restin' quite satisfied, feelin' that I've been a-goin' clear to the bottom of things, and have got everything plain and straight all through. I haven't said anything of the kind, as you will please to notice. And Maria would tell you that as long as we are in this world we mustn't never expect to see except as 'through a glass, darkly.' The sentiment accords with Scriptur', too.

"I see you think I've been a-talkin' round and round, back and forth, without settlin' down so very particuller anywhere, after all. But it don't make no great difference, I guess. I can't tell a straight story, anyway, but it all begins and ends with that visit to Maria.

"You needn't smile when I speak of it as bein' *ended*, either. I guess I know how to stop talkin' just as well as anybody else, when I haven't anything more to say."

Our Young Folks.

ZILLAH'S VICTORY.

By Helen T. Clark

"Poorhouse Zillah
Under the willow,
Her head's so red
It burns her pillow!"

BERTIE HALSTEAD made the rhyme, and eight or ten of the scholars sang it. The victim was Mrs. Bement's "bound girl," an awkward, overgrown child of eleven, with light blue eyes, great deep-colored freckles, and fiery red hair. Mrs. Bement, wishing to find "a likely child who could save steps," had visited the poorhouse one morning, and selected Zillah Barnes.

This was her first appearance at the district school, and she stood alone under a tree, with her tiny dinner-pail in her hand, too miserable even to be hungry, and fearful of exposing her modest lunch to the sarcastic comments of her mates.

Miss Maybury was busy in the schoolroom correcting the slates of the spelling class. The hot tears rolled down Zillah's homely face, and she wiped them away with the cape of her "shaker." Her green-spotted calico dress was too short, and her coarse, dusty shoes too large.

Martha Packard, a pretty girl in a neat linen suit and stylish brown hat, with long braids of fair hair tied with blue ribbon, twitched the cape of Zillah's "shaker,"

and pulled it off, disclosing the owner's red eyes and tear-stained face.

"Take care, Martha! you'll scorch your fingers," shouted Fred Haskell, with what he considered a fine stroke of wit.

"I hope Miss Maybury will let me sit next to *that head* when the days get snappin' cold," said John Corbin, carrying on the joke.

Zillah turned on them, quivering;

"You are a wicked, cruel set. I *hate* you all, and I'll hate you as long as I live!"

She stamped her foot, and her face was scarlet with passion.

"Look out!" cried Fred, in mock terror. "She'll blaze in a minute!"

"Blazer! Blazer!" repeated the laughing group; and the title clung to the unfortunate child for many a weary day.

Yet those children did not realize the deadly power of their taunts—the power to crush and discourage one less fortunate than themselves—one who had all the more claim on their friendliness. They would have said that they were "only in fun" if an older person had reproved them.

The bell rang for school again, and Miss Maybury called up the infant reading class. Poor Zillah, being included in that class, again became the target for titterings and contemptuous smiles.

During the half-hour before dismissal the teacher read a story which claimed the attention of all—the story of a man who sacrificed himself to a fatal disease for one who had always been his enemy. Zillah Barnes listened with wide eyes and parted lips. Her breath came fast, and she forgot to be awkward.

After school she waited near the door till Miss Maybury came out.

"He—he—was an awful good man to do that, wasn't he?" she stammered.

The teacher put out her hand, and kindly drew the girl to her side.

"I would not say 'awful good,' my dear. He was certainly a very, *very* good man. There are not many such."

"And—wasn't the other man sorry a single bit when he found it out?"

Zillah's tongue was loosened by sympathy, and she forgot that she was homely and ignorant, and that the scholars had called her "poorhouse Zillah."

"We shall hope that he was sorry, my little girl. People are seldom unkind without being made to regret it."

Zillah was very thoughtful. She walked silently by Miss Maybury's side to the latter's boarding-place, then shot out the following words, as if from a cannon:

"You're-just's-sweet's-can-be-and-I'm-goin'-to-bring-you-some-wild-plums-for-they're-riper'n-anything-and thicker'n-hops."

. . . . . .

The weeks went by, till October filled the woods with its treasures of brown nuts and colored leaves. Zillah Barnes worked hard and faithfully at her lessons, but shed many secret tears over the contemptuous treatment of her mates.

One bright day, as she was slowly mastering her spelling lesson, she heard some of the girls whispering and planning for a nutting party to come off the following Saturday. Katie Kingman jerked her head toward Zillah and lifted her eyebrows with an interrogating look at Martha Packard. The latter gave a convulsive giggle, which she quickly smothered in her Robinson's Arithmetic; then, raising her head again, she said, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly heard by Zillah:

"If we ask *her* to go, the chestnuts will be roasted before we get them home."

Katie Kingman gave a responsive giggle; then, as Miss Maybury glanced in her direction, pretended to be very busy looking for the most important city in the Sandwich Islands.

Zillah's brow grew dark with resentment, and the angry tears burned in her eyes.

"I wouldn't care if they *didn't* ask me to their old party, but they needn't take the trouble to make so many jokes about my hair. I'd tear it out by the roots if I only could!" she said to herself.

The nutting party went on the following Saturday—one of October's loveliest days—and Zillah watched them furtively from Mrs. Bament's back kitchen door, where she was mopping up the floor. A few tears fell into the mop-pail, it is true, but she dashed away the remainder with a resolute hand, and muttered: "I *said* I wouldn't care, and I *won't*—so there! but it's mean of them, just the same."

Early Monday morning Martha Packard's father and mother started on a drive to the next village, where they were to spend the day with a friend. Abner Hull, their hired man, had planned to take Sarah Dewey, the "help," to the circus, and they meant to go early enough to see the nine o'clock procession of elephants, gilded chariots, spotted ponies, and all the other wonders.

Abner had finished his "chores" around the barn, and came whistling down the garden path just as Sarah was whisking the last of her fresh squash pies out of the oven. In fifteen minutes they were both dressed and ready to start. The spring wagon and the other horse were standing at the front gate, and Sarah had already been gallantly assisted to her place by Abner, when he noticed that the smokehouse door was open.

He went back into the little kitchen yard, locked the door, and hung the key in its usual place beside the kitchen door, never hearing a little smothered cry that sounded from the building as he jarred the heavy door. Abner was a trifle deaf, and, moreover, his mind was taken up with Sarah and the approaching joys of the circus.

Poor little Martha, shut up in the gloomy smokehouse, within half an hour of school time, and fated to lose her place at the head of her spelling class, when she had been so sure of winning the prize that Miss Maybury had offered!

She had put her chestnuts in the aforesaid outbuilding on Saturday night, and had come to fill her pocket with them before starting for school. Her back was toward the door when Abner closed it, and he had never noticed her yellow braids and blue ribbons, being so absorbed in thinking of Sarah's black frizzes and scarlet bows.

Poor Martha! She moaned and sobbed and thumped at the door, then gave a prolonged howl, hoping thereby to attract the attention of some passer-by—for the smokehouse fronted on a side road, though it stood so near the kitchen.

It did attract the attention of a passer-by, and the last one on whom Martha Packard would have wanted, for very shame's sake, to depend for help.

Zillah Barnes was slowly walking along the road, studying her simple reading lesson, when she heard Martha's howl for help. She did not recognize her schoolmate's voice, but she knew it must be the cry of some one in dire distress, though she could not immediately divine the direction from which it proceeded. She stopped short and put her book in her satchel, listening intently for a repetition of the cry. She had not long to wait. Martha once more began pounding and thumping on the door, and giving vent to her heart-broken, bitter sobs.

Zillah hurried to the door, and tried the latch.

"Is that you, Martha? How did you get fastened in there?"

"Oh, Zillah, Zillah! get the key and let me out, and I will never in this world make fun of your hair or anything—honor bright—I cross my heart, I won't! Abner didn't know I was here, and he locked the door while I was getting chestnuts, and everybody has gone off to stay all day, and I'll have to go foot of the spelling class to-morrow, and lose the prize, and I wish I was de-de-dead, so I do!" A fresh burst of sobs followed this muffled wail, and Zillah struggled with herself.

Here was a chance to see her tormentor humbled to the very dust, as it were—an opportunity to repay with interest all the slights and indignities that she herself had been made to suffer. That "kindness nobler ever than revenge," of which Shakespeare gives an instance in his beautiful play of "As You Like It," was not uppermost in Zillah's thought just then. She was, like all little girls, compounded of various and varying qualities; in short, she was "intensely human."

"It's nearly time to start for school. Hurry, Zillah, and get the key from that big nail by the kitchen door, and I'll give you all the chestnuts you can carry."

Zillah did not care for the chestnuts. Revenge was sweeter, for the moment. She moved slowly toward the kitchen door, and her hand was on the key, as Martha's voice took on a more hopeful strain, but the despised "bound girl" was by no means so ready to forgive and forget. "Don't crow till you're out of the woods," she thought. "I *might* pretend to turn the key, and then run off, and leave her still locked up; but I won't be as mean as that. I *can't* let her out, though; she has been too hateful to me. It won't hurt her to stay there till this afternoon, and she can't starve with plenty of chestnuts."

Zillah walked rapidly away from the Packard premises, for another thought was assuming prominence. Miss Maybury had also offered a prize to the pupil who should show the best record for punctuality, and up to this time Zillah had not been late a single morning. So she hurried along the pleasant crisp road, but an uncomfortable feeling seemed to tug at her feet to pull them in the opposite direction. The story that Miss Maybury had read came up vividly before her. "That man *died* to save the one who had always treated him worse than ever Martha treated me. If I go back and let her out she will win her prize and I must lose mine. That man was only in a story. I don't believe any one ever really did such a good thing."

The schoolhouse was in sight, and now the first bell began to ring.

"He was only in a story. He never really did it," said the panting Zillah to herself. But the bell took up the strain, and seemed to say, silverly: "Oh, yes! oh, yes! He did! he did! Be noble, little girl, and you will win a better prize!"

Why, the words almost sang themselves, as those other words seemed to sing from those other bells long ago, when Dick Whittington sat by the roadside, a friendless boy from London town. But Zillah, less fortunate than you, dear children, had never heard that pretty story. She heard the school-bell's refrain, however, as it grew more insistent to her ear. Suddenly she turned and ran back as if escaping from a demon. Do you think she was fleeing from some evil spirit of darkness and hatred and revenge?

The second bell had rung, and the other scholars were in their places, waiting for Miss Maybury to begin the morning exercises, when Zillah Barnes and Martha Packard came in together.

Zillah took her seat with an unwonted look of happiness, but Martha went straight to Miss Maybury's desk, and had a brief but animated explanation with that lady. A pleasant smile shone on the face of the teacher as she took Martha's hand and led her kindly to her seat. Then, before beginning the morning's reading, she said:

"Children, you all know that Zillah Barnes had the best chance for the prize offered for punctuality. To-day she is late for the first time, because she went back to help Martha out of trouble. She was willing to give up her own chance of a prize that Martha might not be absent from the spelling class. Are you all willing that Zillah should be recorded as excusably tardy this morning, and that her chance for the prize should go on just as before?"

Three dozen hands of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of cleanliness were immediately raised—one little fellow shaking his brown one most vigorously. Zillah had led him past a cross cow one day, and he now had an opportunity to exhibit his gratitude.

Suddenly a feeble cheer was started, and Miss Maybury was wise enough not to check it. She had seen more than the scholars ever dreamed in regard to their treatment of Zillah during the past few weeks, but she had waited for time to set things right, rather than increase the unkind feelings by direct censure.

Zillah now became a heroine, because of her triumph over the unworthy feeling of revenge; for, little by little, the whole story came out. Martha was as friendly now as she had before been scornful; and as the tide of the school usually set in the direction indicated by Martha, Zillah was surrounded by kindly faces, bright smiles, and helpful hands. She heartily forgave all who had sneered at her—for forgiveness is catching, dear children, just as much as measles, and it is astonishing how much we can pardon when we once begin.

"Life is too short for any bitter feeling:
Time is the best avenger, if we wait;
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing;
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing:
Life is too short."

FRUIT FROM PATIENT SOWING.

YOUNG Josef Hofmann, whose concerts are arousing so much interest in several of our Eastern cities, conducted the orchestra recently at his concert in New York, while playing one of his own compositions. It was a strange sight—the slight, boyish figure surrounded by men old enough to be his fathers and grandfathers, obediently following the baton in the hands of a child. But it is so all through life. Ability, the power to do, commands respect. There is nothing the world so much needs as leaders. Josef Hofmann is a marvel, because he has not the age nor the training necessary to make so fine a musician. His musical genius enables him to do that which ordinary men and women find requires years of teaching and practice. But it is not necessary to be a genius to become a leader among men. Earnestness of purpose, definiteness of aim, integrity of principle, compel recognition. There need be no fear of failure for those who hold this trinity in their lives.

Study the life of any successful man or woman, and you will see that success was in proportion to their intelligence and devotion. No creditable examination was ever passed by one who was not in earnest in his school work. The boy or girl who plays through school life is not the one recognized as the best scholar in the class. The leader in school is not the one who plays best, but the one who commands the respect of his fellows because of his ability to work as well as play.

God has given to Josef Hofmann that denied to ordinary boys and girls, but industry and earnestness accomplish in the end the work the world wants done. No one need feel discouraged because he can

not perform the marvelous. You remember, when Christ was tempted in the wilderness, one of the temptations was to cast himself from the pinnacle of the Temple. Had Christ yielded to this temptation the wonderful feat would have commanded the attention, if not the worship, of the people. Christ resisted, first because it was not the method by which he wanted to draw the people; he did not come as a wonder-worker, a magician, and if that were the first thing he did to attract attention all that followed must exceed that in its danger and its results or he could not hold the people. Christ lived in harmony with natural laws, was subject to them himself. His first public act was the kindness to his host in Galilee when he changed the water into wine; his last act was ascending to heaven in the presence of his followers. The same law that Christ obeyed is laid upon us. First preparation, then growth to highest attainment.

HOUSE-BUILDING AND HOUSE-KEEPING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

II.—SPECIAL MACHINERY.

By Mary Taylor Bissell, M D.

THERE is a wonderful force-pump in our house, which works night and day. It is only five inches long and four and a half wide in its widest part, yet it has force enough to throw a stream over ten feet into the air. It is found in the bony cage, so you know that this pump is the heart.

It has thick, muscular walls, and is divided into two halves or sides, but these two halves work together regularly, just as if they were one. Let us call the left the red side of the pump, and the right the blue side. You will presently see why we need two sides to our pump

You know all force-pumps make a little noise when they are working. If you lay your ear against the left side of anybody's chest wall and listen quietly, you will hear two little sounds, something like this—*lug-ta, lug-ta, lug ta.*

These sounds come from the force-pump as it sends the blood into the pipes which are to carry it all over the body.

You can feel it working, too, if you put your hand in the same place, for it twists and jerks its walls as it works.

This movement you feel is called the beat of the heart. It beats about seventy-two times a minute in a grown man, and as many as one hundred and twenty times a minute in a young baby. Would you not think it might wear out? Yet it often keeps in good order for seventy, eighty, or possibly one hundred years.

Why does this pump work so constantly? Because every part of the body is calling for the fluid which it sends out.

This fluid is the blood. It contains all the materials upon which the body feeds, as well as the water which it drinks. There is an immense amount of water in the blood, and the thirsty muscles and bones drink it in wherever it flows. But they cannot live on water alone. They need oxygen and iron, as well as many other substances.

There are tiny, round, red bodies in the blood, which are oxygen and iron carriers. We call these round bodies red blood cells. They are too tiny to be seen without a microscope, but there are billions of them in the body.

If you prick your finger with a needle, a drop of blood will start out. Put this drop on a glass slide under a microscope, and you will see dozens of tiny yellowish bodies, which are the red blood cells. They are yellow by transmitted light.

When we grow pale in sickness, it is because these red cells die and disappear; but fresh air and exercise and good food make them grow again. The blood also contains some white cells.

The heart pumps out this red water or blood into tubes or pipes, which carry it all over the body. Pipes which carry the fresh red blood away from the heart are called arteries. These arteries must go in so many directions, in order to supply every region of the body, that we find them dividing and branching off again and again, and becoming constantly smaller, until they are so small they can only be found with a microscope. Pipes like these can find their way into the smallest corner of the body.

In the big pipes the blood flows very fast indeed—about ten feet in a second. In these tiny pipes it flows very slowly, so that every part of the body may have time to drink before it flows away. It flows about one inch in thirty seconds in these smallest pipes, which we call capillaries.

When you prick your finger, the blood starts out because you have pierced a hole in one of these capillary pipes, and it leaks.

But this flowing stream of blood has other uses than feeding the body. You know that in all houses dust and dirt will accumulate and must be taken away. The same thing is true in this human house. Whenever our muscles work, they not only use up fresh oxygen gas, but they also throw out a poisonous gas in its stead, which would be very injurious to the body if retained. This unhealthy gas is carried away from the body by another system of pipes we call veins.

The veins run to the blue side of the heart, and the blood they carry there is bluish-red rather than bright scarlet, because it has lost so much of its oxygen, and has gained this poisonous gas, which changes its color.

Do you suppose the heart likes this blue, poisonous blood? No, indeed! It makes haste to send it to a sort of house-cleaning establishment which is close by in the same cage—the lungs.

The lungs are two large sacs, which, with the heart, entirely fill the cage. They are made of tiny cells or compartments, whose work it is to take in fresh air and throw out the bad air, and all around these tiny sacs the tiny blood pipes run. I told you that the poisonous gases of the body were carried away by these pipes. When the pipes reach the lungs, they find the little air sacs full of good air, so they quietly appropriate all of this good air to themselves, and give their own bad air up in exchange, in order that the air sacs may expel it from the body. Every time the lungs expand they take in a fresh supply of good air, full of oxygen, and they keep constantly throwing out the bad air, full of these poisonous gases, which the blood-pipes bring to them. So you see the lungs are the ventilating rooms of our house. They are the windows through which fresh air blows in to strengthen us.

The lungs expand and contract—that is, take in good air and throw off the poisonous air—about twenty times a minute. This is "respiration," or breathing.

We could not help breathing if we would, any more than we could stop our heart beating if we would.

But we can make it harder, in several ways, for the lungs to do their necessary ventilating work.

The lungs, being very soft, compressible organs, can easily be crowded out of place by squeezing the walls of their cage. The floor of this cage is made of a flat muscle, which is intended to work up and down when we breathe, like the piston in a pump. When we give it free chance, it helps greatly to enlarge the room in which the lungs work, so that they can expand, *stretch* themselves, and take in all the fresh air possible.

This muscle (it is called the diaphragm), is situated about on a level with the waist. When we wear tight clothing or stiff belts, we prevent it from acting. It cannot work if we squeeze it. Therefore, our lungs have less room than they need to work in, they cannot take in enough oxygen to keep us healthy, the poisonous gases remain in our body, and our human house is not ventilated!

When you think of it in this way, it seems silly enough to squeeze our bodies; don't you think so, boys and girls?

We may help our lungs to do their good work by dressing sensibly, by taking plenty of exercise, and by keeping our skin very clean.

Exercise makes the heart beat faster, so that it hurries the blood to the lungs where it exchanges the bad for good air. The lungs have to breathe more rapidly in order to take in enough fresh oxygen to supply the incoming blood, and so by exercising we get more oxygen into our bodies than we otherwise would have.

The lungs obtain fresh oxygen from the air about us. But there is only just so much oxygen in every room-ful of air, and after that is breathed up, what are we to do? If we are to keep our lungs well provided with oxygen-bearing air, we must see to it that the rooms we live and sleep in have some opening by which fresh supplies of oxygen may continually come in.

Besides the fact that the oxygen in a room is very soon exhausted by breathing, we must remember that the bad gases which our lungs throw out are so poisonous that they give us headaches, and various other bad feelings, if we allow them to accumulate in our living-rooms. So that is another reason for having a window or door always open in every living-room.

SWEET SUGGESTIONS.

WHEN we open and read such a book as the "American Girl's Handy Book,"[1] we refuse to believe that the day of good fairies has passed. In this book the authors, the Misses Beard, are better fairies to the children of this nineteenth century than ever wielded wand for the children of past ages. Then only here and there a child was benefited by their power, but our nineteenth century fairies, by the use of their magic wand, the pen, have given the power to boys and girls all over our country to make the dark days sunny by attractive work and play; to make long, stupid evenings short; to enable shy hostesses and hosts to entertain by novel games that engage a room-ful of people; to help boys and girls to pass pleasant hours indoors preparing for outdoor games. As we go through the index, "Hammock-making, tennis net-making," are among the thousands of items that their fairy wand has made possible even to boys and girls who live on farms miles away from stores.

[1] Charles Scribner's Sons.

We all know the delight and charm of candy-making on winter evenings, and our good fairies have given us a chapter on this delectable subject; we give the chapter entire:

We have noticed that in none of the books we have seen, which were written especially for the amusement and entertainment of girls, has there been any directions or recipes for making candy. Knowing by experience that most girls consider candy-making one of their prime winter enjoyments, we consider the omission to be quite an important one, and we will in this chapter endeavor to supply the much-wished-for information.

Though cooking in general may not be regarded with much favor by the average schoolgirl, she is always anxious to learn how to make candy, and hails a new recipe as a boon.

The following recipes for peanut candy, butter scotch, and molasses candy were obtained from a friend who makes the best home-made candy it has ever been our good fortune to taste, and, as she recommends them, we may rely upon their being excellent. We give them, with her comments, just as she wrote them.

Delicious Peanut Candy.—Shell your peanuts and chop them fine; measure them in a cup, and take just the same quantity of granulated sugar as you have peanuts. Put the sugar in a skillet, or spider, on the fire, and keep moving the skillet around until the sugar is dissolved; then put in the peanuts and pour into buttered tins. This is *delicious* and *so* quickly made.

Butter-Scotch.—Two cups of brown sugar, half cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil until it hardens when dropped into cold water, then pour into buttered tins.

Molasses Candy.—Two cups of brown sugar, half-cup of New Orleans molasses, two-thirds cup of vinegar and water mixed, a piece of butter half the size of an egg. When the candy hardens in cold water, pour into shallow buttered tins, and as soon as it is cool enough to handle, pull it until it is of a straw-color. *Splendid!*

Here are two recipes which another friend has kindly sent us:

Chocolate Creams.—To the white of one egg add an equal quantity of cold water. Stir in one pound of confectioner's sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Stir until fine and smooth; then mold into balls and drop into melted chocolate.

To melt the chocolate, scrape and put it in a tin cup or small saucepan over a kettle where it will steam. Let the chocolate be melted while the cream is being prepared.

Walnut Creams.—Make the cream as for chocolate drops and mold into larger balls. Place the half of an English walnut on either side and press them into the cream.

The cream prepared in this way, we have found, can be used for various kinds of candy.

Small pieces of fruit of any kind and nuts can be inclosed in the cream, making a great variety. Chocolate may be mixed with it; and if strong, clear coffee is used in place of the water, the candy will have the coffee flavor and color which some people like.

Walnut and Fruit Glacé.—Put one cup of sugar and half a cup of water in a saucepan and stir until the sugar is all dissolved; then place it over the fire and let it boil until it hardens and is quite crisp when dropped in cold water. Do not stir it after it is put on the fire.

When cooked sufficiently, dip out a spoonful at a time and drop in buttered tins, leaving a space of an inch or so between each spoonful. Place on each piece of candy the half of a walnut, or the fruit which has previously been prepared, and pour over them enough candy to cover them, always keeping each piece separate.

Any kind of fruit can be made into glacé. When using oranges, quarter them and remove the seeds. Strawberries, in their season, and peaches also make delicious glacé.

The remainder of our recipes have been taken from family recipe books, and although we have not tested them ourselves, we think it may be safely said that they are good ones.

Marshmallow Paste.—Dissolve one pound of clean, white gum arabic in one quart of water; strain, add one pound of refined sugar, and place over the fire. Stir continually until the sirup is dissolved and the mixture has become of the consistency of honey. Next add gradually the beaten whites of eight eggs; stir the mixture all the time until it loses its thickness and does not adhere to the finger. Flavor with vanilla or rose. Pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into squares with a sharp knife.

Toasted Marshmallows.—Tie a string on the end of a cane or stick, fasten a bent pin on the end of the string, and stick the pin into a marshmallow drop. Hold the marshmallow suspended over an open fire and let it gradually toast. When it begins to melt and run down it is done.

For a small party, toasting marshmallows will be found quite a merry pastime, and a great many persons consider the candy much better for being thus cooked the second time.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half pound of Baker's chocolate. Grease your pot, put in sugar, molasses, and milk; boil fifteen minutes, and add butter and flour stirred to a cream. Let it boil five minutes, then add the chocolate, grated, and boil until quite thick. Grease shallow pans and pour in the candy half an inch thick, marking it in squares before it becomes hard.

Pop-Corn Balls.—Six quarts of popped corn, one pint of molasses. Boil the molasses about fifteen minutes; then put the corn into a large pan, pour the molasses over it, and stir briskly until thoroughly mixed. Then, with clean hands, make into balls of the desired size.

Sunday Afternoon.

LESSONS FROM A LITTLE CHILD.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

THE disciples fell into a dispute, on one of their journeys, as to which should be greatest in the Messiah's kingdom. It was the first form of the question of the hierarchy—a question which has troubled the church ever since. How should the church be ordered? Who should be chief priests? cardinals? metropolitans? archbishops? bishops? deans? presbyters? deacons? Surely there must be precedence, rank, order? How should it be determined? It was, we may conceive—at least it has been so in later times—a question partly personal, partly political; partly what should be the church order, partly who should fill the church offices. But it certainly was not free from personal and self-seeking ambition. For when Christ asked the twelve what they had been discussing about, they were ashamed of their discussion, and held their peace.[2] See them look at one another, each ashamed to confess, each one waiting for the other. Even Peter, who was generally ready enough on such occasions to act as volunteer spokesman for the rest, kept silence. "Then Christ called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Henceforth for the Christian the little child is an object lesson. Let us, in the light of Christ's words to the disciples on this occasion, endeavor to make a study of the lesson so constantly repeated to us.

The child is in the kingdom of Christ. He is our teacher. We may learn more from him than he from us. To become a Christian is to put away childish things; and yet it is to be childlike. The most childlike is the greatest in the kingdom of Christ. To be childish is to be green, raw, inexperienced in judgment. To be childlike is to be receptive, hopeful, eager in spirit. He who takes in the knowledge which experience gives without losing the eager aspiration which experience often takes away, is greatest in the spiritual kingdom; as he who adds the strength and development of manhood and preserves the animal spirits and springiness of youth is greatest in the physical kingdom.

1. The child is first of all receptive of truth. He is even eager for it. He asks more questions than we can answer; so many that we try to hide our ignorance from him and from ourselves by chiding him for foolish questions. He has not learned to discriminate between truth and falsehood, history and fiction, truth-tellers and liars. So he is often misled. But he is eager for truth even when his eagerness leads him into the trap which error sets for the unwary. His mind is open on all sides to the truth.

As we grow older we close up one avenue of truth's approach after another—by self-interest, by intellectual pride, by prejudice, by passion, by the spirit of doubt and suspicion. In all this we wall ourselves in from the light; and so we shut ourselves out from the kingdom of God. Our children are nearer the truth in their ignorance than we in our wisdom; because they are willing and even eager to receive the truth, and we dread it. The child wants to know what is the meaning of the Irish question or the Labor question; the man wants to prove to you that Tory or Liberal, that Laborer or Capitalist, is all wrong. The child asks mother to tell her about Jesus, and how he was Son of man and Son of God; the man wants to prove to you that his creed about Jesus is right and your creed about Jesus is wrong. An open-minded man on any subject is rare; an open-minded man on every subject is little short of a miracle. There are very few of either men or women who realize that nature has given them two eyes and two ears and one tongue—four avenues to get information and only one to give it; and that the tongue is as useful to ask questions as to answer them.

2. But the child is not only eager for information, he is equally eager for attainment. His standards are not very high; his ideals are not very rational; but his aspirations are very eager. He is ambitious of excellence, though he needs to be taught in what excellence consists. He will strain every nerve in a boat race or a foot-ball game. He will study to shine in society. If he has a teacher wise to guide his ambitions, he will be as eager to excel in his books as in his sports and games. He is apt to overwork in the school-room and to overwork in the playground. He puts his whole soul into what he does. He expects great things of himself; is earnest, intense, expectant, hopeful. All healthy youths are optimists. The child who is a pessimist is either sick physically or morbid morally. Most children need restraining rather than spurring; and guiding more than either spurring or restraining. Their defects are defects of judgment rather than of purpose; or of steadiness of purpose rather than of eagerness of purpose. And this eagerness is appetite; without which the soul will not eat and cannot digest. In it consist all the roots and rootlets out of which growth must come.

As we grow older we lose this eagerness. We meet with disappointments, and fall into a kind of listless despair. We no longer expect to achieve great results, and look back with a sort of cynical self-amusement at the eager ambitions of our youth. We lose our buoyant hopefulness because our seeds do not straightway grow into great trees; forgetting that time is only an hour in God's long eternity, and that God's eternity is ours. Or we fall into what is worse—a self-content and self-satisfaction. We achieve the ambition of our youth, and get no new one. We have done something, have become somebody; and that satisfies us. We no longer run a race; we no longer hear any voice of God calling us to go still higher. We fall asleep in the arbor a little way up the hill and see the rest of the pilgrims go on, content to have gotten thus far and asking now only to rest and enjoy ourselves. Or our ambitions lose their chivalric and noble character; they become first selfish, then unreal; ambitions for shadows; ambitions, not to be great but to be counted great, to have the offices and emoluments and names of greatness. Life is no longer real and earnest. We are but shadows pursuing shadows. Life is a masquerade ball; in it everything seems unreal, ourselves most unreal of all. We need continually the lesson which the children are continually teaching us. We need continually to be converted from our ignoble ambitions, our no less ignoble self-content or listless despair or dull prejudice or selfish obstinacy, to the eager questioning and high and hopeful ambitions of our childhood. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of growth. And he who is most shut up against the influences that promote growth is least in the kingdom of God; and he whose open mind and eager aspirations make progress surest and most speedy is greatest in that kingdom.

3. Therefore we need take heed that we do not despise, nor, by despising, discourage and deaden, the life that is in our children. There are tempters of children whom we all abhor, and on whom it is not necessary to expend abhorrence here: the liquor-seller who calls the boy into the shop to take the sugar out of the bottom of the drink, that he may early form a taste for strong drink, and so become a customer by and by; the seller of licentious books and pictures, who contrives how he may poison a mind whose imaginations have heretofore been pure; the story-teller who in secret groups in school-room or on play-ground does the same evil deed in different form. These are the pariahs and outcasts of society. We need barely to know that they exist that we may guard ourselves against them. Such ministers to vice will not read this column. The temptations my readers put in childhood's way are of more subtle though scarcely less dangerous description. Such temptations are myriad in number and endless in variety. Such a tempter is the mother when she tells a society lie and defends it, or gloats over some bit of society scandal, or anatomizes a friend in tea-table talk, or drops a cynical word of distrust concerning friends and friendships in general, or shows her own emulation in dress or stimulates and encourages it in her child; or, in a word, manifests, exemplifies, or encourages, by word or deed, the spirit of worldliness, which is the spirit of the kingdom of the Devil. All children are by nature unworldly till we teach them the Devil's orthodoxy. Such a tempter is the father when he grumbles at his wife, teaching his boy to disrespect mother and be a boor to sister; or chuckles over some shrewd business swindle, glossing it over with a more reputable name, and not noticing the wondering eyes of his boy-pupil; or scoffs at some apparent act of piety or benevolence, or sneers at the sermon, or the preacher, or the Sunday-school teacher, or checks the buoyant faith and hope of the eager child with the remark, "You'll know the world better one of these days, my boy." Such a tempter is the religious teacher, parent, preacher, or Sabbath-school teacher who leaves the impression in the child that he is by nature a child of wrath, and that he can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven unless he be converted and become as a grown man, that to be received at his father's house and have a ring, shoes, and a fatted calf, he must go off into a far country and feed on the husks and be a swineherd. In short, whoever does in fact despise the simplicity, the unworldliness, the eagerness, the hopefulness of childhood, and teaches children so—it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say: "Oh, trusting, hungering one, come to me!" What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see Him as He is.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for February 12, 1888.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.

[2] Mark ix., 33, 34.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

ALL the way the disciples had been talking, disputing among themselves. Quietly the Master walked on apart from them. They enter the city of Capernaum, and go into a house, perhaps Peter's. There was a little child in the house, who came quickly at the call of Jesus. He took the child into the midst of the disciples, and Mark says that Jesus took the child in his arms. Does not the picture presented bring Christ nearer: the calm, loving face of Christ, bent tenderly toward the little child he holds in his arm; the disturbed faces of the disciples, who no doubt think this a serious interruption. They are waiting for the answer to their question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," is the Master's answer, holding in his arms the fearless, trusting, loving child. You must be loving, trustful; willing to be governed, obedient; love people whether rich or poor—love them for what they are; be diligent to learn, ready to receive the truth. All this belongs to the child that Jesus would have his disciples pattern after. Not an arrogant, self-asserting, selfish child, but a tender, loving, trustful child, is the model left for us; a child that grows in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. Who was such a child?

We are confused sometimes by the meaning of words. This word "great." It suggests kings and rulers, power and wealth, size and strength.

Two little girls are talking about their clothes; one says, "I have fifteen dresses" The other looks at her in amazement. "Why, I have but two. I would be ashamed to have so many things I could not use." Which is the greater?

A little girl is promised a new doll. She overhears a conversation between her mother and a friend in regard to some poor people. She goes about the house quietly for two days, and finally says to her mother: "I want you to take the doll money for those people."

Two men pass a saloon. The fumes of the liquor do not affect one man at all; the other is almost overcome by them; he longs for a taste, but he passes by without entering in. Which is the greater? One boy has all the money he wants for pencils, stationery, books; the other never has a new, long pencil—only bits and stubs; odds and ends of paper, rarely a whole sheet. The opportunity occurs to pick up a pencil and paper belonging to an absent pupil, but is resisted. But which overcomes the most? Which is the greater?

Christ says, "Whosoever humbles himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Who serves most willingly, forgetting himself in the service, he it is who will be greatest. Such forgetfulness in the service of others is the closest following after Christ.

"Woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh." Woe unto him who tempts another to evil. To sin one's self is to offend against God's law; but there is left for us God's forgiveness. But our influence that leads another into sin, will it have the power to lead another to seek forgiveness?

Most of our temptations come to us through our body. Fingers that grasp things not our own; fingers able to imitate another's handwriting so closely that we are tempted to use the power to get money—we commit forgery: feet that are led into places they should not go; eyes that love to read filthy books, look at filthy pictures; tongues that tell stories in dark places away from the ears of fathers and mothers.

Would it not be better to be blind, and dumb, and lame, and maimed, if that were the only way that we could be kept from evil? But there is a way. God has given us a will, and this, if used for his glory, will conquer every temptation, both from outside and inside.

Little does not always mean small. It sometimes means feeble. The boy whose father is a drunkard, and who gives all his power to help his mother, is greater than his father who cannot overcome his temptation. Do not despise those who are feeble, for the heavenly Father cares for them. He knows their value; they shall not be forgotten.

During the recent blizzard a teacher in Iowa dismissed her pupils. The children wandered about in the storm, some reaching their homes, others not. A band of men started out, and all the children were found but *one*. Did the men, worn out with cold and exhaustion, say, "Never mind! all are safe but one"? No, they took a rope, and, holding on to the rope, four feet apart, they walked over the country all night; in the morning the lost boy was found, dead. Every mother, every little brother and sister, sheltered in their own home, gave all their thought to the little schoolmate wandering in the storm. The life-saving crews do not hesitate to go back to the sinking vessel because all are saved but one; *all* must be saved, if possible.

A little sister runs out the gate, and is lost. All the other children are safe at home, but the little one wh

has wandered off is the one the parents mourn for, the one they seek. The children safe at home are loved just as much, are just as dear, but it is the one who is astray that is sought for.

Can anything give us a more loving thought of the love and care of the Saviour than this in verses 13 and 14?

It is not your Father's will that one should perish. If one is astray, it is over that one that the Father yearns; it is the return of the lost sheep that makes his heart glad. Where are you, wandering away from the fold? Come home! It is not the Father's will that one should perish.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

By the Rev. Washington Choate.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—Phil. iv., 11.

THIS is but a part of one of the most remarkable utterances that we have from the heart of Paul. The full note expands and specifies the contents of this comprehensive portion: "I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." With this full passage before us we are at no loss to understand the entireness of this contentment which the Apostle declares to fill his heart; we are exposed to no danger of reading into these words an extreme meaning which they were not intended to express. And not only do the words themselves declare the completeness of Paul's contentment with his condition and circumstances in life, but the surroundings amid which they were written give emphasis to them and add reality and force to them. These words, striking as they are, are not contradicted by his life.

They were not written in the heyday of prosperity. This is not a note from one in affluence and ease and comfort and success. If ever Paul, after he gave himself to the service of Christ, were thus situated, it is not now.

We may thank God that this revelation of his spiritual restfulness and heart-tranquillity did not come from him when he was amid circumstances which might permit us to question its sincerity and entire honesty.

Had it been given us when he was out in the world, in his fond work of going from city to city preaching Jesus and his saving love, gathering believers into churches and seeing rich fruits to his labors, many a one might have said, "This is no word for me in my condition of want and sickness and suffering and misery; had Paul been in *my* circumstances he would never have made such a declaration as, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'"

But Paul was not in Asia Minor, nor in Macedonia, nor in Greece, when he thus opened his heart to the world. He was in Nero's prison-house in Rome. And while not then in that closer and more rigid confinement which later was his, yet he moved not without the attendant soldier guard, and was not free to go forth into the city, although he could welcome to his abode those who sought the truth as it is in Jesus, and he could send his messages of instruction and comfort and help to his fellow-Christians in the churches which he had established. And so Paul knew whereof he spoke when he said, "I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." And so we may take these words of our text in their fullest and widest sweep: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." It is easy to feel and to express such contentment in the midst of health, of prosperity, of business success, of comfort and enjoyment. But to win that secret of a peaceful, tranquil heart, of perfect rest and happiness, so that it can be truly and sincerely declared in times of disappointment, of sorrow, of loss, and of apprehended danger and trouble, is to gain such a mastery over the outward circumstances of life as brings a soul very near to the perfect peace and rest of the Saviour himself.

Looking at Paul in the hour when his spirit thus voiced itself, we seem to see—nay, we in reality behold—a life in which the Master's promise to his disciples is fulfilled: "Peace I leave with you; my peace give I unto you." The human echo of that divine promise is this note of the Apostle from his prison-house in Rome: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Both word and tone breathe tranquillity, peace, victory. Well may such a note be the subject of Christian study and Christian thought. And as we turn to it we may seek, first, the nature of Christian contentment.

What is Christian contentment? We need to note with extreme care such an assertion as is this lest we mistake its meaning and it become to us a misleading voice. So inexact is the common use of words, so varied are the thoughts suggested to different minds by the same words heard or read, that such an utterance as this requires closest attention and minutest examination. There are so many mental and spiritual states lying side by side that ofttimes only the nicest distinctions and finest-drawn lines can separate them in our thoughts. And so, to apprehend that wonderful contentment which Paul declared to possess his soul, we need to distinguish it from other states of mind or heart which might easily be mistaken for it. Contentment is not satisfaction. Satisfaction implies an accord or agreement between one's self and one's circumstances or surroundings; and to conceive of him whose life in the past had been so full of activity in the service of the Master to whom he had unreservedly consecrated himself; whose life had been so untiringly devoted to his fellow-men in proclaiming the love of God and the redemption from sin that is in Christ Jesus—to think of such a one as now *satisfied* with being taken out of that service and hindered from going forth in his God-given task, is to misread the heart that glowed with sympathy for lost men and burned with desire to tell them of the cross of Christ. No life is ever satisfied in this world. If it be, then it is because real life, true life, has gone out of it.

Satisfaction is a mere animal feeling. Hunger gratified brings satisfaction. Thirst quenched brings satisfaction. Wearied bodies find in sufficient sleep the satisfaction of rest. But that life of man which lies deeper than the body, that life which underlies the physical and animal of our beings, knows in this world no satisfaction. It is apparently the divine purpose that it never should. Were such possible, then the discipline of life would be lost. It is impossible that a being with spiritual vision and desires should be satisfied with this world. Had a true life all that the present could give; had it all the wisdom that intellect could desire; had it all the wealth that earth's fathomless mines of silver and gold could afford; had it all the pleasure that its powers could receive—yet beyond all that it had, it would still look out and on to another life and another world with its enlarged fields of activity and higher spheres of enjoyment. And if ever the glories of the eternal world were open to a soul on earth, that soul was his who, from his Roman prison-house, sent forth that assurance to sympathizing hearts, "I have learned to be content." Contentment is not satisfaction.

But if it be not satisfaction—and your own thoughts can draw other lines of distinction between them—neither is it and much less is it indifference or unconcern as to present surroundings and outward circumstances in life. Indifference to and unconcern for one's circumstances is even a less manly state than satisfaction with them. For while the one would imply a narrow vision, low desires, and limited aspirations, the other would indicate the utter absence of all that was noble, exalted, and spiritual. Satisfaction means easily gratified wants; indifference, no conscious want at all. And so we cannot for a moment hold the thought that that servant of Christ who had been called to be a chosen messenger to the great Gentile world was indifferent to his long imprisonment at Rome; indifferent to the fact that he was taken out of his fond work of spreading the light of God's love among the peoples that sat in darkness; indifferent even to his own personal comfort and welfare. No, the fire that burned in his soul and drove him onward in his unparalleled career from Antioch through Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Greece, still glowed there with its unquenchable flame; and gladly would he have cast off the shackles which bound him, and bade farewell to the walls which confined him, and again gone out into the world proclaiming liberty to the captive and life eternal to the dying through faith in Jesus Christ. But, even in the midst of these ungratified longings, in the midst of personal restraint and perchance sufferings and want, there flowed forth from his heart this calm, peaceful assurance, "I am content."

What, then, is Christian contentment? Is it not, in one brief word of description, a complete and deep restfulness and acquiescence in the will of God? "A life of contentment," one has said, "is a life superior to externals, to surroundings. It is a life in which one stands above the world and all that it can do for or against him." We must be the masters or the slaves of circumstances. Most of us are slaves. Paul was master. Contentment of soul is mastery over circumstances. Not the power to mold and make the circumstances and surroundings of life—for such power is given to no one; but power within to rise above them and triumph over them and find happiness and peace and tranquillity, wholly independent of all that is in the world about us. And so when Paul wrote, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content; I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound," it is as if he said, "My peace of soul depends not on my outward circumstances. No burden that the world can lay upon me, no bereavement that I can suffer, no pain which can be inflicted, no disappointment that I can experience, can disturb the restfulness of my heart in God. In whatever state of life I am, tranquillity is mine. I have learned to be content." And if we follow the footsteps of that grand old soldier of the cross, such tranquillity can be discerned in every hour of trial and suffering. Be it in Philippi's prison, with his body all lacerated with the strokes of the scourge; be it in the Holy City, with a raging, angry mob seeking his life; be it at Cæsarea before Felix and Agrippa; be it on the storm-tossed vessel on his way to Rome—in all these experiences which are wont to blanch man's cheek and fill the soul with the tumult of fear, he stood unmoved and untouched by them, for he was learning the great secret of life—restfulness in the will of God. If, then, this be the nature of this wondrous prize which one man has won, won in the face of greater tribulation and more bitter buffeting of the world than fall to the lot of most, won so perfectly that his victory was enduring and abiding—well may we ask, On what was this calm assurance and this deep tranquillity of heart grounded? Surely on no fleeting and fluctuating sentiment of mind or soul. The transient relief which the flying cloud brings from the fierce glare and burning heat of the midsummer sun would be no sufficient ground for the parched and weary traveler to exclaim, "I am content." The temporary lull in the tempest which beats the ocean's surface into mountain billows and threatens destruction to the mightiest ship upon the waters is no sufficient ground for the alarmed and imperiled one to cry out, "All is well; I fear not." Nor can such wondrous peace and tranquillity of soul as is flashed before us from that Roman prison-house find its rest in any apprehended vision of God's purposes in the events of our lives. It was not because Paul knew the meaning of his imprisonment; not because he understood, or thought he understood, *why* God had taken him out of the sphere of missionary toil and placed him under the surveillance of a Roman guard, that he thus declared his contentment with his present state. His words voice, not a momentary rest of soul, but one that could look out into the uncertain future, and could go forth into that future, calm, undisturbed, tranquil. *We* sometimes find a tranquilizing power when we think we understand God's ways. And our trust in him is measured by our apprehension of the meaning of his providences. But that faith that is strong only when a supposed vision into the mystery scatters some of the darkness is not a faith that can take these words of the Apostle, "In whatsoever state I am, I am content," for many a providence will come that brings us no ray of light into God's meaning in sending it, no glimpse into the purpose of his will; in which all shall be darkness and unfathomable mystery.

On what, then, did the Apostle stand? on what must we stand if we would be able, like him, thus to possess that untroubled peace of soul even in life's deepest mysteries? There is one resting-place, and one only: a confiding trust in the Sovereign of the world; a trust in his wisdom to do always that which is best; a trust in his holiness to do always that which is right; a trust in his love to do always that which is good. Faith is trust without vision; reliance without understanding the *why* of his providences; peace without knowing the purposes of his way.

And here was the source of Paul's contentment. He was living forth, before the eyes of the Roman Christians who came into contact with him in the days of his prison life, the exalted truth which half a score of years before had been read to them from the pages of his letter to that Church: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Little did he foresee, when his hand penned that exalted principle of Christian life, that, in the midst of the very band of believers to whom it was sent, he would himself be called to exemplify the power of its possession by his own soul. But it was in the strength of that truth that he stood calm of heart and tranquil of soul amid the scourging of Philippi, the stoning at Lystra, the Jerusalem mob, the Adriatic tempest, and before Nero's tribunal whose judgment was death. That truth anchored his soul to God; and at that anchorage Paul outrode every storm, not merely in safety, but in perfect tranquillity—even that of oncoming death at the stake. And this is the ground on which believing life of every age must stand if it would win in any degree the wonderful possession of Christian contentment. It is a truth as infinite in its power to uphold and stay troubled souls as is the one in whom it bids us trust. Let any heart to-day take to itself the certainty that all things work together for good to them that love God, and though sorrow, sickness, loss, tribulation, roll in upon it, yet it may rise to the triumphant point of the Apostle's faith, and, in the midst of otherwise overwhelming darkness and mystery, cry forth to those who sympathize but are powerless to help: I am content; I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. How such a power within frees from outward circumstances! How it lifts a life above the world and all that it can do! How it brings deliverance from every trammeling and constraining bond of outward surround-

ings! Even though disease may lay us upon a bed of suffering; even though the faithlessness and dishonesty of fellow-men may strip from us all that a life of toil has won; even though death may wrest from our circles those to whom our hearts are knit with the bonds of a love stronger than life, yet there is a possession which may be ours by which we may rise into a perfect peace and tranquillity of soul—contentment in the will of God. This is the victory which overcometh the world—even faith in God. Here is freedom from bondage; here is light in darkness; here is rest in toil; here is peace in suffering.

And, finally, how shall such a solvent for life's perplexities and mysteries be ours? In one word—as it was Paul's: it is to be learned. Thank God, he who first voiced this truth by his lips and pen, who first wrought out this glorious triumph over every hampering, baffling power of the world, has not left us without the key of its possession by ourselves. Thanks be to God, also, that this wondrous power to rise supreme above the outward circumstances of life was not his by birth, by inheritance, by gift. *I have learned*, said Paul, *to be content* It was from no secret treasury of divine grace, to which, as mightiest of all God's workmen, he had access, that he drew this marvelous prize. It was not by direct and special divine communication, as were the revelations to him of the Messiahship of Jesus and his call to the Apostleship It was not at the feet of Gamaliel that he found it. It was not as an *Apostle* that he possessed it; but as a Christian, a follower of Jesus; and he won it by the way that is open to every follower of the one Lord and Master—by the way of discipline, the way of instruction in the school of God. And it is because he who possessed this tranquillity of soul in so marvelous a degree—it is because he won it by the way that is open to every human heart, by the way in which all of life's victories are won, that these words of the Apostle become to *us* a summons to a like mastery over the outward circumstances of our lives, to a like unwavering faith in the divine allotment of all of life's events.

To him who is thus learning to dwell in peace amid the otherwise disturbing and vexatious currents of experience, every day and every hour offers its lesson. To the heart that is intent on winning spiritual tranquillity, every circumstance, great or small, presents the opportunity for instruction. He who wills to learn in the school of God never fails. The grace of contentment is under the law of cultivation and growth. It begins by the exercise of trust in Him in the so-called little events of life. It has its birth in the assurance which every soul should take to itself that the surroundings amid which it wakens to thought and consciousness are of God's purposing.

> "Thou cam'st not to this place by accident;
> It is the very place God meant for thee."

It expands with the unconquerable purpose of a heart to acknowledge a divine intent in coming joy or encompassing trial. It deepens and expands with every act of confidence and reliance on His wisdom and love; until at length the soul of the believer rises into complete mastery over all the trammeling and buffeting powers of the world, and may voice its tranquillity in the sublime note of prophet or apostle: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." O for such an anchorage in God that can hold each heart secure, serene, unruffled, even though called to pass through the stormy scenes of a Paul or a Luther!

Oh, my fellow-disciples of the great Teacher above, seek for this mastery over the outward circumstances of your life, and peace unmeasurable shall be yours, joy unfathomable shall ever fill your soul; disappointment, loss, pain, sorrow, shall never sweep you from your rest in God!

By this shall you rise above every adverse event of life. On it may you stand as on the mountain top and look down upon all the earth from clouds and storms—tranquil, peaceful, in the presence and under the shelter of God.

> "If I could only surely know
> That all these things that tire me so
> Were noticed by my Lord!
> The pang that cuts me like a knife,
> The lesser pains of daily life,
> The noise, the weariness, the strife—
> What peace it would afford!
>
> "I wonder if He really shares
> In all these little human cares,
> This mighty King of kings!
> If He who guides through boundless space
> Each blazing planet in its place,
> Can have the condescending grace
> To mind these petty things!
>
> "It seems to me, if sure of this,
> Blest with each ill would come such bliss
> That I might covet pain,
> And deem whatever brought to me
> The loving thought of Deity
> And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy
> Not loss, but richest gain.
>
> "Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
> That thou dost compass me about
> With sympathy divine.
> The Love for me once crucified
> Is not the love to leave my side,
> But waiteth ever to divide
> Each smallest care of mine."

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRUTH.

By Edward Judson.

PUTTING OUT THE STREET LAMPS.

I SAW a little while ago a thought which seemed to me interesting and suggestive. At the first dawning of the day, a person was observed going about in the city putting out the street lamps. Their dim light was needed no longer because the morning had come and the streets were to be filled with the sun's cheerful radiance. The lesson of truth suggested is that we can well afford to put out the lamps of earthly, sinful pleasure when the Sun of Righteousness begins to beam into the soul. We need no longer the fickle glare of worldly torches. We should not think it a great sacrifice to give up pleasures with which for years we have striven to light up our lives. We have something better. If we let Christ sup with us, we may be sure that we shall at the same time sup with him. The belated Guest whom we open the door to and whom we entertain brings with him a bounteous store, and will turn about and entertain us royally before we are done with him. I shall never forget the instance of a young lady, who, upon finding the Saviour, was asked if she thought she could give up a certain pleasure to which she had through long custom become deeply attached. She said she was glad there was something she could give up for Him who had given up so much for her.

WRECK AT WAUWINET.

Wauwinet is an exposed portion of the shore of Nantucket. Two or three winters ago a vessel was wrecked on the beach. There was a heavy gale blowing when she grounded. The crew had been long exposed to the weather, and were utterly worn out. The men of the Life-Saving Station near by succeeded in throwing a life-line to the vessel, but the crew actually had not the strength to pull the line in. It was a pathetic sight to behold them, with weak, frost-bitten, swollen hands, striving in vain to pull in the heavy line which was already in their grasp—their only hope. They were too weak to pull in the life-line, and so, I was told by an eye-witness, they were washed off one by one, and their lifeless bodies were cast up on the beach. It would seem as if many of the unsaved in this world had so long postponed availing themselves of the means of grace that, although the cable of salvation is within their reach, they seem to have no strength to make use of it. When the offers of divine help are so free, what a dreadful and fatal mistake it is for people, through sheer neglect, to allow their moral force to be so reduced by worldliness and sin that the Gospel loses all its force and becomes as a thrice-told tale

THE BOX OF FLOWERS.

I remember once coming along Carmine Street late at night, holding in my hand a pasteboard box full of beautiful flowers—nasturtiums, I believe. They had been left over at the Flower Mission, where we had been distributing these tokens of God's love to be carried to the bedsides of the sick. It was a warm evening, and there were many groups of children playing in the streets. On one doorstep there were seated several little girls of the lowest class, poorly dressed, and engaged in play and conversation. I laid the box down in the midst of them, and walked away rapidly, casting a glance, however, over my shoulder to see what would be the result. They started back from the box dismayed, as if it contained some serpent or infernal machine. Very soon, however, one of the girls mustered enough courage to remove the cover, while they all prepared to beat a hasty retreat. What was their surprise and joy to behold the sweet, fresh nasturtiums, which they proceeded at once to divide and appropriate. Now, it seems to me that this simple, commonplace incident illustrates just how we poor sinners treat God's gift of salvation and everlasting life. We shrink and are almost angry when our best friends approach us on the subject of religion, as if they were doing us a very doubtful favor, as if that gift which they offered contained some poison or snake or dynamite. It is really the most beautiful and precious thing there is, but although our friends who have become Christians try to persuade us of that, yet we insist upon regarding God as our enemy; as if he had some furtive design to rob us of our liberty and peace, instead of being in very truth the best Friend we can have. Have we really any good reason for assuming toward our heavenly Father the same attitude that the Trojans did toward the Greeks, suspecting them even when they bestowed gifts?

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

Faith and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God trusts God; and he that trusts God obeys God. He that is without faith is without works; and he that is without works is without faith.—[Spurgeon.

When we come back from the battlefield, weary yet victorious, we may look for our King of Peace coming to meet us with bread and wine, and his own priestly blessing, that we may be strengthened and refreshed by himself.—[F. R. Havergal.

The eternal world is not merely a world beyond time and the grave. It embraces time; it is ready to realize itself under all the forms of temporal things. Its light and power are latent everywhere, waiting for human souls to welcome it, ready to break through the transparent veil of earthly things, and to suffuse with its ineffable radiance the common life of man.—[John Caird.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark, but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this nor that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, he hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions.—[Feltham.

You that live long enough will see women vote, and when you see women voting you will see less lying, less brutality, and more public spirit, heroism, and romance, in public affairs.

Robert Burns—a true poet, made not by the schools, brought up with no external culture or assistance. He came as a flower comes in spring. We say that he was a man of the people. No! He was far above the people. He was ordained to be an interpreter of God to his kind then and forever.

Of all the American novelists who have passed away, the author of "The House of the Seven Gables" seems to me the greatest.

Grant had the patience of Fate and the force of Thor. He has left to memory only such weaknesses as connect him with humanity and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

John Brown's name will travel through the ages as an illustrious example of what a man may do who is willing to suffer for a great principle.

Emerson, the calm, the observational, not an enthusiast in religion, but with patriotism and humanity to make him a brave witness. It took seven generations of ministers to make one Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It is a noble thing to see a man so in sympathy with his time and work as Tennyson is, that even with expiring strength he still tries to chant the truth of God to the age in which he lives.

Humor usually tends toward good nature, and everything that tends toward good nature tends toward good grace.

If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord lets so many funny things happen for.

Having wit and buoyancy of spirits, let them flash out in service of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

A mother and a dog are the only two things in the world that seem to have absolutely disinterested love.

I think love grows between husband and wife by expression of affection. I know there is a stately dignity in vogue. Husband and wife sit over against each other like those great statues of Memnon in Egypt; there they are, vast, stony, and hard.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two months amuses himself will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.

Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present one.—[F. W. Robertson.

Death is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who have gone before.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN COLLEGES.

THE largest and most widely organized college society to-day is the College Young Men's Christian Association. It exists in nearly three hundred institutions in the United States, Canada, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Syria, and Turkey. Over 11,000 Christian students are connected with these organizations.

Each Association has a twofold purpose—the strengthening of Christians and the salvation of the unconverted. The chief agencies employed are:

First—Bible study. Small groups of men meet regularly to consider the cases of their unconverted fellows and study how to meet their difficulties and excuses with the Word of God. In one college as many as twenty such Bible training classes have been carried on at the same time, with six or seven men in each.

Second—Personal private conversations with men.

Third—Public meetings, in which the need and plan of salvation are earnestly presented to the unconverted men.

Fourth—Meetings for prayer, to which all students are invited.

Fifth—Missionary meetings.

Sixth—Some work is done in the neighborhood of the college, but this is considered of secondary importance to direct effort among the students themselves.

Seventh—These Associations co-operate with one another by a system of intercollegiate work consisting of conventions, correspondence, publications, and visitation. The conventions are held regularly, and have been attended each by from twenty to four hundred students. Ordinarily they last for two or three days. Not less than 30,000 students have represented 300 institutions in such conventions since the work began ten years ago.

The most valuable method of work employed, however, is visitation. In 1877 L. D. Wishard, of Princeton College, began a tour of visits which has extended to about 300 points. In 1885 he was reinforced by C. K. Ober, of Williams College. These men are the College Secretaries of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, and serve as the representatives of the Committee and the college students in extending and developing the work. They have personally addressed over 100,000 students in nearly every State and in Canada.

A number of new College Young Men's Christian Associations in foreign lands have been reported since the last Day of Prayer. There are now three in Japan, four in China, two in India, two in Ceylon, one in Syria, one in Persia, and three in Turkey. The work in these Associations is very similar to that in the American College Associations. By intercollegiate correspondence their needs will become better known, and they can be made acquainted with the successful methods employed by the Associations here. This union by correspondence will be followed by the going of many of our best American young men to personally co operate with them in the great work of evangelizing the 200,000,000 young men in heathen lands. Such co operation will be stimulated if Mr. Wishard proves able to spend a year or more, as he is now planning to do, in visiting the colleges of the foreign mission field.

As a result of this Christian intercollegiate work, now just ten years old, thousands of students have professed Christ and followed him. Multitudes of these men have been scattered throughout the world and are making their lives tell as Christian business men, ministers, and teachers. The close contact which this work has established between the young men in the colleges and those in the city Associations has resulted in making the former more practical in their methods. It has also impressed them with their responsibility to the work of the church for young men generally, and many of the leaders in this work in cities and along railroads were first interested in it while in college. Never before have so many young men been desirous of entering the great work of foreign missions as are now offering for that work.

THE CHARITY WOODYARD.

THE New York Woodyard Association was established to test the willingness to work of men applying for charitable relief. It has been opened this year since November 1, and has had on an average twenty-five men a day at work sawing and splitting kindling wood. A large quantity of wood has been sold, but the sales do not keep pace with the amount cut up, and at present it is necessary to close the yard until some of the wood is disposed of because there is no room for the men to work. One day recently work was given to fifty-six men.

Orders for kindling should be sent to the New York Woodyard Association, Nineteenth Street and Avenue B. Price, $14.50 per cord; $7 50 half cord; $4 00 quarter of a cord, delivered and put in without extra charge.

MRS. CHAS. R LOWELL,
HENRY S ISELIN,
OTTO T. BARNARD,
HENRY A. JAMES,
J. R. COUPER,
ALBERT STEVINGTON, } *Committee.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The London, Baptist, and Free Church of Scotland foreign missionary societies have had a handsome offer made them. Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, who has already given large sums to the Central African missions, has offered to the aforenamed societies $75,000 to enable them jointly to commence a mission to the tribes of the northern part of South America. The proposal is to place the money at the disposal of a council, consisting of representatives of the three great missionary societies, part of it to be used in purchasing a steamer which shall ply on the Amazon River and its affluents, and the remainder to be expended on the working expenses of the mission.

The "Spirit of Missions" of the Protestant Episcopal Church states that "the Chinese Governor of the large island of Formosa, in starting a college, has chosen a missionary to inaugurate and organize the institution. Such a step would have been regarded as a miracle one generation ago."

A very encouraging and extensive religious interest is reported of the labors of the Moravian missionaries in Central America, on the Musquito Coast, bounded north and east by the Caribbean Sea. Since 1881 about 1,500 have been added to the Church, and the revival still continues.

The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,354,000; of Scotland at 326,000; of Ireland at 3,961,000; total, 5,641,000. In the colonies there are 175,000; in Asia, 980,000; in America, 2,183,000; in Australasia, 568,000 Catholic British subjects. As Queen and Empress her Majesty reigns over 9,682,000 Catholics. They are represented in the Imperial Parliament by thirty-two peers, and by five English and seventy-five Irish members. There are nine Catholics in the Privy Council, and there are forty Catholic peers, fifty-one baronets, and twenty lords with courtesy titles.

The committee which was appointed by the English Wesleyan Conference to consider certain questions relating to church membership in the Wesleyan body has decided that the class-meeting is not to be touched, and that any action which tends to weaken or discredit this institution is strongly to be deprecated. Means are, on the other hand, to be taken to strengthen and improve it, with a view of increasing its efficiency, and more attention is to be paid to communicants.

Baptists are the only Protestant body which have the privilege of carrying on missions in Russia with the sanction of the Government, but they are not allowed to baptize members of the Greek Church. There are in Russia thirty-four Baptist churches, forty-one pastors and evangelists, eighty-two Sunday-schools, and 12,371 church members; 850 were baptised last year.

The Rev. Mr. Craven says that he knows of one Rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, 200,000 Hindu tracts, and intends to distribute them at the large fairs of North India.

John Wesley's chapel, which was sold a short time ago for $22,500, is to be converted into a mission-room in connection with St. Giles's Church. The sale was subject to the conditions of the original trust, and these were very curious, and are calculated to throw a light on the peculiar ideas of the pious people of the last century. It was stipulated that the building should not be used "as a theater, as a beer-shop or public-house, as a Roman Catholic place of worship, as a house of ill-fame, as a Unitarian, Secularist, or Atheistical place of assembly or lecture hall, or for the use of, or in connection in any way with, any similar society, or with the Roman Catholic Church."

An account recently published of the great missionary anniversaries in England mentions the fact that an increasing number of self-supporting men and women have offered themselves for the church work in foreign lands.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A new church was dedicated in Toronto at the corner of Gerrard Street and Bolton Avenue, on New Year's Day. The church is the outcome of a Sunday-school established by another congregation.

The Rev. P. McF. Macleod has been a popular pastor in Toronto, but he is about to remove to Victoria, British Columbia, where he has been promised a salary of $3,500.

The Rev. H. W. Percival, formerly Methodist minister in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, joined Toronto Presbytery last year, and has been inducted to the pastorate of the church at Richmond Hill, Ontario.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Ontario, resolved to raise a jubilee endowment of $350,000. His health failed during the canvass, but he enlisted others to complete what he had undertaken. The professors of the college gave $10,000, and the students, besides subscribing $5,000, collected $2,000.

The Rev. J. Goforth and wife left Toronto, January 19, for China, and will labor as missionaries in the flooded district of Honan. Mr. Goforth is supported by the students of Knox College. Dr. Smith, of Queen's University, will join him in the spring, after completing his medical studies.

A new church was formed at West Toronto, a suburb of the city, twelve months ago. The membership exceeds one hundred, and so prosperous has been the career of the church that there is a surplus in the treasury after paying all expenses.

ANGLICAN CHURCH.

A Sunday School Teachers' Association has been established in Toronto, Ontario, from which papers are sent yearly to every part of the Province and prizes awarded to the successful candidates. The result has been a great impetus to Bible study.

The Most Rev. Dr. Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick, and Metropolitan of Canada, recently attained his eighty-third birthday. He is one of the few Bishops who has seen an episcopate more than forty years. He was the first and only Bishop of Fredericton, to which he was consecrated in 1845, and was elected Metropolitan in 1879.

The Synod of Nova Scotia has long been without a Bishop, and as they could not make a choice, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York were desired to make a selection; but as the Synod would not agree to accept their nomination without discussion, the prelates declined to make any selection for the vacant see.

January 3, the first Sunday after Epiphany, was observed in all the churches in Toronto as the day for special collections on behalf of the Mission Fund.

METHODIST.

An anonymous scribbler, who styles himself Presbyter and claims to be an Evangelical in the Episcopal Church, has published a letter in the Toronto "Mail," in which he makes a very scurrilous attack upon Methodism, which he says is "worn out; has produced very few writers, and is almost without scholarship," and further states "that, although Methodism is by far the most pretentious system, it is, *per capita* [*sic*,] the most irreligious system in the Dominion." "Presbyter" has been answered both by Episcopalians and Methodists, and his charges proved to be false.

Great regret is felt respecting the news just received from British Columbia. Scarlet fever has broken out among some of the Northern tribes. At one Methodist mission some fifty children and young people have died, among others a child of the Rev. A. E. Green, missionary. There have also been a few cases at Port Simpson.

The visit to Canada of the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Japan, and the Rev. Joshiyasn Hiraiwa, native minister, is exciting great interest. Wherever they go they are greeted with large audiences. The native minister is small in stature, but he is a man of great intelligence, and speaks the English language with considerable fluency. He believes that Japan will be completely evangelized in twenty five years.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Zion Church, Toronto, has given a call to the Rev. Jackson Wray, London, England, promising a salary of $4,000. He will be a valuable accession to the Toronto clergy.

Bond Street Church, Toronto, continues to prosper under the pastorate of the Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D. At the annual meeting just held, the pastor's salary was raised to $5,000, and the salary of the organist to $500.

The life of the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., for many years the leading Congregational minister in Canada, has just been published, and is well received by the deceased gentleman's friends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An addition has been made to the Home for Incurables in Toronto, the cost of which was $57,000. One lady, Mrs. Cameron, has subscribed $7,500, and $1,200 for furnishing. There is accommodation now for more than one hundred patients.

The forty-second anniversary of the Canada Sunday-School Union was recently held in Erskine Church, Montreal, which was crowded to the door. The principal speakers were the Rev. Dr. Dunning, of Boston, and Miss Reynolds, Lady Principal of the Baptist College, of Woodstock, Ont.

The Evangelical Alliance of Toronto held its annual meeting in January, and re-elected the Hon. Oliver Mowatt, Premier of Ontario, President. The Week of Prayer was observed by a series of union meetings. E. B.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[*The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.*]

MIDDLE STATES.

—In accordance with the suggestion of the committee on the International Missionary Convention to be held in London next spring, a series of meetings have been held in New York and Brooklyn. The meetings have taken place in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle in Brooklyn, in the University Place Church in this city, and in the Calvary Baptist Church, also of this city. The attendance has been large. Addresses have been made by men prominent in missionary work. Next Sunday a similar meeting will be held in the Tabernacle (Dr. William Taylor's), on Thirty-fourth Street in this city.

—The annual sale of pews in Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle took place last week with gratifying results. The premiums were $6,200, against $5,975 last year; pew rentals, $18,011; receipts from box collections, $9,000; total income, about $33,211, against $31,985 last year.

—A narrow escape from a sudden and horrible death was that experienced by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the Rev. N. McVickar, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Charles Cooper, of Philadelphia, last Thursday. They were going in a carriage to attend the dedication of the Chapel of the Holy Comforter at Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets, when, crossing a railroad track, the carriage was struck by an engine, thrown a considerable distance, and almost completely demolished. By strange good fortune none of the inmates received serious injury, and they proceeded to the chapel, where the dedicatory exercises were continued as though nothing had happened.

—The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city, lately known as the Presbyterian Memorial Church, whose pulpit has become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, has voted unanimously to call the Rev. Dr. S. J. McPherson, now preaching in the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

—The Union for Christian Work of Brooklyn, an excel-

lent institution, organized twenty-one years ago, and which now has a commodious building of its own, erected at a cost of $47,000, held its annual meeting on Monday night of last week. The report by Professor Foster, to whom is due much of the efficiency of the organization, showed that the work of the Union has been greater and more successful than ever the past year, and that the contributions to the building and other funds are rapidly increasing. The society is non-sectarian.

—Last Saturday the Rev. H. S. Jenanyan and the Rev. Alexander McLachlan, two of last year's graduates from the Union Seminary, sailed on their way to Tarsus in the Ottoman Empire, where they are to superintend St Paul's Institute, a newly founded Christian training school for the poor and orphan youth. A farewell meeting was held in Dr. Crosby's church a few evenings before they sailed.

—A new Universalist church, the fifth of that denomination, has recently been organized in Brooklyn under the leadership of the Rev James Taylor, who has a similar mission at Huntington, L. I.

—The Rev. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain has been chosen President of the Brooklyn Evangelical Alliance recently organized. The Alliance already has a membership of about a hundred. Its aim and work were ably described at the Plymouth Church Friday night meeting last week by the Hon. William E Dodge, the President, and Dr. Josiah Strong, the Secretary.

—The First Congregational Church of Buffalo, N Y., Frank S. Fitch, pastor, has received during the year thirty-six members, of whom fourteen were by letter. It has a present membership of 309; its expenditure for benevolence last year was over $6,000

—The Educational Commission of the co operating synods of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church have secured an endowment of $100 000 for a proposed church college.

—Committees of the United and Reformed (Synod) Presbyterian Churches met recently in Allegheny, Pa., to confer on the subject of organic union. The difference between the two churches in the practical application of the principle, which both hold, concerning the doctrine of Christ's dominion as Mediator over the State, was deemed an insuperable barrier to union. The difference is, in substance, that the United Presbyterian Church allows its members to vote at State and national elections, and the Reformed Presbyterian does not.

—The difficulties between the Rev. Arthur Chester, of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, and the society were discussed by a council of Brooklyn churches on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Chester declined to recognize the council on the ground that the letter missive was informal, and that the church was not represented in the council. The whole matter was laid over for a week in order that a committee might examine evidence bearing on the question as to whether Mr. Chester is or is not the legal pastor.

—At the next monthly meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, which will be held on Thursday, February 2, Professor Henry S. Williams, of Cornell University, will read a paper entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Supernatural."

—At the meeting of the Episcopal clergymen of the Archdeaconry of New York, last Thursday, Archdeacon Mackay-Smith, in discussing the charities of the city, said that the charity organizations were doing much good in a general way. The Archdeaconry could supplement their work, and both could be carried on more efficiently. The committee exhibited a map of the city as districted by it, and then, on motion of Archdeacon Mackay-Smith, it was decided to prepare districted maps and send them to the ministers in charge, to charge a committee to prepare details to carry on the work in the most efficient way, and to ask each church to pay to the office of the Archdeaconry the amount of one cent for each communicant to defray the expenses of preparing the maps. Dr. Da Costa made some criticisms on the work of the Charity Organization Society of this city.

—Last Sunday was the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Church of the Messiah, one of the leading Episcopal churches of Brooklyn, and was also the fifteenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Charles R Baker.

—Arrangements are being made by the Protestant Episcopal clergy of the city to organize a Clergy Club in the diocese of New York. A suite of rooms has been secured in the Diocesan House in Lafayette Place, and Bishop Potter is greatly interested in the organization. There will be no rent, and the membership dues will be but $5. The membership will be limited to five hundred. The purpose of the club will be to provide the members with the conveniences to be found in all club houses of the city, including a library, and reading, writing, smoking, refreshment, and bath rooms.

—The oldest living graduate of Yale College, David Lathrop Hunn, died in Buffalo, N. Y., last Sunday, in his ninety-ninth year. He was born in Colerain, Mass., in 1789, and entered Yale in 1813, in the time of Timothy Dwight and Benjamin Silliman. After graduating from Yale he entered Andover, studied for the ministry, and became pastor of a church in Sandwich, Mass. He had charges in a number of towns in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and afterward came to New York, preaching at Whitesboro', Lennox, and other places. He has lived in Buffalo since 1881, and has preached several sermons since his eighty-sixth year.

—A sermon in memory of the late Bishop Stevens, of Philadelphia, will be preached at the Church of the Holy Trinity in that city next Sunday by Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The Episcopal Club formed at the Hotel Vendôme in Boston lately proclaims for its objects "the cultivation of a better acquaintance among the Churchmen of the diocese of Massachusetts, and an increased interest in the religious, moral, and educational work of the Church." The Club elected Dr. George C. Shattuck as President. Addresses were made by Bishop Paddock; Bishop Potter, of New York; Everett P. Wheeler, President of the Church Club of New York; L Bradford Prince, Secretary of the Church-Building Fund, and a few of the Episcopalian Club's leading members.

—The Boston City Missionary Society held its annual meeting on Monday of last week, and the report of the Board of Directors was read by the Secretary, the Rev. F. E. Clark. About $20,000 has been expended; twenty-three missionaries report 48,755 visits made to families and to the sick; 2,141 meetings have been held; 174,548 papers and tracts have been distributed; 535 persons have been furnished employment.

—A new Unitarian church was formally dedicated at Gardner, Mass., last week, Wednesday. The Rev. Minot J. Savage preached the dedication sermon. The church cost about $12,000.

—The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke was quite painfully, though not seriously, injured last week, Sunday. While returning from church in a hack, the horses took fright from a train passing, ran away, and the hack collided violently with a lamp-post. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clarke were badly bruised about the head and face.

—The Connecticut Valley Congregational Club has had printed by Clark W. Bryan & Co., of Springfield, a memorial pamphlet containing the excellent addresses made at the November meeting of the Club in Greenfield upon the late William B. Washburn, by Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, and President L. Clark Seelye, of Smith College.

—The Rev. L. L. Potter was installed as pastor of the Park Church (Congregational), of Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday of this week. The Rev. Dr. E P. Parker preached the sermon. Mr. Potter's recent change from the Baptist to the Congregationalist denomination made the occasion one of more than usual interest.

—The Hanover Street Congregational Church at Manchester, N. H., has a membership of 557, of which fully 500 are resident members. During last year the church disbursed for benevolent objects $4,127 72, of which a large part was bestowed upon the local poor. The Sunday-school has a membership of 671, with 48 classes. Rev. W. G. Sperry is pastor.

—The number of students now pursuing regular courses of study in the Hartford Theological Seminary is forty, of whom only seven are in the graduating class.

—"Discontent of Clergymen" was the subject of an essay read by the Rev. Dr. Wildman at the winter convocation of the Episcopal clergymen of New Haven County, held in New Haven, Conn., last week. It provoked a lively discussion, in which the smallness of so many salaries and the want of consideration of many parishes were discussed. The Rev. Mr. Means said: "We might organize a brotherhood like the K. of L. and boycott the parishes, but in my opinion they could stand it. I don't see what you are going to do about the matter unless you change the popular idea of a clergyman's work." The Rev. Mr. Lines said: "The diocese, not the parish, should be the unit. Each minister should feel that he is not working for the parish only, but for the diocese. I do not believe in breaking up the parochial system, but I do think that the diocese ought to be recognized. It would not be wise to give the bishop of the diocese the unrestricted privilege of appointing the clergyman. He should, however, be consulted."

—St. John's Episcopal Church of Worcester, Mass. (the Rev. Francis G. Burgess, rector), has invited its neighbors of the Central Congregational Church (the Rev. Daniel Merriman, D.D., pastor), to join in some union Lenten services this coming Lent, and the invitation has been cordially accepted. The two congregations will unite on Sunday and Friday evenings, also for extra services on Ash Wednesday, during Holy Week, and on Easter Day. Some of the services will be held in each church, and on Sunday evenings the preachers will be the two pastors in alternation. At the week-day services, among other speakers will be the Rev. Dr. Courtney, of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Greer, of Providence, and the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston (Episcopal); also the Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Andover, and the Rev. Dr. Herrick, of Boston (Congregational). A pamphlet is in press containing a special order of service, with a selection of psalms and hymns, etc., for use at these services. To keep in view the positive element, the Apostles' Creed will be said at every service. Both congregations are looking forward with much pleasure to their participation in this local but practical contribution to the advancement of Christian unity.

—St. Michael Church, of Marblehead, Mass., the second oldest church in the country, having been erected in 1714, is to be remodeled and improved, work on it having already been begun. The frame of this ancient and antique edifice was brought over from England 174 years ago. The outside will not be altered, but the interior will be elegantly frescoed. The old windows will give place to some of more modern style. Four will be emblematic; one will be furnished by the present Massachusetts Senate at a cost of $300.

THE WEST AND SOUTH.

—The Rev. Abiel Leonard, Episcopalian Missionary Bishop of Nevada and Utah, was consecrated on January 25 at Christ Church, St. Louis. Bishop Vail, of Kansas City, officiated as consecrator.

—A Congregational church has been organized at Grace, Mich., and a house of worship has just been completed.

—The Missionary Conference Class of the Reformed Churches was held at Grand Rapids last week.

—Dr. D. C. Kelley, the Missionary Secretary of the Southern Methodist Church, has retracted the card which he sent to the Missionary Board when they were in session in November. He seems to be afraid that the impression has gone abroad that he submitted that card to the Board to avoid loss of official position, or to escape censure. He retracts, and wishes the matter to come before the full Board of Missions.

—The Methodist preachers of Baltimore, Md., passed at their meeting last week, by a vote of 19 to 10, resolutions censuring President Cleveland for sending a copy of the Constitution of the United States to Pope Leo XIII. They say that they, as American citizens, enter solemn protest against this new departure of the President in making such marked official recognition of a religious hierarchy, claiming also temporal sovereignty.

—Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, has called a special convention to elect an assistant bishop, his health preventing him from fulfilling the duties of his office.

—The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School (at Tuskegee, Alabama) has 385 students—average age eighteen and one-half—and twenty-four officers and teachers—all colored.

—The Rev. Hiram C. Haydn, D.D., was installed on January 24 as President of the Western Reserve University, which at the present time includes Adelbert College and a medical department. His advent to the presidency was signaled by the Trustees abolishing co-education and announcing the project of a separate college in the university for women. The fifteen young women now in the college will be permitted to complete their studies, but no more girls will be received into Adelbert.

—The organization of the People's Church, St. Paul, has, a correspondent writes, been accompanied by a profound religious feeling. January 25, Dr. S. G. Smith, the pastor, baptized nine adults, received nineteen into the society on church vows, and a large number by letter.

—The average salary of the ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church last year was only $553, and the average contribution per member for ministerial support only $4.08. In West Virginia the average salary was $443.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—C. R. Bruce, of New Hampton, Iowa, has declined a call from the church at Fairmont, Minn.

—A. C Kaye, of Grand Haven, Mich., has resigned.

—W. F. Bacon, of the First Church of East Hampton, Mass., has been asked to withdraw his recent resignation.

—W. P. Hammond, of the church at North Stamford, Conn. died suddenly on Thursday of last week from heart disease.

—J E. Elliott died in North Yakima, Washington Territory, on January 19.

—E. B. Emerson died in Stratford, Conn., on January 17, at the age of seventy-six.

—R. W. Wallace was installed as pastor of the First Church of Wakefield, Mass., on January 24.

—W. F. Arms, of Sunderland, Mass., has received a call from Terryville, Conn.

—P. J. Robinson, of Bangor, Me., has received a call from the Old South Church of Winthrop.

—C. S. Mills, of Springfield, Vt., has resigned in order to accept a call from North Brookfield, Mass.

—I. B. Jones has accepted a call to Hudsonville, Mich.

—Edward Ewell was ordained on January 18 at Kalamo, Mich.

—R. J. Moony was installed as pastor of the church at Hinsdale, Mass., on January 24.

—M. B. Anglers has been engaged as pastor for one year by the church of Northville, L. I.

—T. W. Haven, of the church at Battle Creek, Mich., is missing. He was last seen in this city on January 10.

—M. McG. Dana, of Plymouth Church, St. Paul, Minn., has received a call to the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church in Detroit, Mich.

—H. W. Gleason, pastor of Como Avenue Church in Minneapolis, has resigned, and will leave this charge February 1.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—H. H. Stebbins, D.D., of Oswego, N. Y., has received a call to the First Church of Detroit, Mich.

—S. W. Elliott has received a call to Kingston, Ia.

—Johnson Henderson has accepted a call from the First Church of Caledonia, N. Y.

—G. C. Muller, of Bloomfield, N. J., has become pastor of the Fifth German Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—E L. Mates, of Washingtonville, N. Y., accepts a call to the First Church of Carlisle, Pa.

—G. A. Paull has received a call to the Westminster Church Bloomfield, N. J.

EPISCOPAL.

—G. H. Bailey has become rector of St. Andrew's Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

—J. C. Colton has become rector of Christ Church, Biddeford, Me.

—T. F. Milby, of St. Wilfred's Church, Cramer Hill, N. J., has resigned.

—T. L. Fisher, of St. Luke's Church, Malden, Mass., has resigned.

—Michael Scofield has become assistant minister of Christ Church, Rochester, N. Y.

—Wayland Hoyt, D.D., of Philadelphia, has declined his recent call from St. Louis.

—E. E. Thomas, of Newburyport, Mass., has received a call from the First Church of Nyack, N. Y.

—George W. Bosworth died in Wakefield, Mass., on January 19.

—L. S. Barrett was installed as pastor of the Fifth Street Church of Lowell, Mass., on January 25.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—J H. Good, one of the leaders of the German Reformed Church in the West, and the founder and President of Heidelberg College at Tiffin, O., died on January 25.

—J. F. Hooper was installed as pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Mott Haven, N. Y., on January 31. The Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry preached the sermon.

Books and Authors.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS.[1]

Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope is the brother of the more famous writer, the late Anthony Trollope, and the son of that Mrs. Trollope whose witty, satirical, and altogether unfair picture of American life created such comment and indignation many years ago. He is himself the author of some passable novels, and of some delightful books and magazine articles about Continental life, art, and literature; and particularly on Italian topics, in which he is probably better versed than any living Englishman. He was born in 1810; his recollections reach back to 1818, thus exactly covering the threescore and ten years of the time allotted to man. From his boyhood his diaries have been well kept up, his opportunities of knowing famous people have been innumerable, his memory is retentive in a remarkable degree, and his fund of anecdote is inexhaustible. With these requisites it was impossible for a practiced and agreeable writer not to have made a readable book. Mr. Trollope's volume might perhaps have been better if it had been condensed, but with so many "plums" of anecdote and reminiscence the reader has not the heart to object to the discursive and leisurely style or the old-fashioned sprinkling of odd bits of Latinity. Among the people of note of whom Trollope writes from personal knowledge are Dickens, Thackeray (whom he seems not to have liked) George Eliot, Lewes, Mme. Recamier, Guizot, Thiers, Madame Mohl, Lady Bulwer, Whately the logician, Prince Metternich, Garibaldi, W. S. Landor, Miss Mitford, Chateaubriand, Grattan—and this list, written as the names occur to us, is quite incomplete. Of such men and women it was truly worth while to gather what the author calls "the memories which happen to linger in an old man's brain like bits of drift-weed floating round and round in the eddies of a back water."

AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL

We cannot resist the temptation to reproduce here one or two of the archaic features of Winchester College, about which Mr. Trollope has two or three delightful chapters. Ancient statutes requiring that candidates for admission should know "plain chant," the full admission examination was as follows:

"'Well, boy, can you sing?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Let us hear you.' '"All people that on earth do dwell,"' responded the neophyte—duly instructed previously in his part of the proceeding—without attempting in the smallest degree to modify in any way his ordinary speech. 'Very well, boy. That will do,' returned the examiner. The examination was over, and you were a member of William of Wykeham's College."

And here are one or two other odd survivals of ancient customs:

"The interesting event of a vacancy having occurred at New College, whether by death, marriage, or the acceptance of a living, was announced by the arrival of 'speedyman' at Winchester College. 'Speedyman,' in conformity with immemorial usage, used to bring the news on foot from Oxford to Winchester. How well I remember the look of the man, as he used to arrive with all the appearance of having made a breathless journey—a spare, active-looking fellow, in brown cloth breeches and gaiters covered with dust. Of course, letters telling the facts had long outstripped "speedyman." But, with the charming and reverent spirit of conservatism which in those days ruled all things at Winchester, "speedyman" made his journey on foot all the same.

"Of course, one of the first matters in hand when this fateful messenger arrived was to regale him with college beer, and right good beer it was in those days. In connection with this may be mentioned the rather singular fact that, whereas all other supplies from the college buttery to the boys—the bread, the cheese, the butter, the meat—were accurately measured, the beer was given absolutely *ad libitum*. In fact, it was not given out at all, but taken. Thrice a day the way to the cellar was open, a back stair leading from the hall to the superb old vaulted cellar, with its central pillar and arches springing from it in every direction. All around were the hogsheads, and the proper tools for tapping one as soon as another should be out. And to this cellar the boys—or rather the junior boys at each mess—went freely to draw as much as they chose.

"And the beer thus freely supplied was our only beverage, for not only was tea or coffee not furnished, it was not permitted. Some of the prefects (the eighteen first boys in college) would have 'tea-messes,' provided out of their own pocket money, and served by their 'fags.' But if, as would sometimes happen, either of the masters chanced to appear on the scene before the tea things could be got out of the way, he used to smash them all, using his large pass key for the purpose, and saying, 'What are all these things, sir? William of Wykeham knew nothing, I think, of tea!'"

It was at Winchester College, too, that Trollope listened to the reading of the service by three chaplains who used to rival each other in the indecent speed with which they skurried through the prayers. "One," he says, "who had the well-deserved character of being the fastest of the three, we called the diver. For it was his practice, in reading or intoning, to continue with great rapidity as long as his breath would last, and then, while recovering it, to proceed mentally, without interruption, so that we lost sight (or hearing) of him at one point, and when he came to the surface, *i.e.*, became audible again, he was several lines further down the page; and this we called 'diving.' It was proudly believed in college that this was the gentleman of whom the story was first told that he was ready to give any man to 'Pontius Pilate' in the Creed, and arrive at the end before him."

GEORGE ELIOT.

There are no more earnest and appreciative passages in the book than those in which Mr. Trollope records his impressions of the great woman novelist and of Mr. Lewes, with both of whom he was intimate. He sums up his opinion thus:

"Never have I met with so impressionable and so delicately sensitive a mind as that of George Eliot. I use sensitive in the sense in which a photographer uses the word in speaking of his plates. Everything that passed within the ken of that wonderful organism, whether a thing or a combination of things seen, or an incident, or a trait revealing or suggesting character, was instantly reproduced, fixed, registered by it, the operating light being the wonderful native force of her intellect. And the photographs so reproduced were by no means evanescent. If ever the admirably epigrammatic phrase, 'wax to receive and marble to retain,' was applicable to any human mind, it was so to that of George Eliot. And not only were the enormous accumulations of stored-up impressions safe beyond reach of oblivion or confusion, but they were all and always miraculously ready for co-ordination with those newly coming in at each passing moment. What was truly in my opinion matchless was the power of her intelligence; the precision, the promptitude, the rapidity (though her manner was by no means rapid), the largeness of the field of knowledge, the compressed outcome of which she was at any moment ready to bring to bear on the topic in hand; the sureness and lucidity of her induction; the clearness of vision to which muddle was as impossible and abhorrent as a vacuum is supposed to be to nature; and all this lighted up and gilded by an infinite sense of capacity for humor—this was what rendered her to me a marvel, and an object of inexhaustible study and admiration."

And of her personal appearance he writes:

"Her head was finely formed, with a noble and well-balanced arch from brow to crown. The lips and mouth possessed a power of infinitely varied expression. George Lewes once said to me when I made some observation to the effect that she had a sweet face (I meant to say that the face expressed great sweetness): 'You might say what a sweet hundred faces! I look at her sometimes in amazement. Her countenance is constantly changing.' The said lips and mouth were distinctly sensuous in form and fullness.

"She has been compared to the portraits of Savonarola (who was frightful) and of Dante (who, though stern and bitter-looking, was handsome). Something there was of both faces in George Eliot's physiognomy. Lewes told us, in her presence, of the exclamation uttered suddenly by some one to whom she was pointed out at a place of public entertainment—I believe it was at a Monday Popular Concert in St. James's Hall. 'That,' said a bystander, 'is George Eliot.' The gentleman to whom she was thus indicated gave one swift, searching look and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, 'Dante's aunt!' Lewes thought this happy, and he recognized the kind of likeness that was meant to the great singer of the Divine Comedy. She herself playfully disclaimed any resemblance to Savonarola. But, although such resemblance was very distant—Savonarola's peculiarly unbalanced countenance being a strong caricature of hers—some likeness there was."

A VISIT TO WORDSWORTH

A visit paid to Wordsworth is described without much enthusiasm. Wordsworth read to him one of his poems with exquisite expression, but his conversation was in what Trollope rather unkindly calls a "maundering way."

"I do not think that he was popular with his neighbors generally. There were stories current, at Lowther among other places, which imputed to him a tendency to outstay his welcome when invited to visit in a house. I suspect there was a little bit of a feud between him and my brother-in-law, Mr. Tilley, who was the post-office surveyor of the district. Wordsworth, as receiver of taxes, or issuer of licenses, or whatever it was, would have increased the profits of his place if the mail coach had paid its dues, whether for taxes or license, at his end of the journey instead of at Kendal, as had been the practice. But, of course, any such change would have been as much to the detriment of the man at Kendal as to Wordsworth's advantage. And my brother in-law, thinking such a change unjust, would not permit it.

"I cannot say that, on the whole, the impression made on me by the poet on that occasion (always with the notable exception of his recital of his own poetry) was a pleasant one. There was something in the manner in which he almost perfunctorily, as it seemed, uttered his long monologue, that suggested the idea of the performance of a part got up to order and repeated without much modification as often as lion-hunters, duly authorized for the sport in those localities, might call upon him for it. I dare say the case is analogous to that of the hero and the valet, but such was my impression."

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Mr. Trollope visited this country in 1828, and, unlike his mother, formed a good opinion of Americans from the start. "I liked them at first among the backwoods sixty years ago," he says, "and I like them as I have since known them better." "New York looked then like 'an overgrown colossal village.'" Of his mother's book Mr. Trollope truly says: "Unquestionably, the book was a very clever one, and written with infinite *verve* and brightness. But, save for the fact that censure and satire are always more amusing than the reverse, an equally clever and equally truthful book might have been written in a diametrically opposite spirit." So great was the irritation caused among Americans by this book that Colley Grattan wrote to Trollope questioning the reception he might meet on this side of the Atlantic. "I think," he wrote, "that to come over under a false name would be *infra dig*. But really I fear that if you come over under your own you may be in for a *dig!*"

RANDOM READINGS.

One of those things which "one would rather have left unsaid" was the remark made, Mr. Trollope tells us, by an American lady to whom King Louis Philippe was talking of his American recollections and acquaintances. She said "Oh, sire, they all retain the most lively recollections of your Majesty's sojourn among them, *and wish nothing more than that you should return among them again!*"——A very elegant lady having overheard Mr. Trollope's wife mention the fact that one of his books had been put in the Index Expurgatorius, asked her, with the intention of being extremely polite and complimentary, whether her books had been put in the "Index." And when the latter modestly replied that she had not written anything that could merit such a distinction, her interlocutor, patting her on the shoulder with a kindly and patronizing air, said, "Oh, my dear, I am sure they will be placed there. They certainly ought to be."——Edward Hobhouse and his wife, though very good friends, "did not entirely pull together," and it is told of him that replying to a man who asked him, "How is your wife?" he answered, with a humorous semblance of indignation, "Well, if you come to that, how is yours?"——Garibaldi, in Mr. Trollope's estimate, had no judgment of character, was as innocent as a baby of any large views of social life, and was by no means strong intellectually. On one occasion the following dialogue took place between Garibaldi and Mr. Trollope: "As for the priests," said he, "they ought all to be put to death, without exception and without delay." "Rather a strong measure," I ventured to say. "Not a bit too strong; not a bit," he rejoined, warmly. "Do we not put assassins to death? And is not the man who murders your soul worse than the man who only kills your body?"——Dickens first met Trollope in Florence. The latter thus describes his personal appearance: "No! *that* is not the man who wrote 'Pickwick'! What we saw was a dandified, pretty-boy-looking sort of figure; singularly young looking, I thought, with a slight flavor of the whipper-snapper genus of humanity." "But," he adds, "of the general charm of his manner I despair of giving any idea to those who have not seen or known him. This was a charm by no means dependent on his genius. He might have been the great writer he was and yet not have warmed the social atmosphere wherever he appeared with that summer glow which seemed to attend him. His laugh was brimful of enjoyment. There was a peculiar humorous protest in it when recounting or hearing anything specially absurd, as who should say, "'Pon my soul, this is *too* ridiculous! This passes all bounds!"——Of Walter Savage Landor there are several characteristic anecdotes, one being that, having finished dinner, and thinking that the servant did not remove the things as promptly as she ought to have done, he took the four corners of the table-cloth, and, thus enveloping everything that was on the table, threw the whole out of the window.

The Problem of Evil. An Introduction to the Practical Sciences. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.) A book which lacks both preface and index is an anomaly not altogether satisfactory to the reader who would be glad to have the opinion of the writer on certain points, and yet who cannot spare the time to study each consecutive chapter until he arrives at the desired information. The arrangement of the volume which lies upon our table necessitates the most careful perusal if one would tabulate its contents. The chapters are long, divisions few, pages unbroken into paragraphs with analyses appended, as should be the case with al works of philosophical character, and the general plan is of slight assistance to the reader in his effort to master the argument. But Mr. Thompson's thought does not partake of the deficiencies of his publisher, for, whatever may be said of his views, they are clearly and exhaustively set forth. The favor with which his "System of Psychology" was received—as witnessed by the praises of the leading Reviews—will doubtless be extended to this more recent product of his brain, since we have here a concrete subject to which the general principles of mental science may be applied. It would be exceedingly difficult, within the space at our disposal, to present even an abstract of the thought of the "Problem of Evil"—that already well-threshed but dismally unenlightened theme. It would be equally difficult to indicate in a paragraph or two the positions of the author as contrasted with those commonly or generally held in theological circles. He belongs to the school in which Mill and Herbert Spencer have been such eminent teachers, and, while discrediting the supernatural hypotheses of revealed religion, his tone, with rare excep-

[1] *What I Remember*. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

tions, is conciliatory and appreciative toward the best and purest elements of Christianity. While wedded to Science as the bright herald of nobler things for the race, the author recognizes the mission of Religion as well, and on the last page of his book most happily observes: "Science and Religion have before them alike to investigate and follow . . . *the best methods of curing the soul.*" Probably the chapters most likely to offend orthodox readers will be found in Part Third, under the head of "The Great Theological Superstition," where the doctrine of sin, as regards its truth and morality, is vigorously assailed. We confess non-agreement at this point, and, in our opinion, Mr. Thompson fails to recognize certain difficulties that are inherent in his own system, while he is confident of the untenableness of the Christian doctrine of sin, and the related theological fact of the freedom of the will. But certainly the argument of scientific philosophical skepticism on this question was never put more strongly, and, in the main, more fairly. The remaining portions of the work are devoted to a consideration of what is termed the Institutional Fetich, referring to the Family, the State, and the Church, the socialistic fallacy and the root of moral evil. These chapters may be wisely and profitably read in connection with Dr. Elisha Mulford's wholesomely corrective thought. One merit of Mr. Thompson's work is found in its comparative freedom from metaphysical "jargon." One may study it without wrecking the understanding and then floating on the nondescript raft of linguistic shreds and patches. In general, we are of the opinion that the "Problem of Evil" will stimulate healthful thoughtfulness on the great questions involved, and, while we do not indorse many of the author's negations, some of his affirmations do not seem to us incompatible with reason, common sense, and true religion.

The Beginnings of Civilization. By Charles Woodward Hutson. (New York: John B. Alden.) To-day the secrets of prehistoric humanity lie beneath the surfaces of language and archæology. We gaze into the depths and see the objects lying along the bottom, but we do not all see alike. Perhaps we are yet not acquainted with the media through which we look. Whether we are contented or not to take as final the present conclusions of any one of the various schools of archæologists, it remains that the facts or data are intensely interesting. Touching the origin of man, it is probable that we shall never be able to determine from the Bible or from ethnology whether all men sprang from one pair or from many; and salvation does not depend upon a decision. Whether, with the Duke of Argyll, we believe humanity to have retrogressed as a result of the Fall; whether, with the Jews of the Talmud and Book of Zohar, we suppose that man was created first as a beast, and after ages received the spirit by the breath of God; or whether we hold man to be the result of natural selection and survival of the fittest acting as forces upon some protoplasmic blobs of jelly, we shall never get beyond conjecture. These questions Professor Hutson has ignored as vain and profitless. In his little volume of some two hundred pages he has succeeded in condensing and including more learning, philosophic thought, and curious and significant data than it has been our fortune to behold these many days. His object is to take up the prehistoric ages of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Hittites, Phenicians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Teutons, Etruscans, Hellenes, Kelts, Hindus, Chinese, Slavs, etc.; and, broad as seems the field, he has not contented himself with easy and vague generalizations, but, by a concise and compact style, has been able to introduce a great number of data. Small as this book is, we can hardly trust ourselves to express our sense of its value, lest we seem to exaggerate. For our own part we could wish it were supplied with one or two maps, some racial stemmata, and a general tabulated analysis of the argument. Then, as a handbook of present-day archæology, it would be complete and without a peer.

Review of "Atonement and Law." By S. G. Burney, D.D., LL.D., Professor Systematic Theology, Cumberland University. (Nashville, Tenn.: Cumberland Publishing House.) This book was written at the request of members of the theological class of Cumberland University, and is a reply to the work published under the above title by the Rev. J. M. Armour, in which the substitutionary and penal theories of the Atonement appear to have been argued with great positiveness. In his preface the author throws down the gage of battle to his opponent in the following words: "After patient investigation I am compelled to believe this whole theory an impossible conceit, unauthorized by the Bible, incompatible with the fundamental principles of moral government, and indefensible before the bar of reason." This thesis is vigorously sustained through eighteen chapters of debate, and while we cannot say that Dr. Burney has demolished the argument advanced by Mr. Armour, since we cannot judge of its strength by isolated quotations, it remains true that Dr. Burney holds the vantage ground offered by a rational but evangelical theology as opposed to mediæval perversions of doctrine. Unless warped by Judaic Christianity, no intelligent Christian will be likely to accept, unmodified, the old penal view of the Atonement in its old high and dry sense. Nature, reason, Scripture, are the stars that fight in their courses with the author of this refutation. He shows up the difficulties and moral perplexities of the position traversed with uncommon skill and penetration, but in a style somewhat hurried and unfinished. This work may prove a great deliverance to many who, like the students petitioning for its publication, are troubled by the insistence of the older theory of the Atonement, and are at once very doubtful of its truthfulness and unwilling to surrender the spiritual truth for which it stands.

Weather. A Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day. By the Hon. Ralph Abercromby. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. International Scientific Series.) This book will be useful to the general reader in two ways. In the first place, it will enable him to understand the real drift and value of those reports from the United States Signal Office which every one sees in the daily papers, and those weather maps which are exposed to public inspection; besides this, it will help the non specialist to prognosticate the weather with reasonable success. The author proudly passes by all theoretical or *a priori* systems of weather reading, and bases his system upon the safe inductive method. In this way of procedure the forecasts of weather, though not infallible, are yearly mounting up in percentage of the successful. Clouds and cloud prognostics are, after the introduction, the first subject to find treatment. Here some old maxims are exploded and some shown to be true. Then comes the explanation of isobars, or lines of equal barometric pressure, and their significance. This portion is lucid, useful, and interesting. Next winds, tornadoes, and cyclones are discussed, and from this subject follows naturally a consideration of the fluctuations of the weather, their connection with sun-spots, rainfalls, and winds. Finally, the author shows what a solitary observer, with barometer and eye observations, can accomplish in the way of foretelling the weather, and also what a meteorologist can compass in the same direction by the aid of all the appliances of his laboratory or office.

Every-Day Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) At this late day no one needs to be informed of the excellency of Canon Farrar's writings. His brilliancy of style, his fecundity of quotation and illustration, and his precision of aim are everywhere the subject of remark. In this volume the sermons are of a somewhat simple character, not ambitious of originality and not profound in thought. In fact, while we extremely admire Dr. Farrar, we have always thought of him as a writer rather than as a thinker. He is a born rhetorician, a natural maker of phrases. No one, indeed, since the mediæval preachers has excelled him in the use of Scripture texts. His memory is prodigious, and his ingenuity wonderful. The somber cast of these homilies of warning, reproach, and rebuke, while not going so far as to render them jeremiads, make them quite suitable reading for the penitential season now drawing near, and their austerity is saved from being depressing by the introduction here and there of charming little stories and anecdotes.

The Divine Man, from the Nativity to the Temptation. By George Dana Boardman. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) Dr. Boardman's books are too well known and widely read to call for any extended notice of their character and merits. It is enough to say that this volume is quite equal to the standard which the amiable and accomplished author has fixed by his previous writings. The volume contains twenty-one sermons of varying length and of various literary form, all marked by both piety and culture. We should say that they were well adapted for home reading. The print, paper, and binding are in excellent taste.

THE MAGAZINES.

The illustrations in the February *Harper's* are rather notable, particularly those accompanying the paper by Philippe Burty on "Felix Buhot, Painter and Etcher." "Quebec," by C. H. Farnham, also furnishes a picturesque topic for illustration. From the literary view-point the strongest feature of the number is the short story—character study would perhaps be a more accurate description—by Henry James, which is as finished in form and subtle in analysis of motive as his best work. "Socialism in London," cleverly illustrated, gives some striking pen-photographs of London street discussions and reformers. Senator Edmunds argues earnestly and with all the skill of a special pleader in answer to Mr. Watterson's free-trade article of last month, and in favor of a tariff "not for revenue only, but also for protection and development." The Easy Chair and Editor's Study are both most delightful reading this month.

The editors of *Scribner's Magazine* have been fortunate enough to obtain another biographical find of remarkable value. For nearly half a century a collection of letters which passed between Mendelssohn, the great composer, and Moscheles, his friend, and himself a musician of no mean rank, have been in the possession of the latter's son. They have now been edited by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, and the first of two articles containing many exceedingly interesting extracts is given in the February number. It is illustrated with several portraits. The second paper by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blashfield on "The Man at Arms," splendidly illustrated, is even more readable than the first. Of several other agreeable papers the most delightful is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Lantern-Bearers," in which some pleasant boyhood reminiscences are adroitly and poetically interwoven with a felicitous and thought-provoking talk about realism. Among other things Mr. Stevenson says: "This harping on life's dullness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompleteness; it is one of two things—the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

From Ticknor & Co., Boston, we receive *Looking Backward: 2000-1887*, by Edward Bellamy, a glance at our present social and moral condition as it will appear to the next generation. The same publishers have just ready *Under the Southern Cross*, a book of travel in Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, by M. M. Ballou.——John Wiley & Sons, of New York, send us *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, by Francesca Alexander, edited by Ruskin. It contains reminiscences and sketches from Miss Alexander's acquaintance with the Tuscan peasantry. The volume is beautifully printed.——W. S. Gottsberger, of New York, has just issued a translation by Clara Bell from the Spanish of Perez Galdos's *Leon Roch*, a romance in two volumes; they also issue a new translation of the immortal *Paul and Virginia*, by the same translator.——*Roy's Repentance*, by Adeline Sergeant, is the latest addition to the Leisure Hour Series published by Henry Holt & Co., of this city.——D. Lothrop & Co. have put into book form under the title *The Hereafter* twenty-three answers by Boston clergymen to the question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter?" propounded by the Boston "Herald" last Christmas——C. W. Bardeen, of Syracuse, N. Y., publishes *A Quiz Book on the Theory and Practice of Teaching*, by A. P. Southwick. It contains 550 questions such as teachers are asked on examination for positions——From Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, comes *The Evolution of Immortality*, by C. T. Stockwell.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Von Nordenskiold's "Greenland" is announced by Macmillan.

—Roberts Brothers will bring out this month or next the English translation of Renan's "History of Israel."

—"C. H. W.," the author of "Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories," is Mr. W. H. Chaplin, a well-known young lawyer of Boston.

—M. Grévy is said to be busy upon his "Memoirs of a President," for which he collected data from day to day throughout his entire term of office.

—The authorship of "The New Antigone," a novel which has attracted a good deal of attention, is attributed to the Rev. Dr. Barry, a Catholic priest stationed at Dorchester, in Oxfordshire.

—The private correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, edited, with a memoir and notes, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, is soon to be published in London by John Murray. It will appear then for the first time.

—The April number of "Outing" will be the first issued under the management of J. H. Worman, of Saratoga, the gentleman into whose hands this interesting and enterprising periodical recently passed.

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish shortly "Uncle Sam at Home," in which an Englishman, who has taken up his residence here, gives his views of the United States, socially, politically, and financially.

—A hundred "privately printed" copies of "A Few Poems of Many Years," by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother and biographer of the famous poet, were distributed among the author's friends on Christmas.

—A series of illustrated histories of the States, written in popular style, has been undertaken by D. Lothrop & Co. Among the writers who are said to have been engaged for the different volumes are Sarah Orne Jewett, E. S. Brooks, and Maurice Thompson.

—It is a good sign that such a publishing house as the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society of Boston should offer prizes so unusual as $700 and $300 for the two best MSS. for Sunday-school books. It means to get something worth having. Writers can learn the terms by addressing the Society.

—A monument to Edmond About was recently unveiled in Père la Chaise Cemetery, Paris. It represents the writer seated, and wearing the loose coat which he usually wore indoors. In a short address delivered in behalf of the French Academy by M. Renan, About was described as a true descendant of Voltaire.

—The total of new books published in Great Britain last year was 4,410, and of new editions 1,276, or an excess for both of nearly 500 over the previous year. These figures are the "Publishers' Circular's." Theology shows an increase of sixty or seventy, and there are more than 100 educational works over the product of 1886. In juvenile works the increase is less marked. Novels keep up their average of more than two per diem, Sundays included.

—Autographs of Thackeray, says the "Collector," were common and cheap enough two years ago, but now they "are way up out of sight." In England Carlyle's letters are priced at $15 to $20 each, which are about twice the figures asked for them here. The "Collector" also says that the majority of American collectors live in the East and West, with Boston and Cincinnati as the centers. The New Yorker is the poorest buyer of autographs in the country.

—In talking with a "Times" reporter about the forthcoming life of Henry Ward Beecher, now being prepared by Colonel William C. Beecher and the Rev. Samuel Scoville, the former said that his father had prepared a brief outline of his life and had started the first chapter. "This we shall use," he said, "in the book now preparing, together with some reminiscences dictated to me by my father in 1886. We have the manuscript of the first sermon he ever wrote, and data bearing on that and his ordination. We found four large cases filled with his earlier sermons in manuscript, and a diary which he kept when fifteen years old, and in which he jotted down his religious experiences and views on theological subjects. Nearly all of my father's most important letters were copied by my mother before they were sent out, and by that fortunate circumstance we have received wonderful assistance in our work. The copy is in the hands of the publishers and we are now getting the final proofs. The book will probably be ready for publication next month. It will be sold on subscription."

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS VOLAPÜK HARSH-SOUNDING?

To the Editor of The Christian Union:

DEAR SIR,—I was a litl surprised to read the assertion in a recent number of the C. U. that "as a speaking language, Volapük is admittedly harsh, uncouth, and unrhythmical." I don't know who admitted this, or what ground he had for the admission. At the risk of seeming egotism I will narrate what occurd at a lecture the other evening.

David Dudley Field, the chairman, raised the point that Volapük ought to be eufonious, and as a test of its quality he asked me to write on the blackboard a Volapük translation of the opening lines of the Gerusalemme Liberata, which he recited with fine effect:

"Canto l' arme pietose e 'l capitano
Che 'l gran sepolcro libero di Cristo."

The result of my endevor to reproduce this was the following:

"Kanitob vafis reladik e katani
kel alibom sepi gletik Kristusa."

Now, I ask the impartial editor and the disinterested reader to giv the Italian sounds to the vowels (the ä as the *e chiuso*), accenting the final syllable, and then say whether there is any harshness or roughness here. And this was a most severe test. A passage of poetry written in a language which stands pre eminent among natural languages as a vehicle for music, a passage selected for its melody, from the words of the second poet of his race, is pitted against an exact translation made off-hand by a plain and prosaic business man. What other language would hav stood the test as well? The Italian has 24 vowels to 32 consonants; the Volapük has 23 vowels to 30 consonants, being a slightly greater proportion of vowels. There ar 5 places in the Volapük where more than one consonant come together; in the Italian there ar seven such places. Three consonants come together once in the Volapük, twice in the Italian.

The fact is that eufony is largely a matter of association. The sight of k's in print impresses us with the idea that there is something barbarous or uncultivated, probably because the Billings school of literature is fond of that letter. Would not Tasso look barbarous in this guise, where the sound is unchanged?

"Kanto l' arme pietose e 'l kapitano
Ke 'l gran sepolkro libero di Kristo."

The effect of prejudice is also shown by a recent German critic who complains of this Volapük expression, "Ko benovips ladlikün pö ü nulayel," and compares it with—what do you think?—"Mit besten Wünschen zum Jahreswechsel"!

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE.

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

I am somewhat sorry to read in your good paper of the 12th, on first page, the sentiment discouraging to a demand for National aid to education. If that sentiment applies to subsidies for the several State systems, it may be well enough; but it does not indicate the necessity for any National aid in behalf of the freedmen either through Government schools or contract support for pupils in Christian schools (co-operative schools).

I conclude, however, that General Armstrong did not mean to be understood as implying that National aid is *not* needed in some form for the blacks in the South, as he has strongly advocated the co-öperation of the Government in the establishment of such schools as Hampton. While I am not prepared to judge of the Blair bill as the best measure to be adopted, the danger seems to be that too much confidence is placed in the growing prosperity of the South and the interest of its people in education to meet the present and increasing demand for schools.

The wonderful development of Southern industries is similar to that of the great Northwest—in its infancy; but, unlike the Northwest, the South has an enormous illiteracy: several millions of whites and blacks who cannot wait for this rising tide of material prosperity to float them upward and onward from this dark sea of ignorance and misery to the safe haven of knowledge and virtue. The Rev. Dr. Craig, of the Presbyterian Church, South, says: "The South has at its doors, in its houses, offices, stores, and on its farms, about eight million people, *three fourths* of whom are but little removed from savagery, so far as any knowledge of religious truth is concerned; men and women who, converted, educated, and civilized, should be prepared not only to labor efficiently among their own people here, but to go to Africa, to aid in redeeming that continent for civilization and for Christ." Now, we know that "passing round the hat," North and South, can never supply the funds needed for this educational work. The evangelistic work is necessarily accomplished by this method of Christian and philanthropic contributions. I might omit the word philanthropic, as where do we find philanthropy outside of essential Christianity? Many parts of the South are doing nobly for education, taxing themselves heavily to sustain schools, but with all their efforts they cannot meet the demand; and it is to be borne in mind that population and illiteracy do not halt in their pace that education and civilization may overtake them.

President Eaton, late Commissioner of Education for the United States, in his address at the late Conference in Washington, deprecated the peril of leaving the South to bear the heavy burden of taxation for schools unaided by National funds.

As an example of the inadequacy of the truly heroic efforts of the South to meet the demand upon it, a correspondent of the New York "Times" not long since, in a glowing description of the spirit of progress in Tennessee—a "banner" State of the South—laid particular stress upon the advance in education; yet his statistics, while flattering to progress, left one-half the school population unprovided for. And this in the six most important and prosperous cities of Tennessee! Then what can the situation be in the rural and mountain districts? It is unfortunate that Northern members of Congress are not more enlightened in regard to the subject of illiteracy and its perils; and that Senator Reagan, of Texas, and some of his colleagues, should allow sectional pride, true unenlightened pride, to blind them to the real interests of their section of the country. It does seem that this subject ought to be more discussed and agitated through the press, both secular and religious, until public opinion, North and South, shall obtain a hearing and a responsive aid in some form. Instead of subsidies to the States, there might be a very large extension of such schools as Hampton and Carlisle in the States and sections where this illiteracy is massed, if Congress can be induced to make sufficient appropriations to carry it out. An occasional utterance on this subject does not seem sufficient to create a sentiment powerful enough to force legislation.

I would like to hear again from General Armstrong on the subject.

MRS O. M. FORD.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editors of the Christian Union:

While thanking you for your appreciative notice of my edition of Mr. Beecher's "Patriotic Addresses," I beg that you will allow me to correct what seems to me an oversight on your part, of importance to those of your readers who might desire the book.

Speaking of the two "Cleveland Letters," you say: "We regret that, for the sake of many readers who have come since 1866 into the knowledge of public affairs, the editor had not preceded these famous letters with a little fuller description than Mr. Beecher's postscript affords of the state of the country and the political controversy excited by the course of President Johnson." If you will turn to Chapter V. of the introductory "Review of Mr. Beecher's Influence in Public Affairs," you will find that no less than sixteen pages are devoted to that precise thing; namely, from pages 100 to 115. This chapter is entitled "Political Career," and was originally intended to be the only introduction, written to obviate the necessity of burdening the pages of Mr. Beecher's own addresses with foot-notes or editorial comments. It includes fifty-six pages of the whole review, and was really the most considerable portion of the editorial work, attempting to give in condensed form not only a clear general view of Mr. Beecher's political life, but also a specific explanation of the circumstances out of which grew every one of the thirty-five "Patriotic Addresses" included in the volume.

The rest of the Review—that which led you to characterize it all as a "collection of suggestive reminiscences"—was an afterthought, and arose naturally out of the desire to show the man's unselfish character and the essential consistency of his whole career.

The main value of the Review, then, is as a *catalogue raisonée* of the "Addresses," all other things having been subordinated to that.

Yours truly, J. R. HOWARD.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The Calcutta "National Guardian" says: "The war between England and America is inevitable."

Dr. Duff's reply to those who criticised his methods in India was that he would stand on the street and beat two old wooden shoes together, if so be he might win the ears of the people.

The church has a prayer for immunity from sudden death. A lot of problems in sociology would be solved if a prayer were also made for preservation against the desire for sudden riches.—[San Francisco Alta.

A church in a country town had been erected, and a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed. Thereupon he rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."—[Toronto Mail.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt, being asked one day what he considered to be the secret of success in business, replied, "Secret? There is no secret about it. All you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."—[Dry Goods Chronicle.

Probably one of the oldest meeting-houses in the world is the Bangund Church in Norway, the age of which is eight hundred years. The pagoda-like structure is covered with shingles and an inch or two of tar. Runic inscriptions, interesting to scholars, are on the building.

An extraordinary feature of the recent storm on the Northern Pacific coast was the breaking of the glass in Atllamock lighthouse, at the mouth of the Columbia River. The lighthouse tower is 190 feet above the sea level, yet huge waves, rolled up by a southeaster, swept over the top of the lighthouse and extinguished the light.

There is a log of yellow color standing just outside of Ch'i Hua Gate of Peking, where it has been since the fall of the Ming dynasty, commanding the respect of all classes of people. It is in perfect condition. The insects have not made any raid upon it, as they do on other logs. The people believe that the log must be the residence of some god, so they annually worship it.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enters conductor, asks fare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; stop the car, please.—[Philadelphia Record.

Justice Lamar is a very absent-minded man. A few days ago he boarded a "bob-tail" street car in Washington in company with his friend, Senator Cockrell, of Mississippi. The ex-Secretary walked dreamily up to the box and dropped a quarter through the slit. "Why, Lamar!" exclaimed the Senator, "what are you doing? You put a quarter in the box." "Why, so I did," replied Mr. Lamar, "and I knew the fare was only five cents." And thereupon he slipped a nickel into the box, thus paying thirty cents for his ride.

One of our religious exchanges boasts of a certain church possessing a lady who saves the congregation where she worships $10 000 a year. A woman of wealth and of high social culture and position, she makes it her rule and the fashion to dress for church in so plain and inexpensive a manner as to throw the whole social influence of the congregation against extravagance in dress. If she can overthrow the *cultus* of dress in our modern churches and replace it with the worship of God, she has a mission greater than that of Kimball or of Moody and Sankey.—[Hartford Religious Herald.

The confusion in the question whether the year 1900 is a part of the nineteenth or of the twentieth century arises probably from the comparison of the age of a man with the years of the century. We do not call a child one year old till he has lived a year, and we call him ten, for instance, all through his eleventh year. But the year one began with the day No. 1, and we call it the year 1 up to and including the three hundred and sixty-fifth day. So the years from 1 to 100 comprise the first century, and the second century begins with the year 101 and ends with 200, and the nineteenth century began with the first day of the year 1801 and ends with the last day of the year 1900.

The Boston "Journal of Education" gives these as excerpts from the examination papers and essays of "original thinkers" in grammar and high school grades: "Jaundice, a scandal." "Mosquito, a child of white and black parents." "Herodotus was a descendant of Herod the Great, and he was King of the Jews." "The Aryans spoke the French language." "Virgil was a great American author." "Diogenes was a great philosopher and a successor to Alexander the Great." "Longfellow wrote 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.'" "Hawthorne wrote 'Moses from an Old Manse.'" "Plato was the father of Language, and his language was so perfect that it is said that if Jupiter were to speak he would speak Plato."

The month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the beginning of the Christian era, nor since the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computations of astronomers, for—how long do you think?—two and a half millions of years! Was not that truly a wonderful month?—[Golden Days.

HOW TO LAUNCH A SON IN NEW YORK.

A son frequently enters his father's shop, though I find that there is a certain prejudice in this city about taking in sons. A business man said to me recently:

"Don't put your son among his relatives or connections! Don't educate him too finely! Teach him to go to business moderately early in life, and the rudiments of education are enough for him. The rest he will pick up in the way of friction and experience."

My countenance expressing some dissent from these views, my friend, who was a self-made man and a well-balanced one, insisted:

"You cannot fight against your day and generation and become something which is not here in the condition of things. You must not expect to raise figs on thistles any more than in the day of Scripture. The common-sense genius of our people is, on the whole, adapted to the country they live in, and no avocation obtains as much honor, credit, and comfort here as commerce or affairs. The highest of lawyers, artists, newspapers, etc., are all parasites to a certain extent upon this great movement, of which merchandise is the center and channel. From what I can read," said my friend, cogently, "there has not been much difference in this respect since the Middle Ages. Those old republics which controlled the world, like Venice and Florence, had no important task but bringing goods from one part of the world and forwarding them to another. They manufactured the staples they received in their cities, and thus gave them a turn as they went along."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

JUST PUBLISHED.

Two New Works by Coant Tolstoi,

"The Greatest Living Russian Writer."

THE LONG EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

12mo, $1.25.

In these "stories for children" the genius and personality of Count Tolstoi are displayed in a new and surprising light. These school scenes, and particularly the fables and stories which have had unexampled popularity in Russia, give very vivid pictures of varied life, and will delight many young readers in America.

Parents and teachers as well as young people will be charmed by their quaintness and simplicity of style, their dramatic strength, and their delicate touches of humor, as well as by the unobtrusive lessons which they enforce. It is a notable addition to juvenile literature.

NAPOLEON AND THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

With new portrait of the author. 12mo, $1.

What is war? What are the conditions that bring it about? How is its progress affected?

These questions are asked and answered in a brilliant and original way by Count Tolstoi in this noteworthy volume, the text of which is based upon an extraordinary study of Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. He argues that the part played by "great men and genius" has been vastly overestimated; that they are simply the manifestations of some popular movement, and that even the greatest of commanders is but the choice of circumstance, the sword in the hand of fate. The Count gives a scathing arraignment of Napoleon, and closes his argument with an eloquent assertion of the vanity of human wisdom when set up against the decrees of an inscrutable Providence.

(In press, ready early in February.)

MAXIMINA.

By DON ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES, author of "The Marquis of Peñalta." 12mo, $1.50.

INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS.

By REV. WILLIAM CUSHING. Second Series. 8vo, cloth, $3. Half morocco, $6.

Recent Publications:

A RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR,	$1 50
THE VAGRANT,	1.25
WHAT TO DO,	1 25
THE INVADERS,	1.25
LES MISERABLES, 5 vols.,	7.50
TENNYSON'S WORKS, "Handy Vol." 8 vols.,	6.00
BURNHAM BREAKER,	1.50
THE GIANT DWARF,	1.25
BOYHOOD OF LIVING AUTHORS,	1.00
FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS,	1.50
GIRL'S BOOK OF FAMOUS QUEENS,	1.50
WHO SAVED THE SHIP?	1 25
FAIRY LEGENDS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES,	1.25

For sale by all booksellers.

ThomasY. Crowell & Co.,

13 Astor Place, New York.

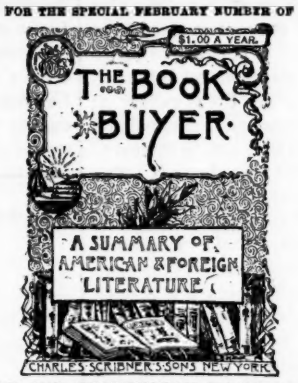
COLOR SCHEMES FOR CHURCH DECORATIONS.

Address

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

SEND 10 CENTS

FOR THE SPECIAL FEBRUARY NUMBER OF



FULLY AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

With new Portrait of W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

The contents of this number are varied and bright, and make up a literary paper that will commend itself wherever read or seen.

Among the features presented are:

SKETCH OF MR. GIBSON'S WORK. By Horace E. Scudder;

SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURE. By Mr. Gibson.

LITERARY LETTERS FROM LONDON AND BOSTON;

A UNIQUE ARTICLE ON JAPANESE BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS. By Heromich Shugio;

BRIGHT GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS AND LITERARY TOPICS;

ILLUSTRATED REVIEWS OF THE BEST BOOKS.

Making a valuable literary guide and time-saver for all readers of books. "It is always bright, chatty, and readable," says the Brooklyn "Times." Every number is specially illustrated

SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

New Volume Begins with this Number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

743-745 Broadway, New York.

FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!

AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

So thoroughly convinced are we that we have a remarkable book, which only needs to be known, to become instantly popular, and in order to introduce it at once, we will **UNTIL MARCH 1st ONLY** supply **not more than five copies** to any one person at just half price, viz: **15c per copy** (postage 5c per copy extra).

THE NEW BOOK OF GOSPEL HYMNS.

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

Edited by D. B. TOWNER.

Containing in addition to those hymns sung by Mr. Towner in Gospel Meetings, Conventions, etc., **CONDUCTED BY MR. D. L. MOODY AND OTHERS,** a few of the older favorites gathered from all sources, together with a large number of new compositions, all gems; many of them already *pronounced favorites.* The book is enriched by contributions from **McGranahan, Stebbins, Root, Palmer, Phillips, Sherwin, Bilhorn, Kirkpatrick, Doane, Stockton, Sweney, Knapp, Lorenz, Converse, Ogden, Excell, Fisher, O'Kane, Hasty, Burke, Hudson, Baltzell, Perkins, Hoffman, Fillmore,** and others.

Hymns New and Old is not a hasty compilation, but carefully selected hymns of power and usefulness, having been proved such by the test of their moving power in large gatherings. The large range of authors guarantees the most complete variety. Every phase of Christian experience and work is covered. Just the book for Special Gospel Meetings, Prayer Meetings and the Sunday School.

223 Hymns, board, **$30 per 100** copies. Sample copy to any address for 30 cents. **Word Edition,** paper, **$5 per 100;** board, **$10 per 100.**

Fleming H. Revell, Publisher,

CHICAGO:	NEW YORK:
148-150 Madison St.	148-150 Nassau St.

WHAT CHOIRS NEED.

ANTHEM BOOKS.

Emerson's Anthems of Praise. $1; per doz. $9.
Perkins' Anthem Harp. $1.25; per doz. $12.
American Anthem Book. $1 25; per doz. $12. Order with Ditson's imprint.
Dressler's Sacred Selections. $1.50; per doz. $13.50.
Laus Deo. Henshaw. $1; per doz. $9.
Santoral. Palmer & Trowbridge $1; per doz. $9.
Vox Laudis. Ernst Leslie. $1; per doz. $9.
Dows' Responses and Sentences. 30c.; per doz. $2.20.
Perkins' Easy Anthems. $1; per doz. $9.
and many others. Please send for lists and descriptions.

Singing Societies and Clubs need

Chorus Books, as **Emerson's Chorus Book, $1. Perkins' Glee and Chorus Book. $1. Apograph.** Zerrahn. $1.
Concert Selections. Emerson. $1.
Also the Choruses of the Oratorios. (See lists.)
Cantatas (Classic), as Mendelssohn's Christus, 40 cts.; Rheinberger's Christoforus, $1; Three Holy Children, Stanford, $1; Fair Melusina, Hofmann, 75c.; Wreck of the Hesperus, Anderton, 35 cts.; Battle of the Huns, Zöllner, 30 cts.
Cantatas (Scenic) Joseph's Bondage, Chadwick, $1; Ruth and Naomi, Damrosch, $1; Rebecca, Hodges (easy), 65 cts.; Esther, Bradbury (easy), 50 cts.
Also more than a hundred Masses, containing the best and sweetest of sacred music.

Any Book Mailed for Retail Price.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & Co., 867 Broadway, New York.

The Midwinter Number.

The February CENTURY.

In addition to the two serials—the Russian papers (already prohibited in Russia) and the Lincoln History, which are now attracting such wide attention—the Midwinter CENTURY contains an unusual number of interesting features. The contents include

RANCH LIFE IN THE FAR WEST . . .
Illustrated *Theodore Roosevelt.*
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR . . . .
With portrait and letters.
James Russell Lowell.
THE GRAND STATEGY OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION . . . .
Gen. W. T. Sherman.
AU LARGE . . . . . .
A Novelette, Illustrated. *George W. Cable.*
PICTORIAL ART ON THE STAGE . .
Illustrated.
F. W. and Edwin H. Blashfield.
A RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISON . .
George Kennan.

The Trubetskoi Bastion—The First Night in the Fortress—How Prisoners are Watched—Methods of Intercommunication—An Artificial Hiccough—Cipher-Medicated Bread Pills, etc., etc.

LIVING IN PARIS . . . . . .
Illustrated. *J. D. Osborne.*
THE GOVERNOR'S PREROGATIVE .
A short story. *Octave Thanet.*
PREMIER OR PRESIDENT? . . . .
Illustrated. *Messrs. Nicolay and Hay.*

A specially interesting installment in the Lincoln History, presenting a remarkable document submitted to Mr. Lincoln by Secretary Seward at the close of the first month of his Administration.

ASTROLOGY, DIVINATION, AND COINCIDENCES . . . . . .
J. M. Buckley.
THE GRAYSONS . . . . . .
A Novel, Illustrated. *Edward Eggleston.*
THE EUROPEAN CRAZE FOR DECORATIONS . . . . .
Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg.
THE DUSANTES . . . . . .
A Novelette. *Frank R. Stockton.*
Poems, Editorials, Bric-à-Brac, etc.

For sale everywhere; price 35 cents, $4 00 a year. After January 1st, 1888, new subscribers beginning with January can have November and December free on application, and thus begin the volume, the Russian papers, and the novels. All dealers supply this offer, or remittance may be made to THE CENTURY CO., 33 E 17th St., New York.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE CHURCHES,

Entitled "Parish Problems." Essays by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, J. H. Vincent, and more than a score of eminent writers. Edited by

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Pastors willingly assist agents in the sale of this book, because its circulation is helpful to them and their work.

AGENTS WANTED.

Sold only by subscription. Address THE CENTURY CO. 33 E. 17th St. N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BE STRONG TO HOPE.

By Rev. FRANK S. CHILD.

16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

A book of comfort and good cheer for the weary, burdened, and depressed; a strong and helpful soul, bringing tranquillity to the troubled and quickening the discouraged into the very mood and power of victory.

"God bless this hearty, wholesome, cheery book."—[William Elliott Griffis, D.D.

"I find it better medicine than that which the doctor brought me."—[Prof. Edward North, L.H.D.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.,

740 and 742 Broadway, New York.

CHOICE MUSIC BOOKS.

NEW ORGAN FOLIO A superior Organ book of 128 pages. This is a compilation of beautiful Interludes, Preludes, and Voluntaries, selected and arranged for Church use and for home amusement.

Specimen copy by mail on receipt of $1.

VOCAL CULTURE. By Prof GEORGE JAMES WEBB, one of the most successful teachers of the voice during the past half century. Treatises and exercises of great value to students in vocal music.

A single copy sent by mail on receipt of $2.50

GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 5 WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS.

234 BRIGHT, SPARKLING, USEFUL SONGS FOR DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS.

D. L. MOODY writes from Louisville,

"No. 5 is by all odds the strongest single book we have published."

In Music. Boards. $30 per 100 copies.

Add 5 cts. per copy if ordered by mail.

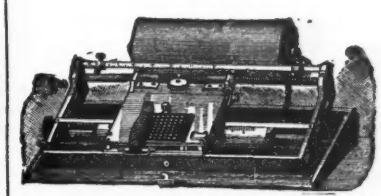
BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 E. Ninth St., New York.

81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

NEW MODEL

HALL TYPEWRITER.

Price $40.



Light, Durable, Complete.

82 Characters, Upper and Lower Case, Figures, &c.

Will do anything done by other Writers, and excel them all in beauty of work and wearing qualities.

Send for full description to the

HALL TYPEWRITER CO.,

SALEM, MASS.

The Earth for 25c.!

People wonder how it is done—

How an Encyclopedia of the Earth, covering the entire four quarters of the globe can be sold for a quarter.

Alden's Handy Atlas of the World; 192 pages; heavy paper; cloth bound; 138 Colored Maps, Diagrams, Tables, etc.

What else do you get? The

Area, Geography, History, Physical Science, Population, Products, Trade, Gen'l Statistics. } OF EVERY { State, Territory, Nation, Country } IN THE **World**

What do you give? 25 Cents. It is worth ten times that to have the information in this form:—illustrated, no folded maps, everything classified, instantly referable, colored, charted, read at a glance. Postage, 4c.

Every man, woman or child who reads a newspaper, or ever asks a question, **needs** the book, and **buys** it on sight.

The Literary Revolution Catalogue (84 pages) sent free on application. ALDEN'S publications are ***NOT*** sold by ***book-sellers***—no discounts except to Stockholders. Books sent for ***examination before payment,*** satisfactory reference being given.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, NEW YORK:

393 Pearl St.; P. O. Box 1227. CHICAGO: Lakeside Building, Clark and Adams Sts.

MUSIC AND ART.

The great musical event in the season for this city is the production at the Metropolitan Opera-House of Wagner's noble Niebelungen trilogy, "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," the three operas being given in their proper order on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of this and of next week. The third of the series, "Götterdämmerung," was given for the first time in this country on Wednesday of last week. The critics seem agreed that the opera is a noble culmination to its two predecessors. The audience was very large and enthusiastic to a degree. Indeed, it is doubtful whether so spontaneous and long continued burst of applause was ever heard in the Opera-House as that which followed the magnificent Funeral March. Of this the "Tribune" says:

"From the structural point of view it is an epitome of all that is salient in the musical investiture of the entire tetralogy, yet in spirit is a veritable apotheosis, a marvelously eloquent proclamation of antique grief and heroic sorrow. Ah, that death march! Where in the literature of music shall we look for its like? Let the cold-blooded analyst dissect it, tell of the phrases out of which it is built, and marvel that Siegfried's simple horn-call could be metamorphosed into so colossal a hymn as that which marks its climax; one may feel its beauty to the full without getting within this technical sway. Such knowledge, indeed, may add keenness to our appreciation, but without it we recognize music which tells of the death of a demi-god and of his deeds. We hear in it none of the wails of modern weaklings, see in it no tears of hopeless mourning. It is a grief mixed with pride in the prowess of the dead. We feel the excitement that fills the hearts of strong men bearing the corpse of a hero, and with theirs our own blood leaps through its veins the faster, as it is stirred by the vehement rhythm of that most thrilling of all orchestral tuttis."

There are signs that the managers of the boy-genius Josef Hofmann are pushing him too fast and too far as a result of the wonderful popularity his surprising performances have gained. Thus Mr Finck, a musical critic of high rank, says in "The Epoch:"

"Josef Hofmann, I believe, was to get $25,000 for his American concerts, but it seems reasonable to suppose that his unprecedented popularity will entitle him to an extra slice of his manager's profits. In any case, it is to be hoped that Herr Casimer Hofmann will feel sufficiently enriched by his son's American tour to give him a well-merited rest for a year or two. He is a delicate child, and is now just of the age when Liszt had a serious illness which nearly cost him his life. It is not merely paternal affection that should urge Herr Hofmann to husband his child's strength, but a sense of duty to the world. So many of the greatest musicians have died young from nervous exhaustion and its consequences, and real geniuses are so rare, that one feels almost as if Mr. E. T. Gerry ought to interfere and take care of a rare boy like Josef. It is time to raise a cry of warning. Last week Josef had to play in Boston one evening and in New York the next afternoon; and during his tour this sort of thing will doubtless be often repeated. When we remember that a strong man like Rubinstein could never be induced to undertake a second American trip, because he dreaded the great fatigue it involved, we can realize what serious danger is in store for Josef Hofmann."

Since this was written the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has petitioned Mayor Hewitt to revoke the license to perform.

And the "Tribune," in an article entitled "Master Hofmann on Exhibition," denounces "the painful feature" of a recent concert when Josef was put forward to "conduct" a "Polonaise Americaine," which, according to the programme, he had "composed and scored for orchestra." It says:

"It is only a short time since it was publicly stated that the lad had studied neither harmony nor composition, yet suddenly he is brought forward as the composer of a piece for full symphonic orchestra—that is to say, all the strings, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two cornets, three trombones, one tuba tympani, triangle, bass drum, and cymbals. In this list the clarinets, horns and cornets are transposing instruments, and must be written differently than they sound; the viola part is written in the alto key. Of the composition we have nothing to say, other than it sounded like music and was creditable enough as coming from a boy. A paternal censorship, looking to the development of a genius, however, would probably have put it away as a curiosity, or issued it anonymously for brass bands. The lad has shown that to compose it would not tax his powers. But what shall we say to the assertion that a lad who has had no time to study had written correctly enough to pass muster for the array of instruments which we have specified? And what of the wisdom of submitting a high-strung, gifted boy of eleven years to the nervous excitement of appearing before an audience, beating time for his work and hearing the frantic plaudits of a multitude who enjoyed the performance as they would an acrobatic feat in the circus? Nothing. There is nothing to be said. . . . It is only left for those who had hoped that the rare gift with which nature has endowed him would be carefully husbanded and permitted in the fullness of time to blossom and bring forth the fruit which it promised, to express their fear that such a consummation has been seriously jeopardized by the course that has been adopted with reference to him."

The Louvre, writes Theodore Child to a London journal, which is of all museums of Europe the one where the pictures are hung in the most unfavorable conditions and the most wretched disorder, is about to be enriched with a new room devoted to portraits of painters and sculptors by themselves, on the model of the collection begun by the Medicis in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. A permanent commission has been appointed to select the names of living artists who will be invited to make a present of their portraits to the Louvre. The first list will include Cabanel and Bouguereau, of course, Bonnat, Jules Breton, Jean Gigoux, Puvis de Chavannes, Ribot, Chapu, Mercie, Rodin, Falguiere, Dalou, and several friends of the members of the commission, for even before the new rooms are opened *camaraderie* and favoritism begin to assert their rights. Among the foreign painters to be invited are Munkacsy and Israels, and of course the President of the London Royal Academy. Sir John Millais and Burne Jones have been proposed, and there is every probability that these two artists will receive their invitations in due course. If any Royal Academician or illustrious outsider feels pricked with ambition, and wishes to have his portrait figure side by side with those of Rembrandt, Lebrun, and Delacroix, let him endeavor to make the acquaintance of M. Charles Yriarte, who is a member of the Louvre commission, and a friend of the English.

A fund is being raised to found a scholarship at the Royal Academy in London bearing the name of its late principal, Sir George A. Macfarren, and a considerable amount is promised. Dr. Villiers Stanford has been appointed successor to Sir George in the chair of music at Cambridge. The appointment was generally expected, and will give satisfaction. The new professor has been for many years organist of Trinity College and conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society. His reputation, however, is far more than local. Not only has he composed many important works for music festivals, but he is one of the few living English musicians whose works are known on the Continent, where two of his operas, "The Veiled Prophet" and "Savonarola," have been produced. The university authorities have done well to confer the professorship on one of the foremost of our representative composers.

The "Evening Post" prints the following in a "special" from Washington: "Mr William Schaus, the New York picture dealer, on behalf of the artists and art patrons of the United States, has transmitted for presentation to Congress an elaborate argument in favor of the remission of the duty on foreign works of art. . . . These arguments, of course, are not new to those who have given attention to this question, but they embody a prevailing misconception among artistic circles that it has been practicable to separate this art question from the general subject of tariff revision, and to pass upon it as a separate measure. Repeated attempts have been made in that direction, but while tariff revision remained a purely political issue it was manifestly impossible to act upon it by piecemeal. Now that the tariff, by the President's action, has been put before Congress as the chief subject for legislation, the occasion is ripe for the relief sought on objects of art. A bill to effect this purpose has been introduced in three preceding Congresses by Mr. Belmont, of New York. In a somewhat different shape it has been reintroduced by him this session, and has received the approval in advance of Secretary Fairchild. There is therefore the strongest probability that the provisions of this bill will be embodied in any tariff measure which the Committee on Ways and Means may present to the House."

An artist of San Francisco urges the Trustees who have in charge the selection of a group of statuary to represent three periods in the history of California, for which the Lick Trust set aside $100,000, that they shall demand models of competitors, not paper designs. "I understand that of the entire number of competitors—twenty-two or twenty-three—not more than half a dozen are sculptors by profession, most of them being architects, draughtsmen, writing masters, etc. It is one thing for a man to get up a nice drawing, perhaps prettily colored and all that, and call it a design for a great historical monument, and quite another thing to produce a model of such a group—one that shall represent in detail all the thoughts of the artist with reference to the events to be commemorated, as well as the beauty and symmetry of the structure intended to commemorate them. That is just the peculiarity of the plastic art—the true sculptor, the true artist, can express his ideas so much better in clay than with the pencil. This is his language, and it is not, in my judgment, proper to compel him to compete on any other basis."

London is having just now two exhibitions of a former and greater art, but that of the Grosvenor Gallery is considered the more interesting, representing, as is said, a century of British art, from 1737 to 1837, beginning with the boyhood of Reynolds and comprising the death of Constable. There are a notable Wilkie, "The Letter of Introduction," a grand Turner, good examples of Morland, Bennington, De Wint, Ward, Wilson, Vincent, Copley, Nasmyth, Blake, Reynolds, Rommey, Lawrence, Etty, and some numerous and splendid Constables and Hogarths, which really make the two conspicuous features of the collection.

Readers' Reference List of New Books and New Editions.

*** Restricted to publications of the last three months.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

1, 3, and 5 Bond St., New York.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM. From the French of Alfred Binet and Charles Féré. International Scientific Series. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.50

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated from the French. 8vo, two volumes in one. Price, $5

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Jacob Harris Patton, M.A., Ph.D. 8vo, cloth, xvi.-523 pages. Price, $3.

THE DIVINE MAN. From the Nativity to the Temptation. By George Dana Boardman, D.D., author of "The Creative Week," etc. 12mo, cloth, gilt. Price, $1.50.

APPLETON'S ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES. Consisting of General Maps of the United States and Territories and a County Map of each of the States, printed in colors, together with Railway Maps and Descriptive Text. Imperial 8vo, cloth Price, $1.50.

SCHOOLS AND MASTERS OF PAINTING. With an Appendix on the Principal Galleries of Europe. By A. G. Radcliffe. An entirely new edition, revised, and in part rewritten. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth. Price, $3.

THE LAWYER, THE STATESMAN, AND THE SOLDIER. By George S. Boutwell. 12mo, cloth, gilt top. Price, $1.25.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL, WRITTEN AFTER HE BECAME A PRISONER. Arranged in the probable chronological order, viz., Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, Philippians, I. Timothy, Titus, II. Timothy. With explanatory notes. Text of Tischendorf, with a constant comparison of the text of Tregelles and of Westcott and Hort. By James R. Boise, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Illinois. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.75.

CALIFORNIA OF THE SOUTH: Its Physical Geography, Climate, Resources, Routes of Travel, and Health Resorts. Being a Complete Guide to Southern California. By Walter Lindley, M.D., and J. P. Widney, A.M., M.D. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 12mo, cloth. Price, $2.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN ARABIAN PRINCESS. An Autobiography. By Emily Reute, née Princess of Oman and Zanzibar. Translated from the German. 12mo, cloth. Price, 75 cents.

WEATHER: A Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day. By the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society London. International Scientific Series. 12mo, cloth. With numerous cuts. Price, $1.75.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. Including an autobiographical chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. With portraits and views of Down House, Darwin's residence. In two volumes. 12mo, cloth. Price, $4.50.

ORIGINS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Compiled from the best and latest authorities. By Jean Roemer, LL.D. With chart and lithographic fac simile of Anglo-Saxon and early French writings. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth. Price, $3 50.

WEALTH AND PROGRESS: A Critical Examination of the Labor Problem. The Natural Basis for Industrial Reform, or How to Increase Wages without Reducing Profits or Lowering Rents; the Economic Philosophy of the Eight hour Movement. By George Gunton. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.

THE EDUCATION OF MAN. By Friedrich Froebel. Translated from the German and annotated by W. N Hailmann, A.M., Superintendent of Public Schools at La Porte, Indiana. International Education Series. Edited by W. T. Harris LL.D 12mo, cloth. Price, $1 50.

HOME AGAIN. A Novel. By George Macdonald, author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc. 12mo, paper, 50 cents half bound, 75 cents.

THE STORY OF ANTONY GRACE. A Novel. By George Manville Fenn, author of "The Master of the Ceremonies," etc. 12mo, paper. Price, 50 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

27 and 29 West 23d St., New York.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By the Hon. Emily Lawless, author of "Hurrish," etc. Large 12mo, with 57 illustrations and three Maps. Cloth extra, $1.50. Vol. XVII. in "The Story of the Nations."

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Studied anew by Edward Everett Hale, author of "Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," etc., etc. Large 12mo. Fully illustrated. (In the Library of American Biography.) $1.75

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ART OF CONVERSATION. By John P. Mahaffy, author of "The Story of Alexander's Empire," etc. 16mo. Cloth extra, 75 cents.

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. A selection of some of the World's Classics, uniquely and tastefully printed by the Knickerbocker Press, and offered as specimens, as well of artistic typography as of the best literature. 32mo, cloth extra, gilt tops

I. **Gesta Romanorum.** Tales of the Old Monks. Edited by C. Swan. $1.

II. **Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey.** By Thomas Love Peacock. $1.

III. **Gulliver's Travels.** By Jonathan Swift. A reprint of the early, complete edition. Very fully illustrated. 2 vols, $2 50.

IV. **Tales From Irving.** First Series. With illustrations. $1.

V. **Tales From Irving.** Second Series. With illustrations. $1

VI. **The Book of British Ballads.** Edited by S. C Hall. A fac-simile of the original edition, with illustrations by Creswick, Gilbert, and others. $1.50.

VII. **The Travels of Baron Münchausen.** Reprinted from the early, complete edition. Very fully illustrated, $1.25.

VIII. **Letters, Sentences, and Maxims.** By Lord Chesterfield. With a critical essay by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. $1.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY,

Boston.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. THE STORY OF HIS LIFE, WRITTEN IN HIS LETTERS. Edited by John Dennis. $2.25.

LIFE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. By E. E. Brown. $1.25.

BY BURY TO BEACON STREET. By Abby Morton Diaz. $1.25.

THE INDIAN'S SIDE OF THE INDIAN QUESTION. By William Barrows, D.D. $1.

PATIENCE PRESTON, M.D. By Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger. $1.25.

THE OLD FARM HOME. A SHADOW OF A POEM. By Abbie M. Gannett. 75 cents.

SOME DERIVATIONS.

The derivation of words has always had a strange fascination for me, says a correspondent of an exchange. Ever since my old teacher, Professor Lockwood, began to initiate the boys into the mysteries of Greek aspirate and to explain how great a debt our English language owes to the two races that lived so many centuries ago on opposing sides of the Adriatic, I have felt an ardent interest in the "roots" of words. Not that I ever reveled, as Dickens tells us Mr. Blimber did, in digging up those old roots in a sort of ghoulish fashion, but I must confess to a modicum of "ghoulish glee" in the discovery of a (to me) new derivation.

It is within the bounds of possibility (I suppose) that some one of our readers may not know the origin of so simple a word as "taffy," or "kickshaw," or "sincere," or "hall," or "lady," to say nothing of "hocus-pocus" and "boulevard." Will you pardon me if I run the risk of telling you something you already know? Well, then, "taffy," or "toffy," as it is correctly spelled, is an Anglicized form of "*tot fait*," signifying in French "soon made," an allusion to the quickness of the operation in converting the boiling molasses or sirup into candy. "Kickshaws" is a slight perversion of the French *quel ques choses* (some things or "little things") "Sincere" is a compound of two Latin words, "*sine*" and "*cera*" (without wax), and the origin is said to be as follows: In Oriental countries it was, in past ages, customary to mend broken water and oil jugs and jars with wax. When only cold or tepid liquors were poured into the mended vessels the latter held firmly their contents, but if filled with hot water the cracks would open. Hence a "*sine-cera*" or "*sincere*" jug was one without wax. You can readily see how the word acquired from that old custom its present signification.

"Hall" is believed to have been an early English or Saxon form of "all," and was applied to the main passage through the house from the entrance to the rear, because in those days the "hall" was the general meeting-place for everybody in the house, the master and his family, his retainers and his guests. "All" gathered there, it was "the place for all." Of course you know that our modern word "entry" (substituted by many Americans for "hall") is from the French *entrée*.

Ruskin tells us that "lady" meant originally "bread-giver." The "lady of the manor," the *châtelaine* in France, was the bread giver, the almoner, the dispensor of alms to her dependents, and presumably to the wandering "tramps"—if they had such in early English days ("Troubadours" they called themselves in some European lands, and "*trouveres*," "*trovatore*," and "*menstrel*" in others).

The word "hocus-pocus" is said to have this origin: In the elevation of the host during the celebration of mass, the priest was accustomed (and is still, I suppose) to say *hoc est corpus* (this is the body). When the Reformation occurred in Germany and other European countries some of the opponents of priestly rites and forms denounced this ceremonial, and said of it that it was "all hocus-pocus," coining a word by running together the words *hoc est corpus* in rapidly pronouncing them, so that they sounded very much like "hocus-pocus." From this arose the custom of speaking of all ceremonials regarded by the speaker as meaningless and perhaps misleading as "all hocus-pocus." A slightly different meaning has been gradually given to this word by the process of evolution, I suppose.

"Bouvelard" is a corruption and a compound of two French words, "boule" (ball) and "verte" (green). When the walls built around Paris during the long reign of Louis XIV. were razed to the ground at about the end of the last century, portions of the earthworks were converted into promenades, and on the top of these earthworks the young men of Paris used to play at ball. Hence these spots were called "boule-vertes" or "bowling-green," and from that was derived the modern French word bouvelart or boulevard. It is spelled correctly either way, though the pronunciation is exactly the same in either case.

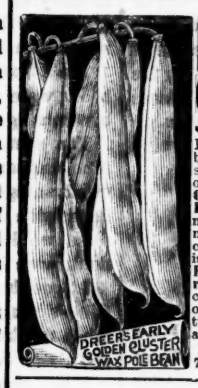
In this connection it is interesting to note how we subvert words from their original meaning in introducing them from foreign tongues. For instance, the French never use "depot" in the sense which we do; with them it means a place of deposit, as a military depot or a storehouse; what we call a "depot" is a "gare" or "station" in France. They never cry "Encore" at the theater or any place of amusement. When they wish to award praise to an actor and ask the repetition of a "morceau," they shout "Bis! Bis!" (twice).

A SWEET TOOTH.—A tiger hunter in India describes a little feast which he and his companions held at the end of one of their trips. One feature of it, at least, will be appreciated by the youngest schoolboy.

Sheep were presented to our followers, and the elephants were treated to great blocks of "*goor*," which is brown sugar in one of its earliest stages. As my own elephant raised her trunk, and opened her queer-looking mouth in expectation of the usual donation of a few pieces of the size of one's fist, I carefully adjusted between her back teeth a lump larger than a man's head.

I shall never forget the expression of her little eyes as she received this delicious morsel. She kept her head raised aloft, to prevent the juice from running out, and then directed her eyes down to me, beaming with elephantine pleasure.

She could not swallow the prize; it was too big. Nor could she divide it; it was too sticky. All she could do was to hold it tight, and roll her eyes till it melted. These were doubtless the happiest moments of her life.



DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR

Jubilee Edition, 1888.

Established 1838. In celebrating our golden anniversary, we will make a present of one packet of **Dreer's Golden Cluster Wax Bean** to every one who mentions this paper and remits 15c. in stamps to cover cost of finest catalogue ever issued of **Seeds, Plants, Bulbs,** and every **garden requisite,** containing two colored plates and hundreds of engravings. Concise directions for cultivation. Valuable to all who plant seeds.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philada.

Do you or your young folks want to know how to raise flowers? Do you wish to know how to make your garden help pay the rent? Full instructions by mail. Diploma on graduation. Class of 1890 now filling up. Terms nominal. Circulars free.

CHARLES BARNARD,

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced

SEED ANNUAL

For 1888 will be mailed FREE TO ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS AND PLANTS

New Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fruits,—Rare Tropical Fruits.

GRAND PALMS FROM SEED.

FILIFERA PALM.

WE are now able to offer for the first time, both seed and plants of that King of Ornamental plants, the new **FILIFERA PALM.** Stately and beautiful beyond description, it is the finest addition that can be made to any collection of plants, and can be grown in any window or garden as easy as a geranium. It is of a compact growth with elegant large leaves, from which hang long thread-like filiments, giving the plant a most odd and beautiful appearance. In fact there is nothing like it in cultivation and good specimens sell for enormous prices. Plants are easily raised as the seed are large, germinate quick and grow rapidly. Per packet **25cts. 5 for $1.00.** Year old plants 40 cts. each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00 by mail postpaid. Will also mail **3 Storm King Fuchsias** for **50cts., 12 Excelsior Pearl Tuberoses** for **85cts., 12 Choice Mixed Gladiolus** for **30cts.** Our **Giant Excelsior Pansies,** best in the world, **20cts.** per packet. New **Primrose Verbena,** yellow, a sterling novelty, **25cts.** per packet. True **Pygmae Aster, 50cts.** per packet.

Our Seed Catalogue for 1888

Is the most elegant ever issued. Illustrated with 10 colored plates, stipple-litho. covers and hundreds of fine engravings. In it is offered a great variety of **Flower** and **Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs** and **Plants** of all sorts, **New Fruits** and **Rare Tropical Fruits** suitable for pot culture, such as dwarf Oranges, Pine Apples, Bananas, Figs, Guavas, Sugar Apple, &c. **This elegant and Expensive Catalogue will be sent for only 10cts.,** which is only a part of its cost to us. Or if you order a packet of Palm seed or anything here offered and ask for Catalogue, it will be sent **free. Special Offer.** For 50 cts. we will send Palm, Pansy, and Primrose Verbena Seed and Catalogue. Write at once as this offer may not appear again. To every order we will add an elegant Seed or Bulb novelty free. Address,

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, Queens Co., N. Y.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

⅔ Natural Size.

is this season the grandest ever issued, containing **three colored plates** and superb illustrations of everything that is **new, useful** and **rare** in **Seeds** and **Plants,** together with plain directions of "How to grow them," by PETER HENDERSON. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps.) To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual, we will, at the same time, send **free by mail, in addition,** their choice of any **one** of the following novelties, the **price** of either of which is 25 cents: One packet of the new **Green and Gold Watermelon,** or one packet of new **Succession Cabbage,** or one packet of new **Zebra Zinnia,** or one packet of **Butterfly Pansy** (see illustration), or one packet of new **Mammoth Verbena,** or one plant of the beautiful **Moonflower,** *on the distinct understanding,* however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

IF YOU intend planting only one **ROSE** or a single package of **Flower Seeds** we **SPECIALLY REQUEST** you to write for our **New Guide,** 100 pp., **elegantly illustrated, Free to All.** It gives plain and practical directions for growing **Roses, Hardy Plants, Bulbs, Flowers** from **Seeds,** &c. It describes **over 1,500** distinct varieties of **Roses, Hardy Plants, Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Lilies, Tube-Roses, Cladiolus, Tuberous Begonias, Fuschias, New Moon Flower, Our Finest Tested Flower Seeds, Our Wonderful Ornamental Vegetables.** Over **500** varieties of **Roses** alone—the **Newest, Rarest** and **Best. All** the **Latest Novelties** and **Standard Sorts** in different **sizes, quantities** and **prices** to suit **all purposes and localities. Choice selected collections** of **Roses, Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Vines,** &c., **$1, $2, $3, $5, $10, $20, $50,** or any amount desired. We are admitted to be the **LARCEST ROSE GROWERS** in the U. S.; have been established **30 years,** and use **60 Large Greenhouses** for **Roses alone,** and offer the **Largest Stock, Best Quality** and **Lowest Prices.** Satisfaction **guaranteed.** Orders sent **safely by mail** or **express** to all points.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Rose Growers, WEST GROVE, PA.

BURPEE'S SEEDS

FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888

Will be sent FREE to all who write for it.—It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, **Colored Plates,** and tells all about the **BEST GARDEN, FARM,** and **FLOWER Bulbs, Plants,** and *Valuable New Books on* **Garden Topics.** It describes **Rare Novelties** in **VEGETABLES** and **FLOWERS, of real value,** which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the **most complete Catalogue published,** to

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SCOTT'S FLOWERS

39 Years' Experience in growing our strong and reliable **ROSES.** Grand Specialties in **PLANTS, BULBS & FLOWER SEEDS** of extra choice quality. Rare Novelties of great beauty. Handsomely illustrated Catalogue for 1888 with a lovely Colored Plate of Three Choice New Roses sent FREE to any address. Send for it now. ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

DRESS REFORM

ALPHA JERSEY FITTING UNDERGARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.

Vest and Drawers Separate or in One.

READY MADE UNION UNDERGARMENTS

Jersey fitting material, *Stocknet and Jaeger Wool.* Samples sent on application. LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S WAISTS a Specialty. Equipoise, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Waists. Corded Waists, Shoulder Brace and Corset Combined, Obstetric Bandages, Shoulder Stocking Supporters, Sanitary Napkins, etc.

MRS. A. FLETCHER, No. 6 East 16th Street, NEW YORK.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

We have just received an earnest letter protesting against the temperance views expressed in this department of the paper. The editor of the department was pleased to see that he was attacked because of his bias in favor of that section of the temperance party which he is least in sympathy with. His object has steadily been to present *news* and not *views*.

Senator Ingalls, it is said, declares that the Prohibition bills now before the District Committee of which he is chairman will not be smothered but be brought to a vote in the Senate. The "Post" reports him as saying:

"I will put these people to the test. There is a great need for a shaking up among those gentlemen who preach prohibition all day and drink champagne all night. I pledge you my word that they shall either have to fish or cut bait. I'm going to make them prove their sincerity. As a matter of fact, I don't see anything wrong with prohibition. It works very well in Kansas. The prohibition people have the prohibition law—that's what they wanted; and the whisky-drinkers have all the whisky they want. There seems to be no reason for complaint there."

This report may be apocryphal. It seems hardly likely that a Kansas Senator would indulge in this kind of satire, or that a Republican Senator would endanger the Presidential chances of Senators Sherman, Hawley, or Allison by forcing them to vote on a measure of this kind.

The fight against rum-selling in New Canaan, Connecticut, has resulted in another startling crime at the hands of the liquor interest. The house of Jacob Schiele had long been reputed to be a place where the illegal sale of liquor has been carried on. The Law and Order Society entered several complaints against him, and he had been fined. Louis Drucker, a German, a tailor by trade, and a man respected by nearly everybody, was a town constable. He had served warrants several times upon Schiele, and the latter hated him bitterly. On Wednesday afternoon of last week Drucker had another warrant for Schiele's arrest, and went to his house to serve it. Schiele was found armed with a double-barreled shotgun. Drucker went back to the village to procure assistance in making the arrest. When he returned, with two other officers, Schiele was in the second story of his house. As the officers approached he leveled his weapon and fired. Drucker fell mortally wounded. The gun was loaded with slugs, and the charge pierced the officer's heart. When the dead body of the officer was brought back to the village in a sleigh there was intense excitement, and threats of lynching were heard. These might have been carried out had Schiele not already attempted suicide. When the doors of his house were broken open he was found seriously wounded, having shot himself in the head with a pistol. It was at first thought that his wounds must prove fatal, but his recovery is now believed to be possible. The murdered officer leaves a widow and five children. He was about forty years of age, an honest, trustworthy citizen.

Here is what "Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular" says about the annual drink bill: "The sum of $900,000,000 is surely very reasonable, when we come to consider all the good that is done and all the fun there is had in drinking beer, whisky, champagne, claret, etc. What is a pitiful sum of $15 a year *per capita* for all this happiness? We are perfectly certain that the same benefit could not be derived from the same money spent in any other way." Seventy-five dollars a year is all that each home pays for the happiness thus brought it!

The Rev. Mr. Bayley's sermon in Portland on the drunkenness of that place has created a tremendous sensation. The municipal authorities at once ordered an investigation. The Mayor reports that he has personally visited all the schools, and, after careful inquiry, found only two cases of intoxication among over 5,000 pupils. In both these cases, he says, the liquor was procured at home. In one case the father had been repeatedly prosecuted, and has spent most of his time in jail; in the other the father has been indicted.

Apparently the most important provision of the new High License law in Pennsylvania is that requiring that heavy bonds be given by men living in the ward where the saloon is located. In some of the wards in Philadelphia there are few individual owners of real estate living in the ward, as for instance the Sixth, where there are at present 266 taverns and only forty-four resident property owners. It is stated that some of the brewers are transferring property to other citizens in order that they may go upon the bonds of tavern-keepers, as the law forbids the acceptance of brewers or stockholders in brewing concerns as bondsmen.

The "Voice" has gotten hold of a letter from P. E. Iber, the President of a Nebraska distillers' company, which says: "If it were put to a vote of the liquor dealers and saloon men whether it should be high license, no license, or low license, they would almost unanimously be for high license."

A curious case has lately been decided in Topeka, Kansas, which throws an interesting side-light on the question whether an honest attempt is being made to enforce prohibition. One Michael Trehey alleged that on June 4, 1887, being inflicted with a disease of the kidneys, he applied to a physician for a prescription, and the physician prescribed gin for the plaintiff, to be used by him for his sickness. Trehey being then and there greatly prostrated and sick with "said" disease, he presented the prescription to F. E. Holliday, a druggist, and requested him to fill it, being then and there ready to take the oath and make the affidavit provided by law for all persons who apply for intoxicating liquors for medicinal purposes. Holliday refused to fill the prescription on the ground that Trehey was an habitual drinker, and he believed his claim of kidney disease was only an excuse. Trehey brought suit asking for $500 damages. The case has been decided in favor of the druggist. The Judge says the provisions of the statute make it the duty of the druggist to exercise the highest degree of diligence and care in the sale of intoxicating liquors to those making application to purchase the same. If the law has imposed the duty on the druggist not to sell intoxicating liquors to any person whom he believes desires them to be used as a beverage, or where he has reason to believe the liquor is not for the ailment mentioned in the affidavit made by the applicant, then it follows logically that the judgment or determination of a druggist, though he may be mistaken, must be final.

Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, has introduced in Congress a bill providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Adulteration.——Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, has introduced a bill providing for local option in the District of Columbia.——The Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a vote of 160 to 70, has adopted the prohibition amendment. This action, however, is not very significant, as the next Legislature must ratify it before it goes to the people. The step taken was therefore a safe one to conciliate the Prohibitionists.——The New York Excise Board has discovered one thousand places selling distilled liquors with only beer licenses.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.—Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, has recommended woman's suffrage to the favorable consideration of the Legislature. The Prohibitionists of the State are generally in favor of a municipal suffrage bill.——The Turks, who are Prohibitionists by order of the Koran, are working to abolish saloons kept by the "Christians" in Constantinople. All drinking places within 250 feet from the houses of Turkish worship have been ordered closed, and the police are enforcing the decree.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REMINISCENCES.

A little sketch in the Union about the Underground Railroad was intensely interesting to me because I knew so much of one branch of it when I was a mere slip of a lad. Elmira used to be a very important station when the thoroughfare was in full operation. My memory may be at fault, but I think I have seen as many as twelve runaways in the kitchen and barn of an old colored man, himself a runaway, who used to work for my father. I know quite as touching a story as the one told in the Union. It concerned one who was for many years the head porter of the Rathbun House in Elmira; perhaps you may recall him—a large, portly, handsome man, whose heavy bass voice was very attractive to passengers at the railroad station. His name was George Young. He came from South Carolina, and it was claimed that his father was one of the Governors of that State, a claim which a strong physical likeness helped to substantiate. From the time he left his home, early in the 'forties, he never gave up his search for his mother, three brothers, and a sister. His persistency had a full reward after the agony of a thirty-year separation. In Christmas, 1872, they all met in a little place in Georgia called Albany, the mother being too old to be taken away from her home there. George paid the expenses of the gathering of all of them except one brother, who was as well-to-do as he. You couldn't appreciate that meeting unless you could hear George tell of it, and the manner in which it was brought about.

Once more: I have been wanting to, but could hardly find the time, to call your attention to a rather odd coincidence or incident in your issue of January 5. On page 4 of that number you have a well-considered article, "Concerning the Theater." Then, on page 27, you have, under the general title of Fugitive Poems, some verses headed "The Water Mill"—these last published by request. These lines are very pretty, to be sure, but do you know what gave them the prominence and popularity they enjoy? I will tell you. There is an actor named George S. Knight, who has risen from what is known in the profession as "variety business" to the regular "comedy line." He married Sophie Worrall, one of the three Worrall sisters, who were at one time very popular in New York. He is a dialect actor, speaking the German brogue. In his first piece that attracted attention, one of the strong points in it being an epileptic fit (!), these verses, "The Water Mill," were recited by him. Neither they nor the epileptic fit had any more to do with the play and its story than with the rings of the planet Saturn, but both were done well. I have been present when the audience persisted in having him repeat the lines three times. His intonations and emphasis, with a slight brogue and a delightfully modulated voice, made the lines very pretty. This is what attracted attention to the verses, just as the poem "'Ostler Joe" became so well known because Mrs. James Brown Potter read it here in Mr. Whitney's parlor two or three years ago. Youtcredit the lines to C. F. Adams. I wonder if this is another case of "Beautiful Snow." I have always supposed, and for the very best reasons, although I set up no claim for him, that the "Water Mill" was written by General D. C. McCallum, who, many years ago, was a resident of Oswego, N. Y., was superintendent of that division of the Erie Railway, became its general superintendent, and during the war had charge of all the railroad operations of the Union forces. The lines are too pretty to rob their author of whatever credit may attach to their paternity.

Mr. Adams, a year or more ago, wrote some lines somewhat similar, and they were printed in one of Harper's publications. I thought I could lay my hands upon them, but miss them on the instant. They were written in the German dialect, and taught, in burlesque, a lesson precisely opposite to the one of the original poem.

A. T.

"SCRAPPY" TEACHING.

In these days of so much more, and more intelligent, study of the Bible, it is rather surprising that we have not more help as to the chronological arrangement of the books.

Times change. In the early days of Sunday-schools the point was to commit the Scripture to memory, and this was often done independently, each scholar learning as many verses as he had time or ambition or memory for. Then the teacher's time was simply spent in hearing these recitations, and there was little general instruction.

The advantage of this was, that whole chapters and books were fixed in the memory, perhaps often insensibly helping and shaping the life.

The system of uniform lessons has grown up with time and experience, and has many advantages. One disadvantage is that many children do not get the strong impression that it is the Bible they are learning. And some would say, like the candid little boy, "Oh, we don't learn Bible lessons—only pieces of paper."

At one time much was made of plans for reading the Bible through, and a man could even say it was not much trouble. You had only to read one chapter a day and six on Sunday, and it was done.

If you venture to state that all parts are not equally profitable or edifying, you are told that it is "Bible." And perhaps the quotation will be made, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable," etc, when it should read, All Scripture *which* is given, etc., is profitable.

With all this, either the old system or the new, the knowledge of the Bible, as a book, is what might be termed, in common phrase, scrappy. From long experience in teaching, the writer is impressed with the fact that very few know much of the Bible as they might know history, or have any idea of the chronological arrangement of the books. Examine even a Bible class on these points, and see how many really know the books of the Old Testament in the order of time, or where the prophecies and certain psalms belong.

There was a ponderous book published years ago, "Townsend's Arrangement of the Bible," in which the whole was arranged in the order of time, the Book of Job very early, the Psalms at various periods, and the Prophets under the reign of the various kings in whose time they lived. Of course the arrangement is not perfect and infallible, but it is a great help in understanding the Bible as a great whole. How many can tell, at this moment, in whose reign and under what circumstances Jonah lived, or what should be the very last book of the Old Testament or the New, in the order of time?

The book of which we spoke was large and ponderous. Surely a small, easily handled edition might be printed and must find ready sale among Bible students and the many who have not time to arrange these things for themselves.

It would seem to need but the suggestion to show the advantages of such a plan.

TEACHER.

FINANCIAL.

The money market is unmistakably working toward extreme ease. The constant flow of funds from the interior has reached such proportions as to continually swell the bank surplus reserve until, as we noted last week, it has reached $21,000,000; the figures at the close of this column will indicate the proportions for the present week. The rate for funds has ruled during the week past at about an average of three per cent, on call, with extreme rates at two and four per cent, while banks are competing with each other to loan on two and four months' at four per cent. on mixed security. These latter facts represent the opinion of bank officers respecting the prospects for money.

The money market abroad has about the same characteristics as ours here, and consequently there is continued demand for our securities, which has somewhat increased during the week past. Investments are very unprofitable on the other side, and Americans' are much more remunerative, hence capitalists are disposed to buy generously in our markets and of our bankers. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has negotiated a loan of eight or ten million dollars, largely abroad. The Atchison road has negotiated a new loan recently, the greater part of which has been taken in the London market, while various less important loans have found ready acceptance there The earnings of roads keep up wonderfully. The Delaware & Hudson has just made its report for the year, which exhibits earnings equal to nearly twelve per cent. on the stock, though it has paid only five per cent. The Pennsylvania Railway Company makes a remarkable exhibit, taking both its east and west divisions, for the year, showing a net increase of $1 800 000 over 1886, and $4 900 000 increase over 1885

The earnings of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis (the Nickel Plate) for the quarter ending December 31 are, net $375,000, or at the rate of $1 500,000 for the year; as the fixed charges and sinking fund call for $900 000 annually, the balance of $600,000, if earned, would be equivalent to five per cent. on the first preferred stock and three per cent. on the second preferred. This, at least, assures a dividend on the first preferred stock, which should now be classed as a first-class Vanderbilt stock, and, as such, should certainly sell at 95 to 100, whereas it sells at 71–72.

The returns of the St. Paul Co., owing to the great storms in the Northwest, were $50,000 less the past week than the same week in 1887, but everybody expected a falling off, owing to these heavy snows and blows.

The Reading strike is still on so far as the miners are concerned, but there is a tendency among the men to break away from their leaders and go to work; while on the railway the places are mostly filled—indeed, the old hands, to a large extent, have returned to their positions.

The exports have been very good this week, reaching nearly $7,000 000 from this port against about $5,000,000 last week, and little over $6,000,000 the corresponding week of 1887.

The Wabash reorganization is virtually a success, nearly two-thirds of all classes of bonds having assented to it; while the week or more yet open for assenting before a fine will be charged assures a majority of each class of mortgages. It is time that this company closed up accounts and went out of the hands of the courts.

The Bureau of Statistics has made its report of exports and imports of merchandise for the month of December, and also for the six months ending with the year 1887. The returns for December were better than was expected—as follows:

Exports for December	$73,230,963
Imports for December	52,100,180
Balance surplus exports	$21,130,783

The report for the six months is as follows:

Exports for six months to December 31	$384,930,892
Imports for six months to December 31	351,327,120
Balance in favor of exports	$33,603,772

While for six months ending same date the balance of exports and imports of specie is in favor of imports to the extent of $30,751,125. These figures are satisfactory, though not so much so as for the previous year, due probably to the falling off, in November and December, of breadstuff exports.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$1,300,200
Specie, increase	3,198,700
Legal tenders, decrease	54,500
Deposits, increase	3,199,400
Reserve, increase	2,344,350

This makes the city banks' surplus reserve about $23 300,000, which is very large. Money closes two and one half to three per cent. Stocks and bonds both at the latest closing of the week were very strong in prices, with a buoyant feeling.

WALL STREET

The Western Farm Mortgage Trust Company,

SUCCESSOR TO
THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE CO.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Paid-up Capital - - - $500,000 00
Add'l Stockholders' liability 500,000 00
Total Guaranty - - - $1,000,000 00

First Mortgage Loans.

7% THIS COMPANY is prepared to offer the most Conservative First Mortgage Seven Per Cent Loans, and its own Six Per Cent. GOLD DEBENTURES based thereon. $105,000 of Real Estate First Mortgages on property worth three times amount of loans, deposited with, and assigned to American Loan & Trust Company, New York, as special security for each $100,000 Debentures issued and so certified to by the President of the American Loan & Trust Company. 6%

Gold Debentures.

These Debentures are the direct obligation of the Company, backed by its Half Million Capital and all its assets. Interest semi-annual. Principal and Interest payable at the Third Nat. Bank of New York. Over 2,300 investors can testify to their entire satisfaction with these securities.

S. O. THACHER, Pres. Nat. Bank, Lawrence, Pres.
G. W. E. GRIFFITH, Pres. Merchants' National Bank, Lawrence, V. P. and Gen. Manager. P. E. EMERY, 2d Vice-Pres. and Auditor. L. H. PERKINS, Sec. B. A. AMBLER, Treas.

OFFICES: New York, 137 Broadway, C. C. Hine & Son, Agts. Albany, N. Y., Tweddle Building, M. V. B. Bull & Co., Agts. Boston, 34 School St., M. D. Brooks, Agt. Phila., 102 So. 4th St., Frank Skinner, Agt.

Full information, with list of directors, references, etc., furnished on application.

L. H. PERKINS, Sec., Lawrence, Kansas.

Equitable MORTGAGE COMPANY.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED - $2,000,000
CAPITAL PAID IN (CASH) - 1,000,000

6 PER CENT. DEBENTURES and GUARANTEED FARM MORTGAGES. Interest payable semi-annually at any of our offices. Our mortgages are upon improved FARMS ONLY. We loan no money on the unduly stimulated property of the towns and cities. Also

MUNICIPAL BONDS.

OFFICES:
NEW YORK, 20 B'way | PHILA. cor. 4th & Ches't;
BOSTON, 28 Court Street. | LONDON, ENGLAND.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET.

WESTERN MORTGAGE TITLES INSURED

THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST CO. announces to its patrons that, since a responsible Title Insurance Company has been organized in Minneapolis, it will hereafter require all titles to be insured upon its loans in Hennepin (embracing the city of Minneapolis) and will supply each mortgagee, without cost to him, a policy of the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust Company, fully insuring the loaned title. Money proved upon choice improved city and farm property, to net the lender 6 to 7 per cent. First mortgages, amply secured, for sale. Address THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA Mention this paper.

Six Per Cent.
Income Securities.

We Offer Land Debentures, Guaranteed Farm Mortgages, and School Bonds.

Call or write for "Ten Years' Experience in Western Mortgages" and other circulars.

New England Loan & Trust Co.,
160 Broadway, New York.

JARVIS-CONKLIN MORTGAGE TRUST CO.,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Capital Paid up.....$1,000,000.00
Surplus.....100,000.00
Reserve Liability.....1,000,000.00

Offers its 6 Per Cent. Debenture Bonds of $500 $1,000, and $5,000, running ten years, to Trustees, Guardians, and Individual Investors. Secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate worth three times the amount of the loan, and held by the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, Trustee. Secured also by the entire paid-up capital of $1,000,000.

It also offers GUARANTEED SIX PER CENT. first mortgages on Kansas City business property and improved farms in KANSAS and MISSOURI.

Call at office or write for full particulars to JARVIS-CONKLIN MORTGAGE TRUST CO., NEW YORK CITY, 239 Broadway; PROVIDENCE, R. I., 27 Custom House St.; PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 144 South 4th St; LONDON, England, 95 Gresham St.

NATIONAL LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS.

PAID-UP CAPITAL INCREASED TO $200,000. | HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.

Real Estate Mortgage Loans Debenture Bonds.

Our loans are carefully selected in good localities. Every piece of property personally inspected. We are prepared to give investors the benefit of our judgment and experience, based on the above Correspondence solicited, and all inquiries cheerfully answered.

Send for pamphlet.

G. F. PARMELEE, President.
E. WILDER, Vice-President.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer.
T. L. STRINGHAM, Secretary.

Correspondents: Hanover National Bank, New York; National Bank North America, Boston.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
KANSAS INVESTMENT CO
OF TOPEKA, AND
131 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.

GEO. C. MORRILL, Vice-Pres't. H. E. BALL, Pres't.
P. T. BARTLETT, Ass't Sec. B. R. WHEELER, Sec'y

DEBENTURE BONDS
Secured by First Mortgage Loans deposited with the
BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

The Farnsworth Loan & REALTY CO. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SOLIDITY. SECURITY.

Offer strictly choice First Mortgage Loans bearing 6 to 7 per cent. interest, well secured on selected properties in Minneapolis and St. Paul. *Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character, our invariable requirements.* We collect and remit principal and interest free to lender. Send for pamphlet containing forms and references East and West.

SAFEST OF ALL
INVESTMENTS.

First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK & CO., in sums of $200 and upwards Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for form, circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.

W. B. CLARK & CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Investments made. Money loaned. Interest Coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - - $500,000

6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE BONDS and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic, N. Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute.

Offices: Boston, 54 Equitable Building; New York, 11 Wall St. Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

OFFICE OF THE
ATLANTIC
Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887,	$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 25
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474.439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1.362,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. D. JONES,	CHARLES P. BURDETT
W. H. H. MOORE,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,
A. A. RAVEN,	CHARLESH. MARSHALL,
JAMES LOW,	JAMES G. DE FOREST,
WM. STURGIS,	CHARLES D. LEVERICH,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	JOHN L. RIKER,
JOSIAH O. LOW,	GEORGE BLISS,
EDMUND W. CORLIES,	ANSON W. HARD,
ROBERT B. MINTURN,	N. DENTON SMITH,
WILLIAM LEGROOT,	ISAAC BELL,
HORACE GRAY,	EDWARD FLOYD JONES,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,	THOMAS MAITLAND,
JOHN ELLIOTT,	IRA BURSLEY,
C. A. HAND,	JAMES A. HEWLETT,
JOHN D. HEWLETT.	GEORGE H. MACY,
WILLIAM H. WEBB,	LAWRENCE TURNURE.

JOHN D JONES, *President.*
W. H. H MOORE, *Vice President.*
A A. RAVEN 2d *Vice-President.*

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY 1st, 1888
(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36
Surplus to Policy-Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard,	$420,240 87

Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.

T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
F. V. HUDSON, Sec'y.

6% GOLD. THE AMERICAN INVESTMENT CO.,
150 Nassau Street, New York.
Offer extraordinary inducements in
IN VESTMENT SECURITIES,
ALL GUARANTEED.
Assets, Oct 1st, 1887, $1,866,836.68.
Send for full information and references.

6% GUARANTEED,
FIRST MORTGAGES
UPON IMPROVED
FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY
IN KANSAS
Always to be had of us at 6 & 7 per cent. Interest semi-annually. Collected and remitted free of cost.

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1ST. 1874 WE HAVE INVESTED 3,500,000 DOLLARS WITHOUT LOSS.

AMPLE SECURITY AT 7%
HAVE YOU MONEY TO INVEST? Write to
JOHN D. KNOX & CO.
INVESTMENT BANKERS AND LOAN AGENTS,
TOPEKA, KANSAS,
And get their *Investors' Guide* free, and read the profitable experience of the patrons of this House

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK. THURSDAY. FEBRUARY 2, 1888

PUBLISHER'S LAY SERMON.

[The Desk thinks this worth cutting out.]

Every one admits the importance of orderly habits, but few realize how widely they influence the welfare of society. It is customary to rank them among what are called the minor moralities of life, and to treat the negligence which disregards them with great indulgence. Many good and great people, it is said, are very disorderly in their habits, and this is supposed to afford, if not a justification, at least an excellent excuse, for the fault. It is indeed pitiable to see how frequently the only points in which the example of such men is followed is their imperfections, as in the case of the man who anxiously strove to imitate Mr. Emerson as a public speaker, but succeeded in attaining only one point of resemblance, viz., to misplace his notes and pause in his speeches to rearrange them.

The habit of order is much more far-reaching than is generally supposed. It governs all arrangements, those of time as well as of place; it influences thought as well as action; character as well as conduct. It is the constant preventer of waste in every direction. No disorderly person can ever be truly economical. He may work hard and spend little, but economy demands the best results that can be obtained from any given source, and these can only come through orderly and systematic arrangements. The man who has acquired orderly habits will so manage his *time* that it shall be fruitful. He will neither idly procrastinate nor hurriedly scramble through his work. He will neither put off to-day's duty till to-morrow nor force to-morrow's into to-day. He will provide for leisure as well as for action, for recreation as well as for labor. He will respect the time of others as well as his own, neither breaking engagements nor forcing people to spend time with him against their will.

So in the matter of *neatness*, which is only one form of order, he will recognize its intrinsic fitness. That which is kept in its own place and preserved for its own uses lasts longer and is of far more value while it lasts than that which has no settled abiding place. In every manufactory or other large working institution the economy of this kind of order is fully recognized, and it is equally valuable in its proportion wherever any labor is carried on. In the home it has even a deeper significance. Here also it is the foundation of economy, but it is likewise the foundation of beauty and delight. No home that is disorderly can ever be attractive. It may be costly and luxurious, but it can never charm the eye or gladden the heart. A presiding sense of order which provides for the needs of eye and ear, which secures harmony of arrangement and consistency of detail, which ministers to that restfulness of spirit, which toil and care so greatly need, is a necessary element in the good home keeper. On that she may build whatever decoration and ornament she can command, sure that each will fit into its appropriate function, while without it they would but add to the general confusion.

Also, in *money matters* the orderly habit is invaluable. It not only avoids loss of time and trial of temper, it prevents that ignorance and confusion which so often lead to extravagant and unwarrantable expenditure, and sometimes even to deceit and fraud. Doubtless many of the embezzlements and broken trusts that bring ruin and grief to thousands, could they be traced back, would be found to have had their origin in a careless and disorderly use of money, long before any idea of dishonest dealing was entertained. The duty of keeping careful accounts, of always facing and knowing one's financial condition, and of regulating expenses accordingly, cannot be too early or too forcibly impressed upon our youth, for order in this matter means peace of mind, freedom from care, and name beyond reproach.

The habit of order, thus regulating the outward life, will react upon the thoughts, the character, and the happiness of its fortunate possessor. He will not be satisfied to have his ideas lying in a confused heap, but will become master of them, and will know where to find and how to use them. He will be better able to control his desires, to govern his impulses, to avoid extremes, to fulfill his obligations, for the fitness and order of all these things will be apparent to him. And this self-mastery always brings a sense of freedom and happiness, and multiplies the power of spreading happiness abroad. We cannot, then, afford to count a habit of order as a trifling or insignificant element in the character and life. If "order is heaven's first law," it certainly should occupy a high rank among the virtues of humanity. Let us, then, endeavor to be—

"Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree." —[Phila. Public Ledger.

SIFTINGS FROM ONE WEEK'S MAIL.

HOW TO BEGIN HOUSEKEEPING.

. . . We commenced housekeeping with the Union, and would now miss it as a member of the family should it not put in an appearance. It is the most highly valued of the many periodicals that come to our table. G. A. S.

SALEM, Neb.

. . . Can't well keep house without it. L. L. W.

FORT DODGE, Iowa.

PUSH IT.

A Springfield (Mass.) physician, who sends us three new subscriptions, concludes his letter as follows:

"Now, gentlemen, it seems to me that you are either constitutionally tired, or else fear that your efforts will not be appreciated, or you would try a little harder to increase the number of readers of this the best periodical in the United States."

. . . Send me some extra copies to show to my friends the progress in Christian thought. By so doing I will try to increase my list to fifty. H. W. H.

SO SAY WE ALL OF US.

"The best paper published." A. L. W., Chicago, Illinois.——"Among many papers that come to my table, the Union is the most welcome." F. L. S., Southington, Conn.——"Of incalculable value is its The Outlook." C. E. B., San Francisco, California.——"Dignified, noble, gentlemanly." A. M., Stockton, Minn.——"An elevating and ennobling influence. E F. B., Cold Springs, Mass.——"The ablest and best of our religious papers. E. P. H., Sherman, Conn.——"We could not do without its weekly visits." M. A. M., Southington, Conn.——"The ablest weekly in the country." A. L. H., Methuen, Mass.——"Have taken it for fifteen years, and read it with increasing interest."——W. D. B., Santa Cruz, Cal.——"No paper that comes to my house (and they are in number considerable) is held in the same estimation." J. D., Lonaconing, Md.——"We can't do without your wisdom and well tempered optimism." A. J. H., Berlin, Pa.——"I don't see how we can get along without your paper. So here goes." H. R. G., Sidi, Ohio.——"Am always glad when my turn comes to do just a little for you. By thy lessons true and clear, thou hast helped me through the year." A. B. W., Philadelphia.

Inclosed find $5.50. I want our pastor to read it. H. M. R.

NORWALK, Ohio.

THE "MATCHLESS" SELF-LIGHTING ATTACHMENT FOR GAS BURNERS.

The "Matchless" Attachment is a novel device which can be attached to any ordinary gas bracket. By simply turning a button the gas is instantly lighted or extinguished at pleasure. The great convenience, economy, and safety of this device will be appreciated by every one, saving as it does a large amount of gas uselessly burned when not required, which would be turned off if it could be easily relighted. The convenience of having an immediate light at a moment's notice is one that all appreciate, and there is no danger from burning matches. At the late Edinburgh International Exhibition the "Matchless" received the indorsement of the Jury of Gas Engineers, and was awarded a prize medal.

We intend hereafter to have a department for "Wants" in every issue of this paper, under which heading subscribers can have *one-half inch space for fifty cents*. If any subscriber has something that he does not want, or wants something that he has not, here will be an excellent opportunity to announce the fact. The price which we name is merely nominal, and we make it so in order that this department may become more useful to our subscribers.

INSURANCE STATEMENTS.

The annual statement of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, which appears in another column, is a strong financial exhibit and gives the best possible evidence of successful management. In every department of its business the Ætna makes a gain. During the year 1887 its gain in membership was 2 192; in interest income, $22 541 10; in market values, $26,157 66; in surplus $77,753 04; in premium receipts $171,152 43; in income, $193,693 53; in assets, $1 074 746 99; in new business, $1,352 456 00; and in insurance in force, $5,109 365 00.

The annual statement of the Ætna Insurance Company printed in our advertising columns last week is a remarkable exhibit. During the sixty-nine years of its existence this company has paid losses to the amount of more than sixty-one and a half millions of dollars. Its capital has never been impaired, and it holds in cash to-day four millions of dollars, while the total assets are nine and one-half millions. Security like this is due to good management and sound finance.

The annual statement of the United States branch of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company for the year ending December 31, 1887, which will be found upon another page, will attract the usual attention. The assets consist for the most part of real estate, bonds and mortgages, and United States bonds, and reach the handsome sum of $6,793 575.82. The surplus attains the high figure of $3,041,337.72.

The strongest marine insurance company in this country, if not in the world, is the Atlantic Mutual, with assets of over twelve million dollars, according to their last annual statement, which we print this week. The losses paid last year amounted to over one million and a half of dollars.

TRAVEL.

RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

All Traveling Expenses Included.

Two Grand Trips —TO— CALIFORNIA.

The Eleventh and Twelfth Parties of the season will leave New York Thursday, March 8, and Monday, March 12, in Elegant Trains of Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining-Cars or Hotel Cars attached.

The party leaving March 8 will arrive in Southern California March 17, going via Chicago, Kansas City, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Barstow.

The March 12 excursion will go *via* Cincinnati Louisville, Mammoth Cave, Montgomery, New Orleans, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, and El Paso, arriving at Los Angeles and adjacent points March 21.

Eleven Returning Parties, under special escort, over *Five Different Routes*. Return tickets also *good on all trains*. Independent Tickets, covering every expense both ways, and giving entire freedom to the passengers while in California, and also in making the homeward journey. Hotel coupons supplied for long or short sojourns at *all the leading Pacific Coast Resorts*.

Second and Last Excursion to Mexico, March 12.

Eighth Annual Spring Trip to California, May 2.

Fifth Annual Spring Trip to California, the Pacific Northwest, and Yellowstone National Park, May 3.

W. RAYMOND. I. A. WHITCOMB.

☞ Send for descriptive circulars, designating the particular tour regarding which information is desired.

J. M. JEVKINS, 257 Broadway, New York.

EUROPE ELEVENTH SEASON

13,000 MILES, 96 DAYS

for FOREIGN TRAVEL, including the principal Countries, Capitals, Sights and Scenes. All travel and hotels first class. All expenses included. PARTY SELECT. Fullest enjoyment and profit, with greatest economy of time and money. Absolute freedom from care. Good management and intelligent conductors. Send for circulars free.

Tours of 96 Days, 80 Days, and 65 Days.
E. Tourjee, Franklin Square, Boston.

LE PAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLUE

TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS. TO SQ. INCH

Used by thousands of first-class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Its success has brought a lot of imitators copying us in every way possible. Remember that THE ONLY GENUINE LePage's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. Sample by mail 20c. stamps.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

The Original! Beware of Imitations!

AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE and ONLY MEDAL

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition.

AN ARMY OF bright women are now using JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE, the BEST washing compound ever made.

Better than soap—better results—saves the rubbing and wear—economical.

Be bright yourself, and try this modern way of washing and cleaning.

Every grocer has PEARLINE. Avoid dangerous imitations.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N B—Genuine only with fac simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN & PIANO CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

Established 35 Years. Everywhere recognized as standard instruments. New and Elegant designs. Fully Warranted. Catalogues Free.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS, Tremont St., opp. Waltham St.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.

(Reclining.)

A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circulars.

Mention this paper.

Howard Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

DAY BY DAY.[1]

By Susan Coolidge.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move, and love, and smile, and pray,
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that Ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
It is his day!

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, oh, blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this—
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster;
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee?

Step by step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide thee
Or heavens serene;
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always;
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If thou come late.—[Selected.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

What was Lord Verulam? At the most,
A philosophic finger post,
Who on the verge of science stood
And theorized about the road;
A courtier famous to excess
To gain a favor from Queen Bess;
A traitor to acquire an end;
A loyalist to defame a friend;
A lawyer, politician, scribe;
A judge, but not above a bribe;
In life despised, in death forsaken,
An overrated man was Bacon.

What was Will Shakespeare? Poet, sage,
Star of the Elizabethan age,
Honored in life, in death adored
More than a king, a pope, a *lord*;
Two hundred years have passed away,
And still he rules the stage to-day;
And thousands bow before his shrine,
And greet him as the "bard divine,"
And England will his name revere
Whilst Britain lives to shake a spear.
—[Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
—[Home Guardian.

[1] Printed by request.

IN ARRAN.

By J. T. Levens.

The scent of heather from the purple hills
Blends with the sweet, strong breathings of the sea.
The lark in heaven, the plover on the lea,
Stray into silence, as the star that stills
All labor, with her silvern lamp fulfills
Her kindly task, and men from toil are free.
Now gorgeous clouds like Tyrian tapestry
Engird the sun, whose light upon them thrills
Richer and fairer as he leaves their halls,
Till all the glory vanishes; and, lo!
Swathed in a cloud, the little moon, new born,
Steals timidly around the starry walls,
Until the first cool herald breeze shall blow
Upon the golden eyelids of the morn.
—[Chambers's Journal.

A Bad Messenger.—The victims sacrificed at the death of a king in Dahomey are often captives or criminals, and are supposed to become his servants in another world. Those killed at intervals afterward are supposed to be messengers to him from this. Their dispatch is considered by each successive King of Dahomey to be incumbent upon him as a matter of duty alike to his father, to the State, and to the gods. He walks about among the messengers, delivers to them his messages, and talks amicably to each of them upon the subject, as another authentic anecdote, inimitable in its humor, told me by Tetteh Agamazong will show. One day, in going his rounds, the King came to a remarkably fine-looking man, a native of the Yoruba country, and said to him: "Well, you have got to go; tell my father I am getting along pretty well, and am governing the people as he would wish me to do." "Yes," said the man, "I have got to go, but I want to tell you one thing first." "What is that?" asked the King. "I want to tell you," replied the men, "that I will not deliver your message." "Not deliver my message?" exclaimed the King. "No, I will not!" "Why not?" asked his Majesty. "First," replied the victim, "because I don't want to go, and I don't see why I should deliver it for you, and, secondly, because I am a Yoruba man and he is of Dahomey, and the Yoruba people do not see or talk to the Dahomey people here, nor do they up there; therefore I neither can nor will deliver your message." The King looked astonished, and, turning to the executioner, who was ready to begin his bloody work and dispatch the messenger if not the message, simply said, "He is a bad messenger—don't send him." And the man was let go scot-free. Rather a dangerous precedent, one would think, under such circumstances, for the future!—[The Nineteenth Century.

A NEW MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCE.

One year ago last December the pastor of a church in Philadelphia was forced to surrender his pulpit, and, acting on his physician's advice, with his young wife sought the warmer climate of Florida. Both were consumptive, and when it became evident that the young minister must relinquish a future that promised so much, he was broken in spirit. Together these two afflicted persons traveled toward the milder latitudes. It seemed a journey to death. Nothing more pathetic has been seen since Charles and Mary Lamb set out hand-in-hand, and, with tearful eyes, toward the madhouse to which they had self-condemned themselves. The parting from their friends and parishioners at the railroad station was affecting in the highest degree. Several long, weary months followed in which the hoped for improvement was awaited. It came not. Both man and wife gradually grew weaker. The little cottage they had taken at Jacksonville finally began to lack necessary comforts. A small negro servant had to be discharged because she could no longer be paid. Then the despairing young wife took her bed and rapidly grew worse. One good lady assumed that death was inevitable, and hoped only to make the end as painless as possible. In her mission of kindness she encountered a hale old gentleman who, after he had given her a ten-dollar note, added: "I will do more; I will send that unfortunate woman my Compound Oxygen. I always take it with me to cure sudden colds or throat affections, but I know what it can do even in desperate cases." In a few minutes he was ready, and accompanied the noble-hearted lady to the house of suffering. Hot water was readily procurable, and in a brief time the consumptive was inhaling the Compound Oxygen, evolved from one of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Home Treatments. At the end of a week notable improvement in the woman's condition set in. The end of another week's treatment found her seated in a chair on the porch, and she was soon after able to walk about. Meanwhile full advice had been received from Dr. Starkey as to the Compound Oxygen; two Home Treatments had arrived, and the minister began to give some attention to his own case. Friends gathered around them amid the land of oranges, and now they are both in a degree of health that enables the pastor to resume his pulpit and his good wife the care of her own home.

A valuable and interesting pamphlet on the method of manufacture and of treatment by Compound Oxygen is sent free to all who desire it, by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

Linene Collars and Cuffs. Trade Mark. Reversible. Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

These goods are perfect fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivaled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name size.) Illustrated catalogue free.

Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

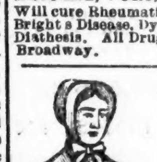
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO. Dorchester, Mass.

FARMVILLE LITHIA WATER.

SPRINGS, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.
NATURAL, PURE, WITHOUT TASTE OR ODOR.
Will cure Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Incipient Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, all diseases of Uric Acid Diathesis. All Druggists. Send for pamphlet, 293 Broadway.



Madam Porter's
COUGH BALSAM

PLEASANT,
RELIABLE,
EFFECTUAL

Successfully used for more than fifty years.

TRY IT.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling.
50c. at Druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.
Most Fragrant and Lasting of Perfumes. 25c. Druggists.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether the deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs, FREE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

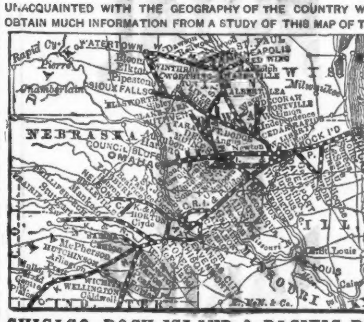
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

Its main lines and branches include CHICAGO, PEORIA, MOLINE, ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, MUSCATINE, KANSAS CITY, ST. JOSEPH, LEAVENWORTH, ATCHISON, CEDAR RAPIDS, WATERLOO, MINNEAPOLIS, and ST. PAUL, and scores of intermediate cities. Choice of routes to and from the Pacific Coast. All transfers in Union depots. Fast trains of Fine Day Coaches, elegant Dining Cars, magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) Reclining Chair Cars, Seats Free, to holders of through first-class tickets.

Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska R'y
"Great Rock Island Route."

Extends West and Southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to NELSON, HORTON, BELLEVILLE, TOPEKA, HERINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, and all points in

KANSAS AND SOUTHERN NEBRASKA

and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. All safety appliances and modern improvements.

The Famous Albert Lea Route

Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its Watertown branch traverses the great

"WHEAT AND DAIRY BELT"

of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office or address

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt. CHICAGO, ILL.

CHURCH EQUIPMENT.

Church Organ
FOR SALE,
Large new, and of Superior Excellence in all respects.
HOOK & HASTINGS, Boston.

Established 1857.

The GREAT CHURCH LIGHT

FRINK'S Patent Reflectors for Gas or Oil, give the most powerful, softest cheapest & Best light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A Liberal discount to churches and the trade. *Don't be deceived by cheap imitations.* I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE VERY BEST
Church Light.
OIL GAS or ELECTRIC.
Over one hundred styles
Wheeler Reflectors and Reflector Chandeliers
for every conceivable use. Catalogue free. Please state wants.
WHEELER REFLECTOR CO.
20 Washington St. 183 E. Lake St.
Boston. [illegible]

No. 1 Suit.
Terry, $62.
Plush, $68.
S. C. SMALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y. BELLS
for Churches, Schools, etc.; also Chimes and Peals. For more than half a century noted for superiority over all others.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL COMPANY
Troy, N. Y.,
Manufacture the finest grade of
CHURCH CHIMES AND PEAL BELLS.

McShane Bell Foundry
Finest Grade of Bells,
Chimes and Peals for CHURCHES, &c.
Send for Price and Catalogue. Address
H. McSHANE & CO.,
Mention this paper. Baltimore, Md.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 Wall St., N. Y.

"THE DIANE."

Particular attention is invited to our new French Corset, "The Diane," ranging in price from $1.50 to $5.50 each. Our customers are cordially invited to examine these most excellent Paris-made Corsets, which combine new features in style and shape and are absolutely controlled by us for the United States.

Mail orders receive careful as well as prompt attention.

James McCreery & Co.

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.,

New York.

38th ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

ÆTNA

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF HARTFORD CONN.,

January 1, 1888.

Premium Receipts in 1887,	$3,202,098 69
Interest Receipts in 1887,	1,640,533 34
Total Receipts during the year,	4,842,632 03
Disbursements to Policy-holders and for expenses, taxes, etc.	3,893 783 65
Assets January 1, 1888,	32,620,676 76
Total Liabilities,	27,193,053 36
Surplus by Ct., Mass., and N. Y. standard,	5,427,623 40
Surplus by many States,	7,319,000 00
Policies in force Jan. 1, 1888, 65,485, insuring	97,372,334 44
Policies issued in 1887, 7,406, insuring	14,380,449 00

MORGAN G. BULKELEY, President.
J. C. WEBSTER, Vice-President.
J. L. ENGLISH, Secretary.
H. W. ST. JOHN, Actuary.
GURDON W. RUSSELL, M.D., Consulting Physician.
T. J. MUMFORD, Manager, 165 Broadway, New York.

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine we will GIVE ONE to an agent in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR TERMS to the National Co., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARDEEN'S SCHOOL BULLETIN Agency, Syracuse, N. Y., may be depended on to furnish suitable teachers, and to inform no others.

STATEMENT
OF
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1887.

ASSETS ..... $118,806,851 88.

Insurance and Annuity Account:

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1887	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1888	140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

Revenue Account.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last account	$104,719,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities and Death Claims	14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,901 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes and all other Expenses	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents and Premium on Securities Sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account	110,061,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,859,656 77

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 06
" Premiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at four per cent.	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, *Auditor.*

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886	56,832,719	393,803,203	5,643,568
1887	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

NEW YORK, January 25, 1888.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

SAMUEL E. SPROULLS, LUCIUS ROBINSON, SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, GEORGE S. COE, JOHN E. DEVELIN, RICHARD A. McCURDY, JAMES C. HOLDEN, HERMANN C. VON POST, ALEXANDER H. RICE, F. RATCHFORD STARR, LEWIS MAY, OLIVER HARRIMAN, HENRY W. SMITH, ROBERT OLYPHANT, GEORGE F. BAKER, JOS. THOMPSON, DUDLEY OLCOTT, FREDERIC CROMWELL, JULIEN T. DAVIES, ROBERT SEWELL, S. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER, CHARLES R. HENDERSON, GEORGE BLISS, RUFUS W. PECKHAM, J. HOBART HERRICK, WM. P. DIXON, ROBERT A. GRANNISS, NICHOLAS C. MILLER, HENRY H. ROGERS, JNO. W. AUCHINCLOSS, THEODORE MORFORD, WILLIAM BABCOCK, PRESTON B. PLUMB, WM. D. WASHBURN.

LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

STATEMENT UNITED STATES BRANCH, JAN 1, 1888.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Real Estate	$1,450,000 00	Unearned Premiums	$2,800,433 64
Loans on Bond and Mortgage	1,799,413 27	Unadjusted Losses	355,717 53
U. S. Government 4 per cent. Bonds	1,984,500 00	Perpetual Policy Liability	332,650 84
State and City Bonds	345,600 00	All other Liabilities	263,436 09
Cash in Banks	699,124 73	Surplus, - - -	3,041,337 72
Other Admitted Assets	514,937 82		
	$6,793,575 82		$6,793,575 82

DIRECTORS IN NEW YORK.

CHAIRMAN, ROBERT B. MINTURN.
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, ANSON PHELPS STOKES, CHARLES H. MARSHALL, JOHN A. STEWART,
J. E. PULSFORD.
RESIDENT MANAGER, HENRY W. EATON.
DEPUTY MANAGER, GEO. W. HOYT.

RENEWABLE TERM LIFE INSURANCE.

The safest, the least expensive, and the fairest system attainable. Combines the security of the more expensive level premium plan of the old companies with the economy and convenience of assessment companies. Unites the advantages of both systems and avoids the defects of each.

Life Insurance for the benefit of mercantile firms—in one policy for the benefit of the firm—whereby its credit may be largely increased, is a specialty of the

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

HOME OFFICE, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York City.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, President and Actuary. **WM. B. STEVENS, Secretary.**

Among all the life insurance companies of the United States the Provident Savings ranks First in smallest death rate, smallest expense rate, and largest ratios of assets and surplus to liabilities.

FULL INFORMATION ON APPLICATION, BY LETTER OR IN PERSON.

WANTS.

[Cards of not more than one-half inch will be inserted in this column, for subscribers only for fifty cents.]

Wanted—Young Ladies, to enjoy, with the privileges of a refined home, opportunity to study *Music* in any Department, under the tuition of an experienced master. Address Director of Mendelssohn Institute, Boston, Mass.

GO TO FLORIDA and escape cold. For cheap [rates, free guidebooks, maps, or truth about land, write O. M. CROSBY, 99 Franklin St., N. Y.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser, and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

EVENING DRESS FABRICS.

Silk Crepe Tissues,
Plain and Emb'd Crepe de Chines,
Fancy and Stripe d'Esprit Nets,
Mousseline de Soie
Flounces, with Trimmings to Match.

SPRING STYLES.

PRINTED LAINES

Self Colors in New Shades, the Newest and Freshest Styles in

WOOL GOODS.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

R. H. MACY & CO.

14th ST., SIXTH AVE., and 13th ST., NEW YORK.

GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

ALL OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR GENTLEMEN'S

Unlaundried Shirt, at 74c.,

HAS NO EQUAL. MADE IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS, BOSOMS OF CAREFULLY SELECTED LINEN, AND BUTTONHOLES HAND-MADE.

LAUNDRIED, 86c.

LINEN GOODS

OF ALL KINDS,

Blankets, Flannels, Lace Curtains, Etc.

BLACK AND COLORED

Silks, Satins, Plushes,

AND

Dress Goods,

AT PRICES BELOW ALL COMPETITION.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

R. H. MACY & CO.